

THE
STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY
GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. IX.
JANUARY TO JUNE

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1895



"TO ARMS!—TO ARMS!—THE PRUSSIANS!"

(See page 606.)

The Siege of Berlin.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.



WE were returning up the avenue of the Champs Elysées with Doctor V., asking him about the walls riddled with shells, the pavements torn up by grape-shot, in fact, the history of the Siege of Paris, when, just before we got to the Place de l'Etoile, the doctor stopped, and pointing out one of those handsome corner houses grouped around the Arc de Triomphe, said :—

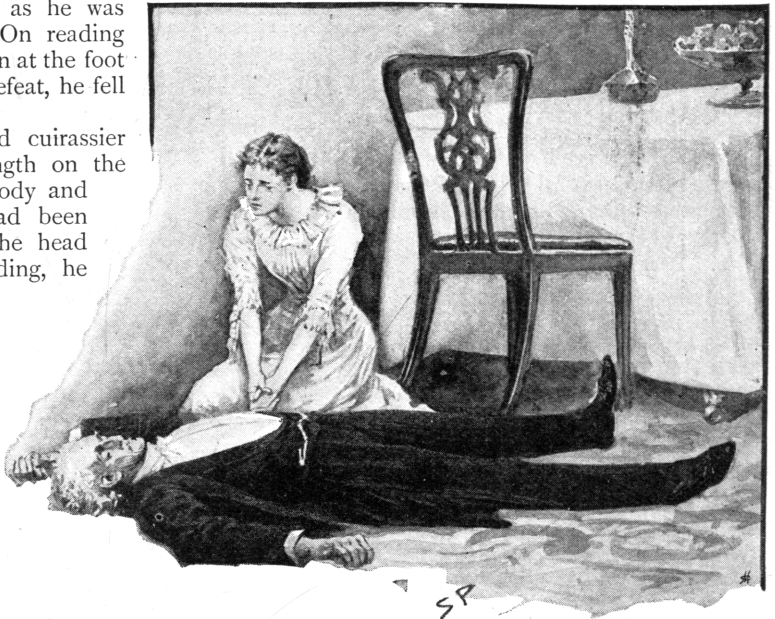
“Do you see those four closed windows up there, over the balcony? In the early days of the month of August—that terrible August of the year '70—so charged with storms and disasters, I was called in there to a frightful case of apoplexy. It was to Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, an old man infatuated with patriotic pride who, at the commencement of the war, had come to lodge in the Champs Elysées, in a balcony apartment. Guess why! To be present at the triumphant return of our troops! Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg came to him as he was rising from table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat, he fell thunderstruck.

“I found the old cuirassier stretched at full length on the carpet, his face bloody and lifeless, as if he had been struck a blow on the head with a club. Standing, he must have been very tall; lying, he looked immense. With beautiful features, superb teeth, and a fine head of curly white hair, though he was nearly eighty, he looked like sixty years old. Near him, on her knees, was his granddaughter. She so resembled him

that, seeing them side by side, you would have been reminded of two beautiful Greek medals struck from the same stamp; only the one was old, dull, and rather indistinct in the outlines; the other was resplendent and clean cut, with all the brilliancy and smoothness of a new impression.

“The grief of this child touched me.

Daughter and grand-daughter of soldiers, her father was at MacMahon's head-quarters, and the sight of this grand old man stretched before her brought another no less terrible image to her mind. I endeavoured to reassure her, but, in reality, I had little hope. We had to deal with a severe case of hemiplegy, and recovery was scarcely to be hoped for at eighty. For three days the patient remained in the same state of motionless stupor. In the midst of all this the news of Reischaffen arrived in Paris. You remember in what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory, 20,000 Prussians killed, and the Crown Prince a prisoner! I know not by what miracle, or by what magnetic current, an echo of the national joy penetrated to our poor deaf-mute, even to his paralyzed limbs; certain it is that, on approaching his bed that evening, I found him a different man. His eye was almost clear, his tongue less stiff. He had strength to smile, and to stammer twice, “Vic-to-ry!”



“THE OLD CUIRASSIER WAS STRETCHED AT FULL LENGTH.”

“‘Yes, Colonel, a grand victory!’

“And as I gave him details of MacMahon's brilliant success, I saw his features relax and his face light up. When I went out, the young girl was waiting for me, standing pale and sobbing at the door.

“‘But he is saved!’ said I, taking her hands,

"The unhappy child had scarcely courage to answer me. They had just posted up the true version of Reischaffen—MacMahon put to flight, the whole army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was distressed in thinking of her father. I trembled for the old man. It was very certain he could not resist this new shock. And yet, what could we do? Leave him his joy—the illusions which had called him back to life? But then it would be necessary to lie!

"'Very well, then, I shall lie,' said the heroic girl, quickly drying her tears, and she returned radiant to her grandfather's room.

"She had set herself a hard task. The first few days were got through without much difficulty. The good man's head was weak, and he allowed himself to be deceived like a child. But with returning health, his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him acquainted with the movements of the armies and to draw up for him military bulletins. It was a sad pity to see that beautiful girl, night and day, over her maps of Germany, marking out the battles with little flags, and trying to invent a glorious campaign: Bazaine descending upon Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. For all this she asked my advice, and I helped her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather himself who served us best in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often under the First Empire! He knew all the moves beforehand: 'See, now they will go there, they will do that,' and his forecasts were always realized, which did not fail to make him very proud.

"Unfortunately it was in vain that we took towns and gained battles; we never went fast enough for that insatiable old fellow! Every day, when I arrived, I heard of a new feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the young girl told me, coming towards me with a heart-breaking smile, and I heard, through the door, a delighted voice crying:—

"'We're getting on! We're getting on! . . . In a week we shall enter Berlin.'

"At that moment the Prussians were not more

than a week from Paris. . . . We asked ourselves at first whether it would not be better to remove him into the country; but, once outside, the state of France would have revealed everything to him, and I thought him still too weak, and too much stunned by the great shock he had already received, to know the truth. It was decided, therefore, to let him remain.

"On the first day that Paris was invested, I went up to their house, I remember, much moved with the anguish of heart that the closing of all the gates of Paris, the battle under the walls, and the changing of our villages into frontiers brought us. I found the old gentleman jubilant and proud.

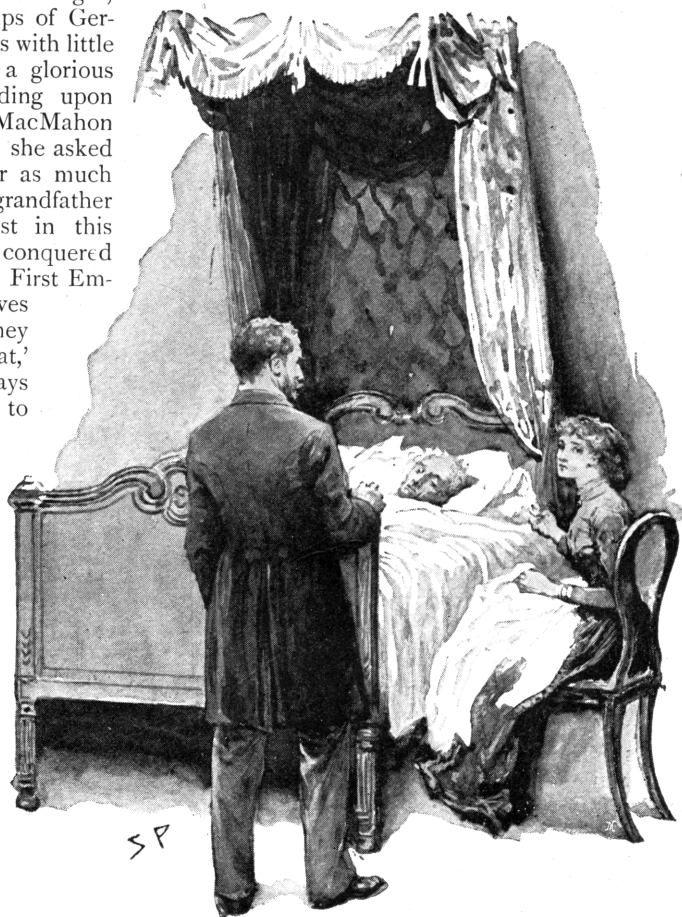
"'Well,' said he, 'here is the siege begun!'

"I looked at him in astonishment.

"'What, Colonel, do you know—?'

"His grand-daughter turned to me:—

"'Ah! yes, doctor. That is the great news. The Siege of Berlin has commenced.'



SP

"THE SIEGE OF BERLIN HAS COMMENCED."

"This she said, drawing out her needle with such a staid little air, and so tranquilly—how could he suspect anything?"

"The cannon from the forts! He could not hear them. This poor Paris, wretched and convulsed! He could not see it. What he *could* see from his bed was a bit of the Arc de Triomphe, and in his room was a whole curiosity shop of the First Empire, well calculated to maintain his illusions. Portraits of Marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in a baby's robe; then large stiff consoles, ornamented with copper trophies, laden with Imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a stone from St. Helena, under a shade, miniatures—all representing the same lady, becurled, in ball costume, in a yellow dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and bright eyes—it was all this, the atmosphere of victories and conquests, much more than anything we could tell him, that made the brave Colonel believe so naïvely in the Siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations were very much simplified. To take Berlin was now only an affair of patience. From time to time, when the old man became too impatient, a letter was read to him from his son—an imaginary letter, of course, since nothing could now get into Paris, and because, since Sedan, MacMahon's aide-de-camp had been drafted off to a German fortress. Imagine the despair of that poor child, without news of her father, knowing him a prisoner, deprived of every comfort, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him speak in those cheerful letters—they were rather short letters, as might be expected from a soldier in the field—of advancing steadily into the conquered country. Sometimes strength failed her, and, consequently, there were weeks without any news. But the old man got uneasy, and could not sleep. Then promptly came a letter from Germany, which she brought and read gaily to him at his bedside, keeping back her tears. The Colonel listened religiously, smiled with an intelligent air, approved, criticised, and explained to us the difficult passages. But where he was especially fine was in the answers he sent to his son: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' said he. 'Be generous to those poor people. Do not make the invasion too heavy for them.' And then there were endless recommendations, adorable twaddle about respect for the proprieties, the politeness due to ladies—in fact, a complete code of military honour for the use of conquerors! He added also some general observations on politics, and the

conditions to be imposed on the conquered. On that point, I must say, he was not unreasonable.

"'A war indemnity, and nothing further. What is the good of taking their provinces? Can you make France out of Germany?'

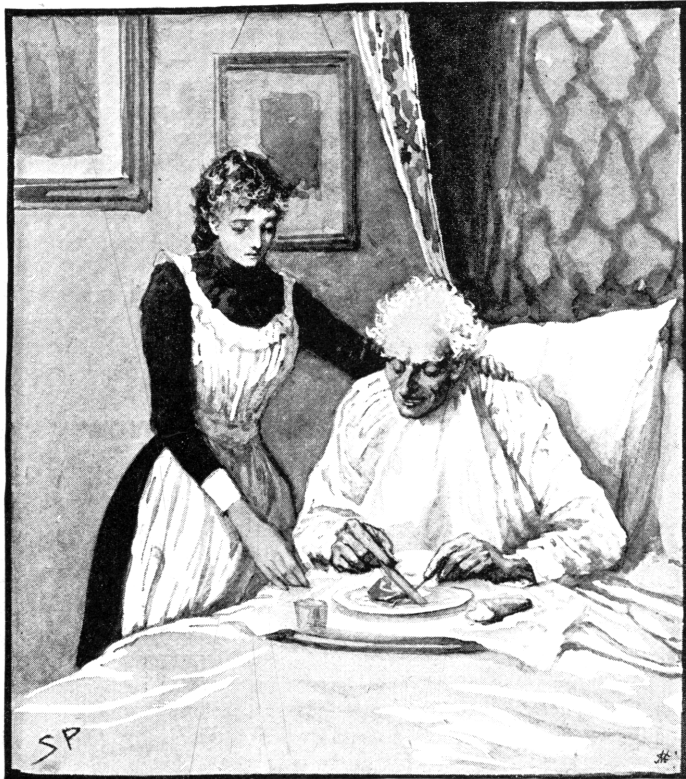
"He dictated all this with a firm voice, and one felt there was so much candour in his words, such a fine, patriotic faith, that it ~~was~~ impossible to listen to him unmoved.

"All this time the siege was advancing—not that of Berlin, alas! It was a time of great cold, bombardments, epidemics, and famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts, and the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the serenity of the old man was never for an instant disturbed. Up to the end, I was able to get him white bread and fresh meat. There was only enough for him, and you can imagine nothing more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently selfish—the old man upon his bed, fresh and smiling, his serviette tucked under his chin; near him his granddaughter, a little pale from her privations, guiding his hands, giving him drink, helping him to all those forbidden good things. Then, revived by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, with the winter wind outside, and the snow whirling past his windows, the old cuirassier recalled his campaigns in the north, and related to us for the hundredth time that sad retreat from Russia, in which they had nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse-flesh.

"'Do you understand, little one? We used to eat horses.'

"She understood only too well. For two months she had eaten nothing else. From day to day, however, as convalescence progressed, our task beside the invalid became more difficult. That paralysis of his senses, and of all his limbs, which had served us so well up to this time, began to disappear. Two or three times already the terrible volleys from the Maillot Gate had made him start, and prick up his ears like a greyhound; we were obliged to invent a last victory for Bazaine, under Berlin, and salvos fired in his honour at the Invalides. Another day his bed had been moved to the window—it was, I believe, the Thursday of Rezonville—and he saw the National Guards massed together on the Avenue of the Grande Armée.

"'What are those troops doing there?' he demanded; and we heard him mutter between his teeth: 'Bad form! bad form!'



"NEAR HIM HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER."

"Nothing else happened; but we understood that, in future, we must take great precautions. Unhappily, we were not cautious enough.

"One evening when I arrived the child came to me full of trouble.

" 'It is to-morrow they enter,' she said.

"Was the grandfather's door open? The fact is, that in thinking over it afterwards, I remembered that his face had, on that evening, an extraordinary expression. It is probable that he heard us. Only *we* spoke of the Prussians, while *he* thought of the French, in that triumphal entry which he had so long expected—MacMahon coming down the avenue in the midst of flowers and the flourish of trumpets, his son beside the Marshal, and he, the old father, upon his balcony, in full uniform, as at Lutzen, saluting the torn flags and the eagles blackened with powder.

"Poor father Jouve! He doubtless

fancied that we wished to prevent him from being present at this march-past of the troops to avoid too great an excitement for him. He took care to speak to no one; but the next day, at the very hour in which the Prussians were timidly entering on the long road leading from the Maillot Gate to the Tuileries, the window just above there opened softly, and the Colonel appeared on the balcony, with his helmet, his big cavalry sword, and all the glorious equipment of a Milhaud cuirassier. I still ask myself what effort of will, what fresh spring of life, could have thus placed him again on his feet, and in harness! Be that as it may, there he was, standing behind the railing, wondering to find the avenues so wide, so silent; the shutters

of the houses closed;

Paris dismal as a lazaretto; flags everywhere, but so strange, all white with red crosses, and no crowd running before our soldiers.

"For a moment, he may possibly have thought he was mistaken——

"But, no! Yonder, behind the Arc de Triomphe, was a confused noise, a black line advancing in the growing daylight. . . . Then, gradually, the peaks of the helmets shone, the little drums of Jena began to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, accompanied by the heavy rhythmic steps of the troops, and by the clash of sabres, burst forth Schubert's Triumphant March.

"Then, in the mournful silence of the place, rang out a cry, a terrible cry: 'To arms!—to arms!—the Prussians!' And the four Uhlans forming the advanced guard saw yonder on the balcony a tall, old man wave his arms, totter, and fall, rigid.

"This time Colonel Jouve was really dead."

How Games are Made.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



F. M. Paul Blouet and our other Continental critics—would they were all as fair as genial “Max O’Rell”—were to speak of us as a nation of sportsmen, instead of shopkeepers, the comment would be at once more appropriate and more to our liking. For it has passed into universal tradition that where-soever two or three Britons are gathered together, there also is played one or other of our national games. Quite recently we learned that golf-links had been established at Newchwang, in remote Manchuria, to the dismay of the Taotai of the district, who suspected that the evolutions of the players were part of a subtle plot designed to hasten the dismemberment of the Celestial Empire; and the Earl of Sheffield himself assures me that he was bowled out by Alfred Shaw in a cricket match played on the ice fjord at Spitzbergen, by the weird light of the midnight sun. I would have reproduced a photograph of the bat Lord Sheffield used on this interesting occasion, were it not that the question arose: In what wise, externally, does it differ from its fellows? Truly this was something of a poser, even for a writer in search of pictorial curios; so I prudently let it alone.

Croaking pessimists who from time to time lift up their voices and bewail (usually through the columns of a daily paper) the decadence of the national vigour, should repair without delay to the vast establishment of Mr. F. H. Ayres, in Aldersgate Street. Here one finds workshops covering three or four acres of priceless land, and a staff of nearly six hundred hands, who share between them in wages some £40,000 a year. The annual wood bill alone is more than £15,000; and very strange and fearful are the names of a few

of the rarer woods. Think of amboyna, cocobola, cocus, and cog; king, lance, myall, partridge, pimento, quira, sabicu, thuya, yamaquay, zericote, and zebra-wood!

My first visit to this hive of industry was not a success; I defy any man to receive and digest a mass of technical information while circular saws are screeching, and chips from embryonic bats are falling like leaves in autumn. The first illustration given here depicts one of the wood-yards on the roof, where as many as 50,000 “clefts,” or rough bat blades, are stored at one time; before being taken down to the workshops, these clefts are left to season for a year or two.

The timber expert, seen on the right in the photograph, buys the willows growing. Persons who have trees to sell write to the firm, and occasionally a “parcel” of a hundred willows is purchased at one time, the average price of each being three or four pounds; the expert judges the tree by the leaf and the bark. Was there a record tree? There was. This arboreal treasure was found at East Dereham, in Norfolk, about three years ago; it was about sixty years old, and was 15 ft. in circumference. Having arrived at the place, the foreman engaged four or five men to fell the giant willow—a task involving two days’ hard labour. The record price of £60 was paid for this tree, but what of that? Notwithstanding its great size, the grain of the wood was perfect, and no fewer than 405

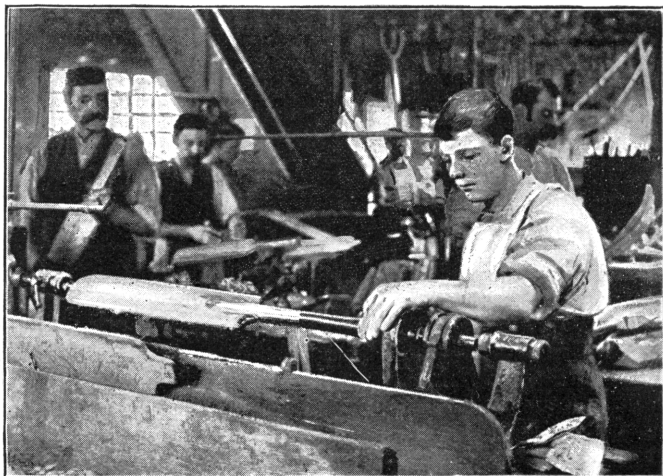


ROUGHING OUT BAT-BLADES.

guinea bats were cut from this willow. The Australian players, Turner and Giffen, ordered three dozen of these same bats, and took them from London with them.

When the rough bat-clefts are thoroughly seasoned, they are drawn out into shape, planed, pressed, handled, strung, sand-papered, and oiled. Some of these processes are shown in the next picture. The handle of a first-rate bat, by the way, is made up of sixteen pieces of cane glued together; and in this one department twenty tons of East Indian cane, worth £30 a ton, are used every year, together with its complementary quota of more than half a ton of the finest Scotch glue. The string used on bat handles is Dutch flax, which is purchased in large quantities in 11b. reels. One pound of this twine will string two dozen bats. A whole reelful is boiled in a gipsy pot with pitch, oil, and resin, so that it may become of a dark-brown hue, and the string is automatically cleaned with felt as it leaves the pot.

The mode of stringing is extremely simple, as may, perhaps, be inferred from the accompanying illustration. The operator simply takes a finished bat, fixes it between two spindles, and causes it to revolve swiftly,



BAT-STRINGING.

while he himself pays out the twine with never-failing judgment. Altogether the annual output of bats from this house ranges from 23,000 to 30,000, including the exports to Australia and South Africa.

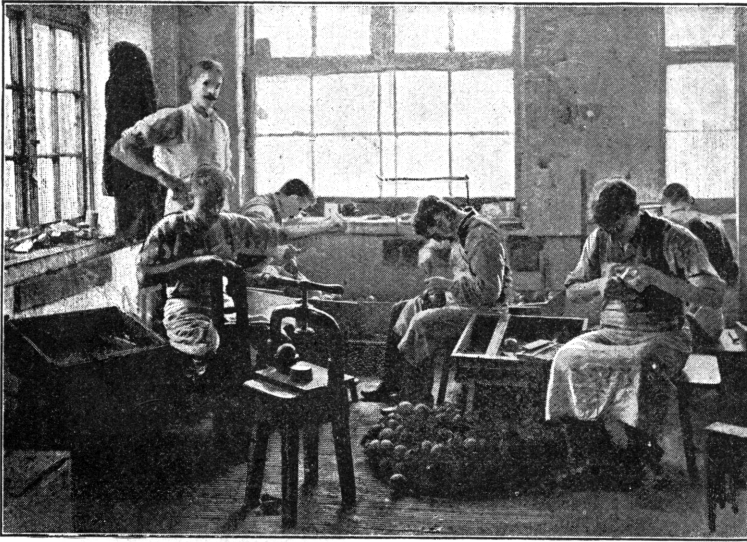
Having traced the evolution of the perfect bat from its parent tree, I then turned my attention to the ball. Here is a corner of a big workshop, wherein a number of men are engaged in the manufacture of regulation five-and-a-half-ounce cricket balls, of which many hundreds a week are produced. The cores are of cork and worsted, and each ball passes through the hands of seven men, reckoning from the preparation of the raw cowhide. This hide is stained

red, and then cut and stitched into hemispherical caps, two of which are forced together round a composition core placed in a mould beneath a press, such as is seen in the illustration. The seam is afterwards stitched, and the unsightly and somewhat flattened ball is then pressed into shape and greased.

It occurred to my inquiring mind to ask why cricket balls are



MAKING BATS.



SEWING AND PRESSING CRICKET BALLS.

no little peril, he seems to be a critical and interested spectator. The original of this picture is an oil-painting by Hayman, which hangs in one of the spacious rooms of the grand pavilion at Lord's. The figures are portraits; the quaint-looking wicket-keeper being none other than the great Hogarth himself.

In one of the yards before the big warehouses at Ayres' may be seen piles of ash logs

invariably red; this, it appears, is based upon sound scientific observation, for red can be seen on grass much better than any other colour. "We have sent a few green balls to the Cape," remarked the foreman of this department, "but they were for use on a cocoa-nut-matting pitch."

I reproduce here a very interesting old print depicting a cricket match in 1741. To the scientific batsman of to day this may appear cricket *pour rire*, but it is evident that the players were very much in earnest. Look at the man intrusted with the scoring: he marks the runs by means of notches cut in a stick, and though his position is apparently one of

for making tennis rackets. These logs, each five or six feet long, come from the eastern and southern counties; from them are cut slender rods, or racket sticks, which are steamed for half an hour or so, and then bent about an iron frame—an operation requiring the nicest judgment. Freshly bent shapes are sent at once to one of the seasoning yards, nearly 100ft. above the busy city; and here one beholds with curiosity long vistas of what appear to be dog-kennels, but with no sides, and each containing a few rows of racket frames. Nearly 20,000 frames are stocked in this one yard, and they make no further progress till they are about nine



From the Painting]
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CRICKET IN 1741.

[by Hayman.



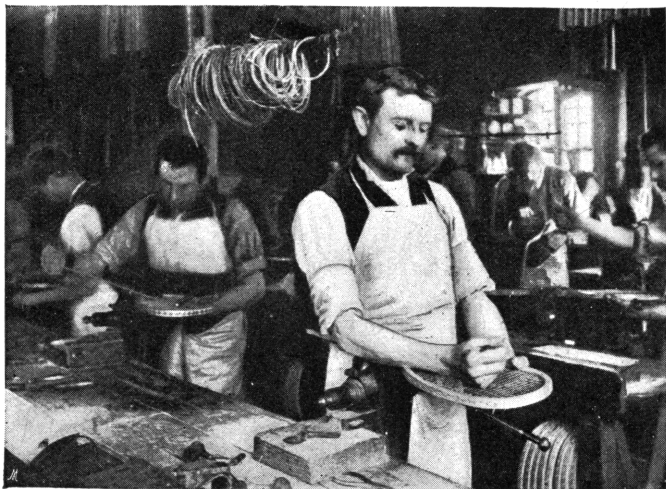
THE GREAT RACKET-ROOM.

months old. In due time, however, the frame is taken down to the great racket-room here depicted, and is fitted with a cedar handle. Holes are then drilled in it, after which it passes into the stringing-room. Here the racket receives about 36ft. of gut, and is then ready for sale. The gut used will stand a strain of 2,000lb., and costs 3s. 6d. per hank of 18ft. (wholesale price, of course). The huge quantity of 96,000ft. per week is sent from the store-room to the workshops, and last

season the firm made upwards of 54,000 rackets. The next illustration given shows the interior of the football-room. Hides for football cases are bought already dressed, and are cut into the required sections by the men. In a Rugby ball there are but four sections, but there are eight in one of the best Association balls, which are now completely sewn up, and not laced as formerly; the output during the season is fifty-six dozen a week.

The making of boxing-gloves, and the covering of cricket and football leg-guards are carried on entirely by girls. Every week ten or twelve skins of chamois or tanned cape, each skin a yard square, are cut up according to zinc patterns and sewn by machinery or by hand. Thirteen girls are employed on this work, and each can finish three sets of boxing-gloves in a day. The horsehair for stuffing sometimes costs 8d. per lb., but is purchased in immense bales when it happens to be cheaper.

Considered as a fashionable sport, archery is far from being inexpensive. Colonel



STRINGING TENNIS RACKETS.

Walrond, of the Royal Toxophilite Society, assures me that many of his fellow-members possess half-a-dozen bows which cost from ten to twenty guineas each, not to mention various sets of arrows at two guineas a dozen. The bows are made of yew, lance, beef, part-ridge, and snake woods; some are made in two or



MAKING GUARDS AND BOXING GLOVES.

SEWING FOOTBALL CASES.

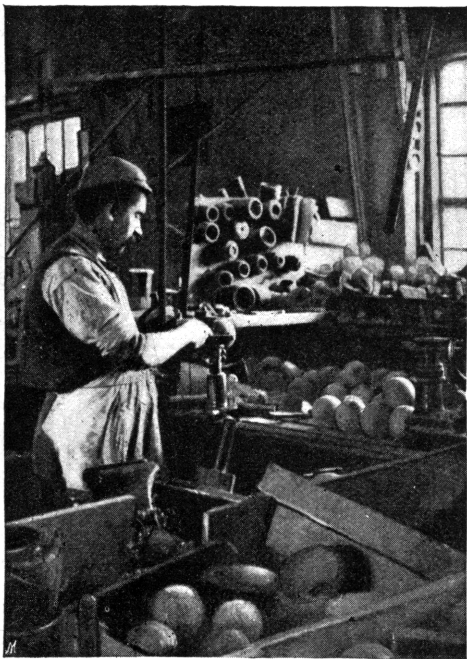
was slowly increasing in diameter, and proceeded to give a few details. It takes him four or five hours to make a 48in. target, which weighs 16lb.; and he uses eighteen trusses of straw every week. The canvas is supplied to him in pieces measuring twelve yards by six; and besides cutting it out, he has to paint

three pieces. A "self-yew" bow, however—that is, a bow made of one piece of choice yew—may retail at thirty guineas; the string used is specially-prepared Flemish cord.

I give here a reproduction from a photograph of the target-making room, in which are stacked bales of rye straw and rolls of canvas. When it was hinted that the place was dangerous by reason of its liability to fire and the temptation to sleep away the hours of labour, the industrious target-maker pointed out that the stock of straw in the room was strictly limited to half a ton; and as regards my other insinuation, why, he was only paid for what he did. The target man then put down his work, which



THE TARGET-ROOM.



TURNING CROQUET BALLS.

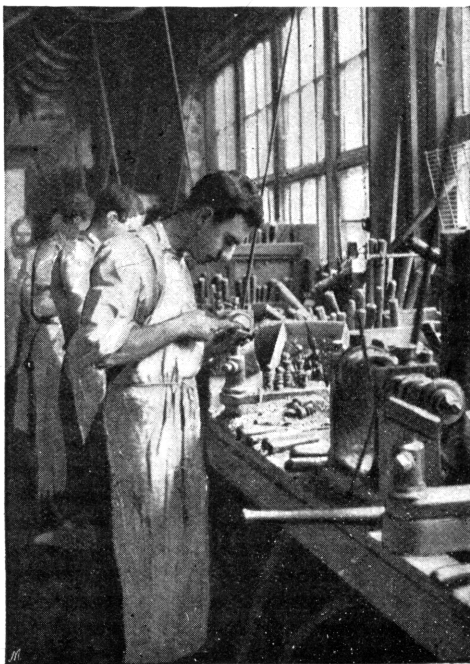
the coloured circles and golden centre with the scrupulous care of a Royal Academician. Of course, he uses compasses, and is altogether a bit of a scientist in his way.

As I roamed helplessly about these immense workshops, I wondered dimly what became of all the shavings and sawdust. Far below are the two great boilers, more than 20ft. long and 7ft. high; and these are incessantly fed with chips, which are either collected hourly by special men, or are shot down from all parts through a protected opening. The stoker estimates that he shovels away two tons of chips and shavings every day. The sawdust is contracted for, and is produced at the rate of four or five tons a week.

In another building are the engineers' shops, where five gross of cast steel golf-irons are turned out every week, and nearly 800 gross of croquet arches in the season between February and September. Photography was out of the question in this strange place; but it certainly was most interesting to watch the turners finishing golf-irons, which, by the way, undergo four processes and have seven different angles. These men wore curious and cumbrous spectacles in order to protect their eyes from the metallic dust and the streams of fiery sparks that flowed from the implement in hand. Croquet, I am told, is fast regaining favour.

Nothing can be more astonishing than the celerity with which the man in our next picture transforms a block of box-wood, measuring 6in. by 4¼in., into a perfectly spherical croquet ball; he measures the wood from time to time with a pair of calipers. A stock of 150 tons of box-wood is always kept; and fresh supplies are imported from Asiatic Russia in logs 3ft. 6in. long. Perhaps, the most important branch of work carried on in the immense turners' shop is the making of chess, which is shown in our photograph. Sets of chess are made of box-wood, rose-wood, ebony, bone, and animal and vegetable ivory; they range in price up to £20, and are sent to all classes in every part of the world, from Oriental monarchs to lonely Canadian settlers. In the manufacture of chess and draughts, twenty men are regularly employed; and I stayed for a few moments to watch one of these who was carving heads. The first tool he used was a circular saw; and with this he cut little bits from a big piece of rough ebony. He then mounted a toothed wheel 1½in. in diameter, set it revolving swiftly, and held one of the bits of ebony to it.

Gradually one could see that by deft manipulation the familiar head was growing under the turner's hand; another and smaller wheel was presently mounted, and so

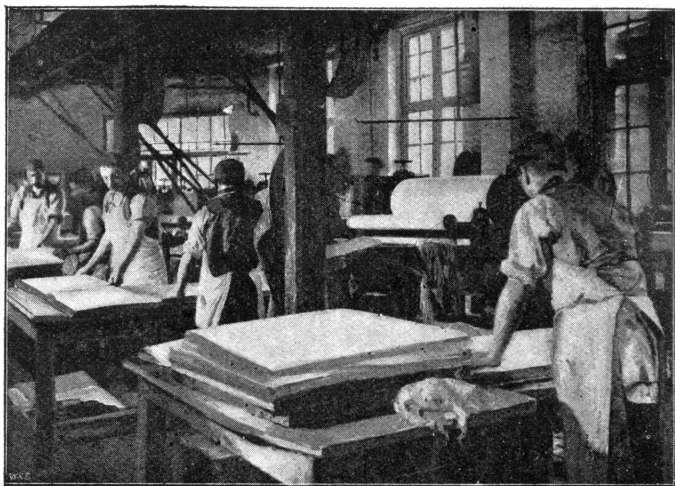


MAKING CHESS-MEN.

on until the last circular saw had no greater diameter than the head of an average pin. There were seventeen changes of tools, but the entire process took no more than a quarter of an hour. An expert man can produce four dozen heads per day.

Lest any of my readers should marvel at the mention of vegetable ivory, I hasten to explain that it is a sort of solid Brazil nut, which is bought in sacks by the ton.

My next visit was to Goodall's enormous factory at Camden Town, where over 2,000,000 packs of playing-cards are produced every year. The staff here also numbers hundreds of men, and there are five or six artists whose sole duty is the designing of the backs. No fewer than twenty distinct qualities of playing-cards are manufactured on the premises, the retail price ranging from 9d. to 3s. 6d. per pack. Of course, there are hundreds of different designs and patterns. The first thing I noticed, on the occasion of my visit,

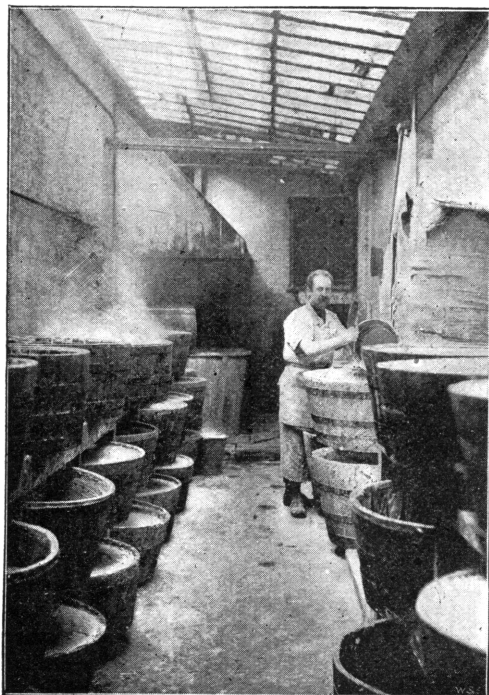


PASTING MACHINES AT WORK.

was the vast quantity of paper: it was there in thousands and thousands of reams, for there is literally no end to the making of playing-cards.

I was then conducted into the paste-making department, a view of which I reproduce. The big copper at the far end holds 100 gallons; and every week the astonishing quantity of 4,000 gallons of paste is made, in which countless sacks of the finest flour are consumed. My cicerone was courtesy personified, but he gently refused to work out how many packs of cards equalled a quartern loaf in point of flour used. The next illustration shows the pasting-machines at work. In this department the sheets of paper are pasted together and subsequently squeezed in a hydraulic press to remove the superfluous paste. These sheets are then taken to the drying-room, which is heated according to the state of the atmosphere; the drying has to be most carefully looked after, for if the temperature is too high the board begins to curl.

When thoroughly dry, the rough boards are ready for the rolling-machines, and after having been rolled they are enamelled and printed on the faces. Common cards require but two printings, but the best require five. The backs are subsequently printed in a spacious room crowded with intricate machinery; and then, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph, the big boards are stacked in piles, each sheet being a complete pack of cards. In this state they are left for some little time in order that the ink may become perfectly dry. At length they are ready for glazing and finishing, and



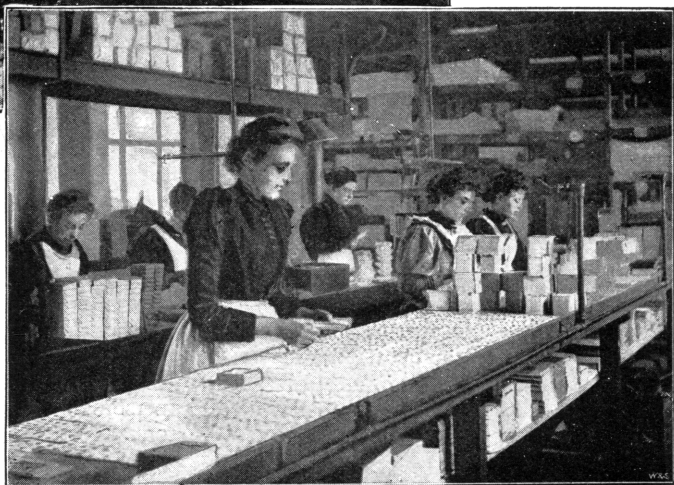
THE PASTE ROOM.



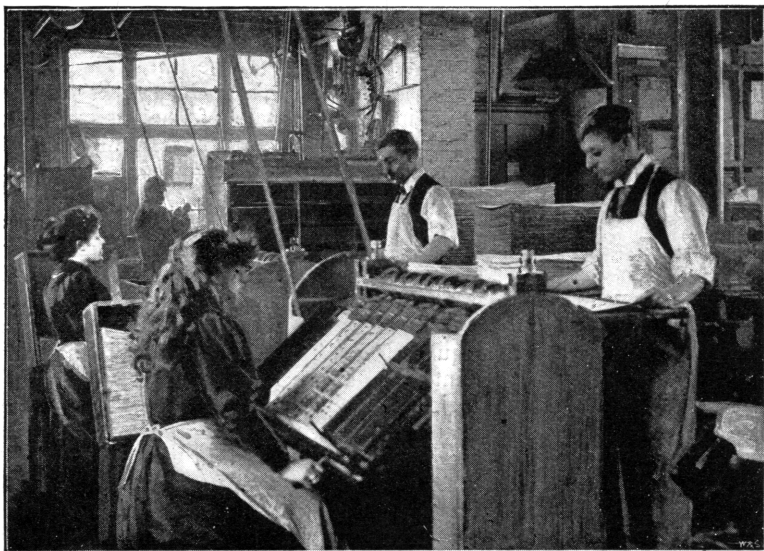
THE PRINTING-ROOM.

when this is done the boards are cut transversely by an ingenious bladed machine, and swept aside by a little girl who manipulates a lever. Both these processes are shown in the illustration.

The long sections are then passed on to another girl, whose machine stamps out the single cards of identical denomination



LAYING OUT PACKS.

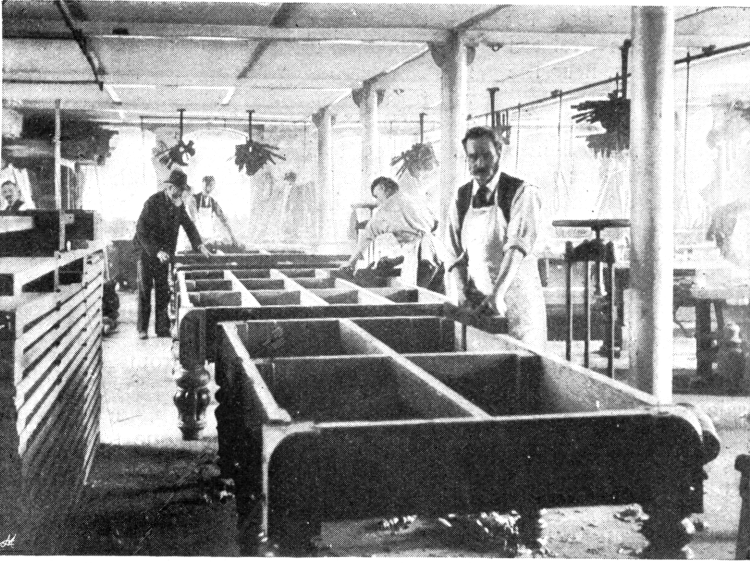


CARD-CUTTING.

with marvellous rapidity. Yet another girl is intrusted with the "laying out" of the cards. She takes the piles of newly-cut cards and sorts them on a counter into their various denominations, keeping a sharp look-out meanwhile for marked or damaged cards. When all

the piles contain fifty - two of the same card, they are again "laid out," but this time each pile gradually becomes a complete pack. If for home use, the packs are then wrapped in the Government seal, the present duty being 3d. on each pack.

I have not included bicycles in this article; had I done so, I might have been led on to yachts and race-horses, and then my subject would have



MAKING BILLIARD-TABLES.

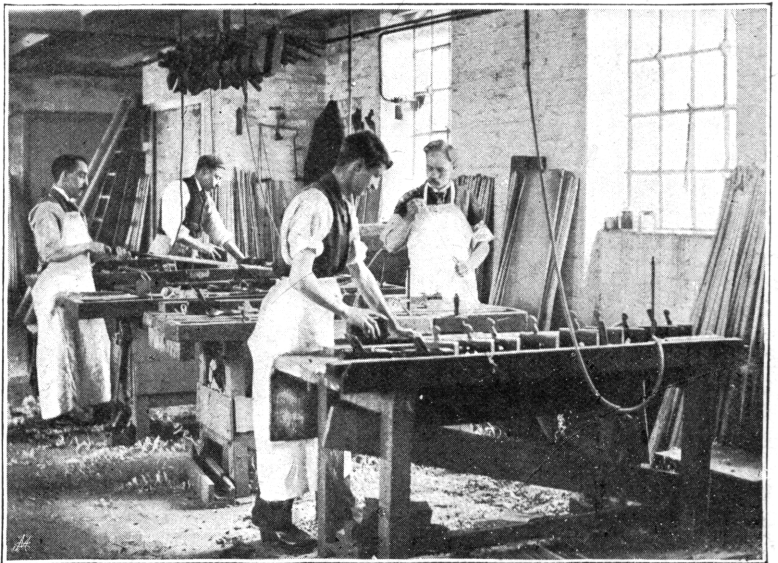
become rather unwieldy. This would indeed be an incomplete article, though, without some little account of the making of billiard-tables and their accessories; therefore it was that I sought out Mr. James Burroughes, of the firm of Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, who employ 420 hands and turn out 700 tables every year.

Mr. Burroughes will sometimes stroll down to the East and West India Docks for the purpose of buying in a little "parcel" of timber for £5,000 or so. As a rule, the parcel consists of a ship-load of square mahogany logs from Honduras, Cuba, or Mexico; and when the expert has satisfied himself as to the quality of the wood by plunging a gouge into one of the logs, he concludes the purchase, and sends the timber by barge to his own mills, where it is sawn into planks of various sizes, and then stacked for from four to six years before being used. The illustration shows the interior of the

frame-room, where skilled workmen are busy finding the level of a table. Carving the legs of billiard tables is a separate branch of the business; it is done by outside master carvers; each of whom employs his own staff. For the most part, the design is furnished by the firm, but occasionally it is sent in by the customer's own architect. The romance of trade is nowhere more fully exemplified than in this parti-

cular branch. The slate quarries of Wales have to be blasted to supply the bed; for every billiard-table contains five slabs, each weighing 4cwt. The almost impenetrable wilds of Africa must be searched to find ivory, which is getting scarcer every day; and even when the tusks are in the hands of the turner, it requires the experience of many years to be able to pick out with confidence the part which alone will make a perfect ball.

In the hills and plains of Saxony only are found the flocks whose fleeces are sufficiently



THE CUE-ROOM—SHOWING PLANES.

fine to weave the cloth; and the rubber for the cushions is made from the isolated caoutchouc trees of malarious Para, near the mouth of the Amazon.

The next view shown is the interior of the cue-room; the cues are of ash, spliced into ebony handles. This reminds me that great billiard champions form strange attachments to favourite cues. Peall once showed me his pet cue, and pointed out that it had been repaired so many times that it was not a little difficult to find even a small section of the original wood. In the illustration, all the planes used in making a cue are shown on the bench.

The firm's average sale of billiard-balls is 950 per month, which is equal to the produce of ninety-five elephants; about ten balls are cut from each pair of tusks. At the works one may see a little closet wherein is stored the standing stock of 20,000 balls, valued at £16,000.

Mr. Burroughes buys his ivory at the periodical sales that are held in the London Docks, when parcels of 100 tons or so are put up for sale; and I may mention that the quantity of ivory imported into this country alone last year was 11,757cwt., which means 60,000 tusks. Forty years ago one could buy a first-rate set of billiard-balls for eighteen shillings; at the present day such a set could not be had for less than five guineas.

In the accompanying illustration the billiard-

ball turners are seen at work. "There are thousands of turners in the kingdom," says Mr. Burroughes, "but not one in a hundred will turn a billiard-ball so as to produce an absolutely perfect sphere." Each ball is carefully tested to insure accuracy; but besides the size, the weight also must be exact, for this is essential to the correct playing of the game of billiards. A set of match balls weighs 14oz. Billiard-balls are finally polished with whiting and water.

A certain proportion of our supplies of ivory comes from Asia, but the greater part, and that the best, comes from Africa. In fact, a large quantity of what is nominally East Indian is really African, for it is sent from Zanzibar and Mozambique to Bombay, and such parts as are not required for bangles and carved work are then shipped to England. More or less comes from Burmah, Siam, Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java, the Siamese being the best of the Asiatic, which is apt to discolour. My informant reckons that fifty years hence there will be practically no ivory at all, the present annual mortality of African elephants, for ivory export, being about 65,000. Besides this, the chiefs in the interior keep the choicest tusks for the decoration of their temples, houses, and graves. Civilization is making such strides in the Dark Continent to-day that it is high time some ingenious person devised a really perfect substitute for ivory.



TURNING BILLIARD-BALLS.



BY THORNTON STEWART.



OVERHEAD a blazing sun ; around, as far as the eye could see, the desolate, parched waste of the Australian scrub, a plain broken only by a belt of trees to the south-east. To emphasize the loneliness of the scene, one solitary living creature—a man making his way towards the belt of trees.

The figure of the man was in thorough keeping with the scene. The bowed shoulders, drooping head, and slouching gait expressed nothing but despondency or weariness, or both. And appearances were not deceptive, for Jim Leyland—so the man was named—had walked twenty miles under that blazing sun, and had tasted neither food nor drink since he started.

But it was not to hunger and thirst that his dejected appearance was due. He was unconscious of the burning heat, the monotonous plain, and of everything else except the feelings that rankled in his breast. For Jim was realizing for the first time that he was a failure ; and more than that, he was madly in love with a girl who treated him as hardly on a level with the cattle he had lately had under his charge. Therefore it was that he was heedless of all physical discomfort, and that, if he was making his way towards the shelter of the trees, it was with no settled purpose, but merely with the instinct characteristic of all creatures which have lived some years in the bush.

Jim Leyland was a younger son without even a younger son's portion. After leaving school he had lived at home, enjoying all the pleasures of a country life. He had hunted, and fished, and shot, apparently regardless of the possibility of such a state of things coming to an end, until, when he was twenty-four years of age, his father was killed by a fall in the hunting-field. His death was

followed by the disclosure of the fact that a succession of losses had swept away the provision he had made for his younger son. Jim had been his favourite, and in order to increase the amount he had set apart for him, he had speculated—with the usual result.

The heir to the estates, which were entailed, was a dissipated man about town, without a spark of generosity in his nature, and he declined to give Jim a penny. An uncle had paid his passage to Australia and, in addition, had placed in his hands the magnificent sum of £50 to commence life with there.

Naturally, Jim made his way to the diggings, but ill-luck pursued him, and after four years spent in a vain pursuit of gold, he decided to try something else. He left the gold-fields and set out for the coast. On his way he came to a farm, held by a man named James Thompson, and, finding him in want of another "hand," offered his services, which were accepted.

For some months Jim worked on the farm quite contentedly. Of a buoyant disposition, and ever inclined to look at the bright side of things, he did not feel his position as in any sense degrading. But the arrival of Maud Devereux changed all this. She was the daughter of Thompson's only sister and Philip Devereux, and on the death of her parents within a few months of each other, had decided to come out to her uncle, and make trial, at any rate for a time, of life in the bush. At the time of her arrival she was twenty-one years of age and exceedingly handsome, and Jim had promptly fallen in love with her.

Now, Miss Devereux, though possessing many lovable characteristics, was imbued with a considerable amount of pride, which had been increased doubtless by the insulting manner in which her father's family had

treated her mother. She had not been long at the farm before she had learnt something of Jim's antecedents, and being new to colonial life, felt nothing but contempt for a man who, having been brought up as a gentleman, could be content with the position of a farm servant. Her treatment of him was more galling than open insult would have been, for while sufficiently friendly to the other hands, she seemed absolutely to ignore his existence.

Unfortunately there were several circumstances which seemed to some extent to justify this contempt. On two or three occasions, cattle which were under Jim's especial charge had been lost, and not recovered. Now, after the first loss he had exercised more than ordinary care, and, consequently, he was considerably puzzled and annoyed when the loss was repeated. At first he thought the cattle had simply strayed away, but after a time his suspicions were aroused, and eventually fastened on one of the hands named Hudson, who lived in a hut at some distance from the farm, and who had charge of the cattle on a tract of land immediately beyond that for which Jim was responsible. He had on several occasions observed a stranger in Hudson's company, and he began to suspect that this stranger had something to do with the disappearance of the cattle.

He had, however, been unable to find anything to verify his suspicions, and finally, after the third loss, Thompson had sent for him and told him that he had better seek employment elsewhere. This had occurred on the morning of the day on which our story opens, and what had added to Jim's feelings of grief and humiliation was the fact that Miss Devereux had been present at his dismissal. Jim had thereupon left the farm with the intention of proceeding to the nearest town; but in his despair at leaving the neighbourhood of Miss Devereux under such circumstances, he had neglected to provide himself with anything in the shape of food or drink, and hence it is that we find him in such straits.

To resume our story: Jim eventually reached the belt of trees, and, having found a

convenient sheltered thicket, threw himself on the ground, and, in spite of his bitter thoughts, fell asleep. His grief and weariness had exhausted him and his sleep lasted several hours, and might have lasted longer had not the silence around him been broken by the sound of men's voices. On opening his eyes he found it was almost dark. Then, gradually realizing the presence of others near him, he cautiously rose, and, peering through the bushes, he saw a number of men, who had just dismounted, and were engaged in tethering their horses to the trees at the edge of the wood. On counting them he found they were ten in number. Notwithstanding his intense need of food and water, the appearance of the men was so evil that he decided at any rate to observe them a little before disclosing his presence, for he knew that bushrangers were still to be found, though none had appeared of late in that neighbourhood.

After picketing their horses, the men looked about for a suitable camping-ground, and, as chance would have it, chose a place about ten yards from where Jim was lying.



"THEY FELL TO SERIOUS CONVERSATION."

They then lit a fire and proceeded to roast some slices of meat and boil water to make tea. Jim began to feel a keen sympathy with the poor little wretches he had sometimes seen in London peering hungrily through the windows of cook-shops, and the hour the strangers spent in preparing and eating their suppers seemed to him the longest he had ever known. At length, however, they finished, and having lit their pipes they fell to serious conversation, and Jim was soon able to appreciate the wisdom of his caution.

Without being able to hear all that was said, he gathered from their talk that they were bushrangers, and that they contemplated an attack on Mr. Thompson's farm on the following day, in conjunction with the mysterious stranger and Hudson, from whom they had learnt that the farmer on that day intended to scour the country round in search of the missing cattle. For this purpose he would take all his men with him, and Miss Devereux and the one maid of the establishment would be left quite alone. The remarks of the scoundrels *à propos* of the two women were such that Jim had great difficulty in restraining himself from rushing out there and then. Fortunately, he did refrain, however, and the bushrangers having settled this business, prepared to pass the night, and Jim lay down to wait till they should be asleep, for till they were it was impossible for him to get away without being discovered.

At length, after an hour or so of anxious waiting, he thought he might venture to move. He would dearly have liked to try and procure from the camp the means of satisfying his hunger and thirst, and also to take one of the horses, but the risk was too great, and there was nothing for it but to retrace on foot the weary miles he had come that day. Creeping out of the wood, he advanced cautiously for about a mile, availing himself of whatever shelter there was, and then, striking the track, he hurried on as fast as his weakened condition would allow him. His sufferings during that march were terrible, and many times he was on the point of giving up the attempt, but the thought of Miss Devereux's danger spurred him on, and eventually he reached the farm, but not in time to prevent Thompson from setting out in search of his cattle. Just as he came up to the door of the farm, he saw two men, in whom he recognised Hudson and his friend, come riding up towards the farm from the right. Seeing him they checked their horses for a moment, and then, changing their direction somewhat, proceeded till they had

struck the track along which Jim had just come, about a mile from the house. There they waited, keeping watch on the farm.

Jim, entering the house without ceremony, shut and barred the door, and then turning, confronted Miss Devereux and the maid, whom the noise had brought out into the passage.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed the former as soon as she recognised Jim.

"Water!" was all he could reply. At first Miss Devereux merely looked contemptuously at him, but seeing that he was evidently suffering, she signed to the maid to bring some. As soon as he had satisfied his thirst, she resumed, angrily:—

"And now, what is the meaning of this? Why are you here?"

"Bushrangers," answered Jim, who still found it difficult to use his tongue.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Devereux, laughing scornfully, "unless you are one."

Jim made no reply, but proceeded to shut and bolt the back door, while the two women looked on amazed.

Having done this he turned again to Miss Devereux.

"Did your uncle leave any men about, this morning?" he asked.

"No!" she replied.

"Will you have the kindness to look out of one of the front windows?"

Somewhat against her will she complied, and saw the two men who had approached to within half a mile of the farm, and had then halted, waiting apparently for their comrades.

"There are two men there," said Miss Devereux, when she returned, "who look like two of my uncle's hands; but what of that?"

"Miss Devereux," Jim replied, "they will shortly be joined by ten others. I have walked twenty miles during this past night to save you if possible from these men. Whether you believe me or not, will you collect all the firearms in the house? If necessary you can use them against myself; but now I am going to make this place as secure as possible." And Jim thereupon proceeded to put up the thick wooden shutters which protected the windows.

His grave tones were not without their effect on Miss Devereux, and she carried out his directions so far as to collect all the firearms that could be found into the kitchen.

Before proceeding further, a short description of the house will not be out of place. It was a one-storied building, strongly constructed of wood, with a wide passage running from front

to back, with the rooms, three on each side, opening out of it. All the walls had loop-holes, which could be kept open or shut according to the temperature. None of the outbuildings were within a hundred yards, so that they would not afford too much shelter to an attacking party. Altogether it was well adapted for purposes of defence, and Jim felt little doubt that he could keep the robbers in check, at least as long as daylight lasted.

When Jim had completed his preparations for defence he approached the kitchen, without however entering, and said :—

"I don't know whether you believe me yet, Miss Devereux, but, at any rate, you will run no risk in allowing Jane" (the maid) "to bring me some food, for I've had nothing to eat since I left this place yesterday morning. And," he could not help adding, "while you have all the arms there, you can hardly consider me dangerous."

Miss Devereux bit her lip, but her self-confidence was somewhat shaken, and she even went so far as to help Jane prepare some food. While they were thus engaged Jim made use of Mr. Thompson's bedroom to make himself somewhat more presentable, and then sat down to enjoy the food he so much needed, Jane in the meantime keeping watch at the front door. He had just finished his meal when the latter excitedly announced that a number of men had appeared, and that

had shown herself conscious that he had a name—"I—beg—your—pardon."

There was a certain proud humiility in the way she said these words that touched Jim infinitely, and he responded, cheerfully :—

"There is no need for apology, Miss Devereux. I can well believe that I looked a suspicious character, especially considering the circumstances under which I left yesterday. But we must lose no time in preparing our defence. What arms have we?"

Miss Devereux led the way to the kitchen, and showed him two double-barrelled guns and a six-chambered revolver. These he immediately loaded, and having ascertained that she could use it, he gave the revolver to Miss Devereux, and asked her to post herself at the back door, while he guarded the front. Jane's work was to load the guns and to keep watch at intervals at the sides of the house.

On looking out again, Jim saw that the men had advanced to within half a mile of the house, and were already preparing to surround it, two riding off to the right and two to the left. The other eight then commenced riding straight for the house, as though they expected no resistance. Jim, however, recognising the men he had seen the night before, and thinking it useless to wait for them to commence hostilities, no sooner found them within range than he emptied successively



"THE ADVANCE."

the two already there were riding to meet them.

Miss Devereux, hearing this, looked out herself, and then coming slowly up to Jim, and looking him the while steadily in the face, said :—

"Mr. Leyland!"—it was the first time she

his four barrels into their midst, with the result that two men were at least disabled, while a third was thrown, his horse having been shot in the head.

This warm reception checked the advance, and the robbers retreated out of range, being shortly rejoined by the other four. After a

short deliberation they divided into three parties, one going to the rear of the house, and one to each of the sides. Then at a given signal they commenced riding for the house at full speed, keeping some distance apart, and not advancing in a direct line, but swerving constantly to one side or the other, so as to make it more difficult to aim at them. Jim, who had taken up his position on the left side of the house, succeeded, notwithstanding, in wounding another man, while Miss Devereux shot one of the horses. Jane, who been posted on the right side with one of the guns, had fired both barrels without result, but as Jim had placed her there merely with the intention of giving the robbers the idea that the house was well garrisoned, he was not disappointed. At any rate, he had apparently succeeded in his object, for the bushrangers again retreated, uttering curses and threats of vengeance.

Jim hoped that after such a repulse they would give up the attack and take their departure, but they had evidently no such intention, for, after riding out of range, they dismounted and picketed their horses. He concluded from this that they intended to wait for darkness, either to renew the attack, or to rescue their wounded comrades, two of whom had been left insensible. In the meantime, the respite was very welcome to the little garrison; and Jim, having rejoined Miss Devereux, who had gone to the front sitting-room, took down one of the shutters, that they might keep the robbers in sight without inconvenience to themselves. Jane was called in, and Miss Devereux, who was looking pale, but resolute, asked:—

“What do you suppose they will do now, Mr. Leyland?”

“Well,” answered Jim, “they will probably wait till dark and then attack us again, and if they do not succeed in effecting an entry, rather than lose their revenge, they may try to burn us out. But I hope your uncle may return in time to prevent such a catastrophe. Have you any idea when he expected to get back?”

“He said he would probably be away all night, but that there was a slight chance he might return this evening.”

“Let us hope that he will. But, now, Miss Devereux, it is time that you and Jane had something to eat.”

Miss Devereux assenting, Jane laid the table in the room in which they were, and after a meal which was quite cheerful, having regard to the blot in the landscape before them, they considered the best means of

defence and the possibility of escape. Jim knew there would, in all probability, be two or three horses in the stables, and it was eventually decided that, as soon as it was dusk, they should make an attempt to get away before the bushrangers again attacked them.

It was weary work waiting for the darkness, but at length the long afternoon passed, and as soon as it was dusk, Jim opened the back door and, creeping on hands and knees, they all three managed to reach the stables without being discovered. On examination Jim found that there were only two horses left, and these such sorry-looking animals, that it was quite out of the question that either of them should carry a double burden. Miss Devereux at first refused absolutely to leave Jim behind, and was for returning to the house, but he had already made up his mind as to his course of action, and eventually she was obliged to give way.

The two women having mounted, he directed them to ride quietly to a shed a few hundred yards distant, and which was so situated that the farm buildings lay between it and their enemies. As soon as they heard a shot fired they were to ride as fast as they could in the direction of Mr. Hughes's ranch, which was about twelve miles away.

As soon as he saw them reach the shed, Jim, taking one of the guns, proceeded to reconnoitre. He could see through the gloom that the robbers had advanced to within two hundred yards of the house and were dismounting, evidently intending to attack on foot. There was no time to be lost, and without paying any further attention to their movements Jim made a short détour, and took his way as quickly as was consistent with caution towards their horses. He succeeded in reaching them without being discovered, and having cut the cords by which they were tethered, mounted the last, and then, having fired a shot to frighten the others and give the signal to the two women, dashed off himself at full speed. But his career was soon stopped. A shot brought his horse down, and Jim flew over his head. He was not hurt, however, and was on his feet again in a moment, running for dear life. But fate was against him, and after a course of about fifty yards Jim fell with a bullet in his shoulder and another in his thigh, and rapidly lost all consciousness.

When Jim recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in bed in a darkened room. He gazed round with some surprise

—not much, he was too weak for strong emotions—but after a little the room began to seem in some way familiar to him. Where and when had he seen it? Oh! he remembered now. It was Mr. Thompson's room, where he had had a wash—was it yesterday, or was it quite a long time ago? He could not tell, and he was not strong enough to think about it, so he gave up the problem and lay quite quiescent, feeling very comfortable and with a happy indifference to everything else.

After a time someone entered the room. Through his half-closed eyelids Jim saw Miss Devereux—not the Miss Devereux he had known, but a softened and subdued edition of that young lady. He felt no surprise at seeing her; it seemed quite natural somehow, and he did not want to talk, so he closed his eyes with a feeling of absolute content. Miss Devereux advanced to the bedside, and laying her cool hand on his forehead, sighed a little, and then went and sat by the window. Jim having assured himself by a glance that she was still in the room, soon fell into a peaceful sleep.

When he awoke again Miss Devereux was still there, or rather was there again, for Jim had slept about ten hours since he saw her there before. Feeling this time stronger, and more interest in extraneous affairs, he said, in a weak voice:—

"Miss Devereux!"

She was at his side in a moment with a glad light in her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, gently brushing the hair from his forehead.

"How long have I been here?"

"Three weeks," she answered, "and we have been very anxious about you; but you are not to talk yet: I will tell you all about it when you are stronger."

A few days later Jim was rapidly recovering, and had his first connected conversation with Miss Devereux. She told him how she and Jane had soon met her uncle and his men returning, and how they reached the



"JIM FELL WITH A BULLET IN HIS SHOULDER."

house in time to prevent any of the bushrangers from escaping, and then how they had found him apparently left for dead, and carried him to the farm, where he had been ever since.

"And you have nursed me through it all?" he said, gratefully.

"Well, you see," she answered in a light tone, to disguise her feelings; "I thought I owed you something. I know all you went through on that day you came back to the farm."

"You know it? How?"

"Oh! you told me all about it when you were unconscious."

"Did I talk much?" Jim asked, a little anxiously.

"You did talk a good deal. You were always tramping, tramping through the scrub, and sometimes you cried for water, and always you were praying that you might reach the farm in time to save—it."

"My darling," was the term that Jim had always used, but Miss Devereux perhaps thought it was an Australian term for farm, so did not mention it.

"And you have sat there day after day listening to my ravings! How can I ever repay you?" He took her hand, which was resting on the bed, and kissed it gratefully. Miss Devereux blushed slightly, but did not offer any objection, though Jim showed no immediate intention of relinquishing the hand, now that he had gained possession of it.

"There is nothing to repay," she answered, softly. "Nothing that I can do will requite you for what you have undergone for me. But now I think you have talked enough, and you must have a sleep."

Jim remonstrated, but Miss Devereux was firm, and to enforce obedience, left the room.

Then ensued for the patient a most delightful time. In a few days he was able to get up and sit in the garden, and by degrees recovered sufficient strength to go for drives and walks, always accompanied by Miss Devereux; Mr. Thompson, who had

learned to love Jim, looking on with a pleased anticipation of what the result would be.

For a time the latter resolutely put from him all unpleasant thoughts, and gave himself up to enjoyment of his present good fortune, but at length the time came when he felt he must face the future. He could not stay on for ever as Mr. Thompson's guest, and one day when he was out riding with Miss Devereux, he determined to tell her of his intention to go. They had reached a group of trees, which was rather a favourite halting-place of theirs, when Jim suggested that they should dismount and rest awhile. His companion assented, and after they had made fast the horses, sat down on the grass, and Jim lay down at her side.



"SAT DOWN ON THE GRASS."

Jim looked the very picture of unhappiness, but Miss Devereux, though rather anticipating what was coming, looked serenely content. She watched him furtively, and seemingly rather amused than otherwise by his lugubrious air, and waited for him to speak.

At length he began, abruptly:—

"Miss Devereux, I must go."

"Go! Where?" she asked, innocently.

"Go away," he said, sadly. "Heaven knows how happy I have been here, but I can't stay longer."

"But why not?"

"Oh, Maud!" he burst out, "don't you know that I love you, and that I haven't a penny in the world?" Then, more gently, "Oh, my dear! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you, and it's death to me to go away and leave you. But I must go, if only to try and win for myself a position I could ask you to share. Even then I couldn't ask you to wait—it might be years first."

"No," said Maud, cheerfully, "I shouldn't like to wait all that time."

Jim thought she was treating him rather cruelly, and was silent.

After a short pause Maud resumed:—

"Now, Jim—as it's for the last time, I may call you Jim—listen to me. You know the Hughes's ranch, to which I was to escape that night; well, they are going to give it up, and my uncle advises me to buy it, and put someone in to manage it for me. Do you know of anyone, Jim, who would undertake it?"

Jim shook his head.

"You don't? I mention it because my uncle thought—that—perhaps—you would take charge of it for me."

Jim looked up amazed, and gasped, but said nothing.

"There is one little difficulty however," she continued, with a critical air, and wrinkling up her pretty forehead, as though considering whether there were any possible solution of the difficulty, "and that is, that whoever takes the farm will have to—take—me—along with it."

Jim was on his knees in a moment, holding her hands and saying, "Oh Maud, do you mean it?"

A glance from her eyes was enough, and in an instant his arms were round her, and he was kissing her as though he never meant to leave off. When at length she could speak, Maud said:—

"Jim, dear! do you know you are dreadfully stupid. You might have seen long ago that I—loved you, and not have left it to me to propose."

From - Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

OTHER DAYS AN old Parliamentary hand, who has known the House of Commons for thirty years, had OTHER Ministerial connection with one MANNERS. side and enjoyed intimate personal acquaintance with leading personages on the other, laments to me the lack of possibilities of leadership, either in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons. It has come to pass, he says, that under existing circumstances the so-called Leader does not drive but is driven. He recalls the time when Mr. Disraeli, yet far off the supreme height of his power, was, for a brief while, Leader of the House of Commons. This was from mid-summer, 1866, till the General Election of 1868, which brought Mr. Gladstone in with a rush. Through the Session of 1868 Disraeli was not only Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, but Premier. Still, though nominally in power, he was actually in a minority. But he would hold office on no other consideration than that, being Leader, he should lead and the party should follow.

There were young bloods amongst the Conservatives in those days. On one occasion, two who have since come prominently to the front gave notice of opposition to a proposal made by Mr. Gladstone which the Ministerial Party were enthusiastically inclined to support. Disraeli thought it would be a mistake in tactics, and decided that the amendment should not be moved. He sent for his two young friends (my informant was one of them), spoke to them with fatherly approval of their political acumen, extolled their amendment regarded as an abstract proposition, and finished by saying it would not do in the practical politics of the moment.

"And there," said the now grey-haired statesman, "was an end of the matter. We

were highly flattered by the attention paid to us by the Prime Minister. Nothing could be more gracious than his manner, or, I may add, more inflexible. We thought no more of arguing with him than we would with the head master at Eton. Still less did we contemplate disobeying his injunction. We just tore up the draft of the amendment. But imagine such a case arising to-day, and it is not difficult, for it occasionally presents itself at three or four turns of an important debate. Suppose two, or even one, of the gentlemen on the benches below the gangway thought they knew better than

Harcourt how to manage a particular turn in the stream of events. The first intimation he would have of the pother would come either by hearing notice given of an amendment, or by finding it on his copy of the Orders when he opened it in the morning. As for hope that at a private interview the mutineers would be brought to toe the line, you might as well try to check the flow of the tide in the Thames by jumping into the river off this Terrace.

"It is better on our side, but Arthur Balfour is not wholly free from the malign influence of insubordination.

The crises are not so acute, partly because he is in a stronger position, being free from the responsibilities of office, and largely because with us habits of discipline are more deeply ingrained.

"Beyond this personal attitude of individual members, there underlies the situation the new disturbing element of factions or sections of party who are up for sale. When I began political life, there were two parties, Liberals and Conservatives, and we had stand-up fights round big principles. Now you never quite know where you are to-day, and dare not guess where you may be to-morrow. If a Leader of either party



“DRIVEN.”

attempts to walk straight along the ordered path, he is either assailed by a section of his own followers, who want to go down some by-path, or is allured by the prospect of gaining over, even temporarily, a section of the other side if he will only change his step. There is no more leadership. It is all opportunism. I remember what Harcourt said in summing up the debate on the Address in February after we, the Constitutional party, had gone wandering round all points of the compass in search of a hole in which we might drop the Government. 'Why can't you fight under your old colours?' he asked. 'What has become of the old blue flag? There seems to be no true blue left. There is a kind of mixture, I don't know how to describe it. There is the faded yellow of Birmingham' (that was Chamberlain's amendment). 'There is a little touch of green from Waterford' (that's John Redmond's), 'and there's a little splotch of red from West Ham.' That refers to our appropriation of Keir Hardie's amendment on the unemployed.

"It's true and was well put. But it is true even in fuller degree of the position of Lord Rosebery and Harcourt, in virtual command of a motley host in an ever-simmering condition of mutiny. It's a new turn of things when you come to think of it. Some day there may arise amongst us a leader strong enough to combat circumstances and really lead. But I think it is highly improbable. It is more likely that the present condition of things will become increasingly prevalent."

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATE. It is an old tradition of the House of Commons that when a division is imminent the House is cleared of strangers. This admission of knowledge of the presence of strangers is in itself a comparatively modern innovation. According to statutes, the House of Commons at this day conducts its business in privacy. There is still unrepealed a standing order forbidding the presence of strangers at debates. Up to the year 1875 any member casually observing "I spy strangers," would lead to peremptory clearing of the galleries. In the Session of that year happened Mr. Biggar's famous escapade, when, observing the Prince of

Wales in the gallery over the clock, he "spied strangers," and the Heir Apparent, the nobility in the gallery by his side, and the gentry on the benches behind, were straightway driven forth. Shortly after the standing order was amended, and strangers are no longer at the mercy of an individual member.

At a time when strangers were formally prohibited from attendance on debates, a compromise was effected whereby, whilst their presence was winked at, they were obliged to quit when the House was cleared for a division. This also, in course of time, became modified, till the application of the order was confined to the few strangers who obtained the privileged seats under the gallery on the floor of the House. When the Speaker puts the question and a division is challenged, he, up to Easter in the present Session, wound up the formula with the command, "Strangers will withdraw." Thereupon the strangers under the gallery trooped out, and were conducted across the lobby into the corridor beyond, where they waited till the division was over. As on critical occasions the division is the most picturesque and dramatic feature of a debate, the advantage of the seats under the gallery was considerably handicapped.

The reason for the injunction was plain enough. Strangers seated in this part of the House might easily, whether by accident or design, join the throng of members trooping into the division lobby. What would happen when they reached the wicket where the clerks stand ticking off names can only be surmised, since there is no record of such catastrophe having happened. But I have personal recollection of at least two instances where strangers, admitted past the doorkeepers with orders for seats under the gallery, have strayed into the House itself. In one case, during debate on a liquor traffic Bill, two gentlemen connected with the Trade, armed with orders for seats under the gallery, instead of turning to the right or left when they had passed the doorkeepers, pressed straight forward, entered by the glass door, and took their seats below the gangway, almost under the nose of the Serjeant-at-Arms. There they sat, and listened to the debate with great comfort. They might have sat it out but for the accident of a division.



"A SPOUTCH OF RED FROM WEST HAM."

They did not know exactly what to do when, on the question being put, members began to troop off to the right or left. Their hesitation betrayed them, and they were bundled out with alarming precipitancy.

Another case happened in the Session of 1889, during debate on the Tithe Rent-charge Bill, in charge of Mr. Henry Matthews, then Home Secretary. A stranger under the gallery, much interested in the subject, found a difficulty in catching all the Home Secretary's remarks. Immediately before him was a half-empty cushioned bench, in many ways more convenient than the one to which he had been conducted. He accordingly climbed over the rail before him, stepped down into the House itself, and was proceeding to take his seat before he had taken the oath and without the preliminary of election. His manner of approach attracted attention. A messenger seized him and ran him out. Brought before the Serjeant-at-Arms, he explained that, never having been in the House before, he was ignorant of the division of localities. He wanted to hear Mr. Matthews, and finding a difficulty where he sat, thought he would just step down and take a seat a little nearer.

A PEER
ON THE
TREASURY
BENCH.

A member of the present Cabinet tells me he remembers an occasion when a stranger was discovered seated on the Treasury Bench itself. He had walked boldly in, strolled up the floor, and settled himself in the corner seat by the gangway at the end of the Treasury Bench. (Here is the upright post against which Lord Kingsborough, when he was still with us as Lord Advocate, used to lean his back, and, so the ribald rumour went, invoke blessings on the head of the Duke of Argyll.) After sitting for a while, listening to the member on his legs, he leaned over to the Minister close on his left hand, and in a loud whisper said: "When is Derby going to speak?"

It turned out that he was a peer of the United Kingdom, who had never visited Westminster since he succeeded to the peerage. Hearing that Lord Derby, at the time

leading the Opposition in the Lords, was expected to make a big speech, he thought he would just look in. Following the stream he, being in the octagon hall, turned to the left instead of the right, and so entered the inner lobby of the House of Commons. Mention of his name to the doorkeeper would pass him on the supposition that he was going to the Peers' Gallery. With the glass door before him giving access to the floor of the House, the rest was easy.



"AWAY WITH HIM."

ANOTHER
PROP OF
THE CON-
STITUTION
WITH-
DRAWN.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who in other matters besides those relating to the Parks is pos-
sessed of most

unofficial notions as to the right of the public to consideration, lent a sympathetic ear to complaints of the inconvenience of strangers turned out from below the gallery whenever a division was called. Possibly representations on the subject were the more potent by reason of the fact that this is the part of the House where seats are found for the private secretaries of Ministers and the heads of departments concerned in debates going forward. However it be, the First

Commissioner had the seats fenced off from the House by a high rail, and then moved the repeal of the standing order which requires strangers to withdraw from these seats when the House is cleared for a division.

"Dear Mr. Lucy," writes Mr. John A. Bright, "I see you say in THE STRAND MAGAZINE that my father wore a Windsor, or Ministerial, uniform, but not a sword. He never wore a uniform, but was allowed by the Queen to wear a plain velvet suit with black buttons, which I now have."

To the vulgar mind it is, save as a matter of taste and suitability, a very small matter whether a man wears a Windsor uniform or a velvet suit. But this concession, a grave matter at a Court still dominated by German ideas of the sanctity of uniform, testifies to the kindly thoughtfulness of the Queen, and to her personal admiration for a statesman who, through a long period of his life, was anathema to good Conservatives.

Incidentally it placed the President of the Board of Trade of 1868 at a considerable advantage over his colleagues. The ordinary Ministerial dress, a semi-military uniform, the origin of which tradition assigns to the late Prince Consort, is exceedingly uncomfortable on hot summer nights. The velvet suit, which in modified form Mr. Bright wore, is built on the lines of the dress of the well-born Englishmen about the time of Sir Roger de Coverley. No handsomer dress is permitted to Englishmen than this velvet suit, with its ruffles at the wrist and front, its knee-breeches, its silk stockings, and its shoes with silver buckles.

Amongst Ministers it is still worn by the Attorney-General, and pertains on State occasions to learned gentlemen who have filled that high office. Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General in the late Government, has the further advantage of wearing with his Court suit the Ribbon and Order of the K.C.M.G., bestowed upon him in recognition of his services at the Behring Sea Arbitration. The Ribbon, Saxon blue with a scarlet stripe, is particularly effective over the black velvet, whilst the motto of the Order, *Auspiciis melioris ævi*, comforts an ex-Minister as he paces the wilderness of Opposition.

Looking, the other day, over some old letters, I came upon a curious incident mentioned in a letter from Dr. Lyon Playfair, now Lord Playfair. It is dated July, 1882, at which time he was Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons. He mentions that he is "much engaged upon the highly respectable journal of 'Ways and Means,' into which a grower of champagne asks me to insert a commendatory notice of his vintage." This communication was probably accompanied by a proposal to furnish the Chairman of Committees with opportunities of personally verifying the excellence of the

brand. On that point there is no testimony forthcoming. But the incident is instructive, as showing the view taken in foreign parts of our Parliamentary customs.

LORD
PLAYFAIR
AS AN
ANARCHIST.

If he has kept them, Lord Playfair must have a rare selection of quaint letters addressed to him in his varied public capacities. About six years ago he delivered in various parts of the country a series of valuable lectures on some bearings of Free Trade. These lectures brought him many letters from the unemployed. Some of the writers were convinced that their lamentable condition was directly due to the wide employment of machinery. One proposed that the armies of Europe might well be used for the purpose of a universal smashing up of machinery. Another suggested to Sir Lyon the organization of a European association for the destruction of machinery, of which he was to be the president.

The picture of Lord Playfair, probably on a coal-black charger, leading the armies of Europe in a raid upon miscellaneous machinery, appeals to the imagination with winning force.



SIR RICHARD WEBSTER.



LORD PLAYFAIR.

A YOUNG
PARLIAMEN-
TARY
HAND.

It is fortunate for the House of Commons that the withdrawal from its precincts of Mr. Gladstone sees the growth and advance to prominence of Mr.

Arthur Balfour. Mr. Gladstone, among his many claims to the esteem of the House of Commons, did more than anyone else to maintain its antique tone of personal courtesy and high breeding. Mr. Balfour is not much more than half the age Mr. Gladstone had reached at the time of his retirement from the Parliamentary scene, yet he has, in degree not possessed by any other member, that graceful and dignified manner, that instinctive reverence for the old traditions of the House of Commons, which marked Mr. Gladstone from first to last. This is a precious possession the House of Commons cherishes as something quite apart from politics. The peculiar gift is undefinable, but men who know the House of Commons intimately will recognise its inheritance by Mr. Balfour, and will possibly be able to name more than one prominent quarter in which otherwise supreme Parliamentary talents are marred by its conspicuous lack.

THE OLD
PARLIAM-
ENTARY
HAND.

Mr. Gladstone, whilst he was yet with us, carried his reverence for the traditions of the House of Commons to extreme lengths, even in small matters. A few Sessions ago, he being at the time Prime Minister, a by-election was won in circumstances that created much jubilation in the Liberal camp. The new member, approaching to take the oath and his seat, was hailed with boisterous cheers. When he passed between the Treasury Bench and the table on which the roll of Parliament lay, one or two members effusively shook hands with him.

Mr. Gladstone made no sign, but took an early opportunity after the new member had taken his seat privately to express to the Speaker his regret that the new comer should, with whatever kindly intent, have been waylaid on his progress towards the Chair. His view was that till a new member has been presented to the Speaker, and has by him been welcomed, it is indecorous for anyone to interpose with friendly shake of hand. It is probable that hint of this matter was passed along the Treasury Bench, for a practice that at one time seemed established is intermitted, and to-day Ministers refrain from shaking hands with a new recruit on his way to be presented to the Speaker.

Once upon a time there used to be published at the close of each Parliamentary Session a volume setting forth in detail the attendances of members upon divisions. The Buff Book, as it was called from the colour of its binding, was much in use at contested

elections, where it was possible to show that a member offering himself for re-election was in respect of attendance on his duties no better than he should be. The Buff Book did not turn out a financial success, and to the secret relief of many members its publication was discontinued.

For Her Majesty's Ministers such a record is to this day diligently kept. Every week occupants of the Treasury Bench receive from the Whip's office a statement showing the number of times they have been present at divisions, the number of their absences, and the exact relative position in which they stand on the roll of honour or of dishonour. There are cases in which a Minister, usually one of the Whips, has taken part in every division of a Session. Several come within measurable distance of achieving this high distinction. On the whole, the weekly return acts as an incentive. But there are cases where its effect is deterrent. When a Minister, through illness or accident, gets altogether out of the running, he is prone to assume an attitude of desperation and withdraw from the competition.

Cardinal Vaughan has visited the lobby of the House of Commons two or three times this Session, but is by no means so constant in his

attendance as was his predecessor's wont. More especially during the height of the Irish fight under the captaincy of Mr. Parnell, the spare figure of Cardinal Manning, with his pinched, bloodless, intellectual features, was as familiar in the lobby as that of the average member. Standing apart, usually in the neighbourhood of the passage by the Bill Office, he held earnest conversation with a succession of Irish members. I remember the sensation created one night in the crowded lobby when a burly, devout Irish member, now no more, popped down on one knee and kissed the ring on the hand extended to him with quite other intent by the Cardinal.



CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

In personal appearance Cardinal Vaughan is wholly different from Mr. Gladstone's college companion of more than sixty years ago. One never saw Cardinal Manning without recalling a remark dropped by the Cardinal in *Lothair*. "I never eat and I never drink," said the prelate, for whose characteristics Mr. Disraeli was understood to have drawn upon a study at hand in London. Cardinal Vaughan does not look at all of that way of thinking.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is never permitted to leave the island even for a day until certain dignitaries, including the Lord Chancellor, are solemnly sworn in to act in commission during his absence. This is a detail of constitutional law familiar to the public, since the swearing-in of the commission is regularly recorded in the Dublin papers. The Lord High Chancellor of England has patiently to bear even a harder lot without assurance of the silent sympathy of the nation. During his term of office he is not permitted to leave the kingdom. If he makes holiday, he must choose a locality somewhere within the boundaries of the island.

THE GREAT SEAL. The reason for this restriction is that wherever the Lord Chancellor goes he must carry with him the Great Seal, and that is not to be trusted out of the country. This precious insignia of authority really consists of a pair of dies made in silver. When necessity arises for affixing the Great Seal of England to any document the dies are closed, melted wax is poured in,



THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

and, opened in due season, the Great Seal is found ready for attachment. It is six inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. The pair of dies now in use date from the accession of Her Majesty. On her death they will be cut into pieces and deposited with a long list of others in the Tower.

One Great Seal is lacking to the collection. It belonged to the reign of James II. That estimable monarch, fleeing before the thunder of the Great Revolution, dropped the Seal into the Thames. Another original Great Seal missing is that which, in the reign of George III, was temporarily in the custody of Lord Thurlow. The Lord Chancellor of those days lived in the now unaristocratic quarter of Great Ormond Street. On the 24th of March, 1784, thieves broke in upon the Lord Chancellor's house and stole away the Great Seal. It probably went into the melting-pot. Certainly, it was never seen again. It so happened that Parliament had to be dissolved on the next day, which made the incident peculiarly embarrassing. The silversmith was promptly put to work, and the dies of a new Great Seal were made in time for use in connection with the ceremony of Dissolution.

HOME SECRETARY: OLD TYPE AND NEW.

Amongst more substantial claims to distinction the late Lord Aberdare was, in the matter of family name, endowed with embarrassment of riches. His father passed

a long life apparently in a state of uncertainty as to whether he should continue under the name he happened to bear at the moment, or whether he should look for another. When he was born, his patronymic was Knight. When he came to man's estate, Mr. Knight changed his name to Bruce. Thirty-two years later he called himself Pryce, and at the time of his death was known as Mr. John Bruce Pryce. When his second son, Henry, was in a position to choose his own name, he called himself plain Bruce. The family peculiarity was more happily developed in his case, since



A PRISONER OF STATE.

he worked his way up to a peerage and died Lord Aberdare.

To recall the time when Mr. Bruce was Home Secretary, and roused the man in the street against Mr. Gladstone's Government by his introduction of the Licensing Acts, seems a page of history almost as remote as a chapter of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Mr. Bruce, if he now sat in the House of Commons for Renfrewshire or elsewhere, would have no more chance of being made Home Secretary than he would of being nominated for the Primacy. The type is changed from Henry Austin Bruce to that of Herbert Henry Asquith. Yet it is only twenty-seven years come the 9th of December that Mr. Gladstone, then in the prime of manhood, as age is reckoned with him, attended Her Majesty in Privy Council and was sworn in First Lord of the Treasury.

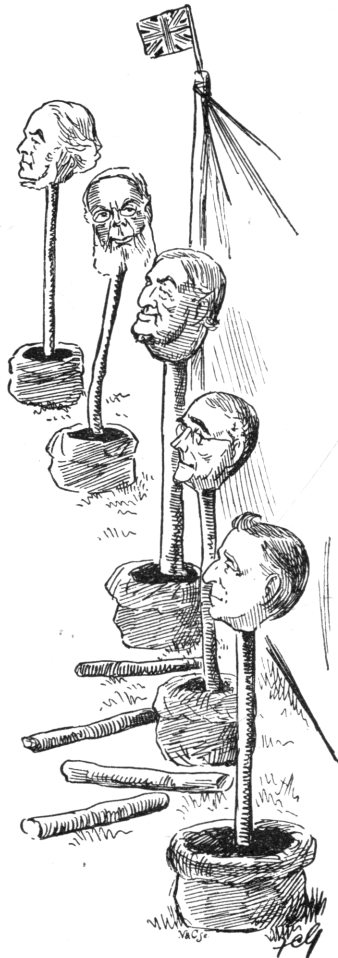
The room to-day is haunted by the ghosts of the majority who were on that occasion assembled. Lord Granville received the seals of office as Secretary for the Colonies; Lord Clarendon was Foreign Secretary; Mr. Cardwell was Secretary of State for War; Mr. Bruce, Home Secretary; Mr. Forster, Vice-President of the Council; Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Layard was First Commissioner of Works, and Sir William Page Wood, afterwards Lord Hatherley, was Lord Chancellor. Mr. Bright, overcoming his repugnance to office, became, at Mr. Gladstone's urgent request, President of the Board of Trade. All, all are gone, the once familiar faces. Of

others present at this historic gathering only three in addition to the Chief are with us to-day, and for each a great deal has happened since then. On this 9th of December, 1868, the Duke of Argyll was handed the seals of the India Office, Lord Hartington became Postmaster-General, and Mr. Childers First Lord of the Admiralty.

A
HAUNTED
MAN.

"How oft to-night," said Friar Laurence, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "have my old feet stumbled at graves." Mr. Gladstone, having lived longer than most men, and had a wider range of acquaintance than any, can hardly move through the passages of a day without his feet stumbling at the grave of a friend. If all the men he has personally known before and since Henry Newman were gathered, say, in Westminster Abbey—if, indeed, the

fullest limits of its walls would hold the multitude—what a varied and illustrious throng the ancient rafters would cover! Some of them even now sleep beneath the storied pavement. These and others of the glorious crowd being dead, yet speak through written records, in which they convey the impression created in their minds by Mr. Gladstone, they having known him at various phases of his life from the age of twenty to that of seventy. Monthly, almost weekly, the printing press pours forth autobiographies, recollections, remains, or biographies of more or less eminent men of the half century. Turning over the pages, Mr. Gladstone rarely fails to find himself for a moment face to face with his dead self at various stages of his long career—his self portrayed with the frankness with which we are all discussed behind our backs.



HOME SECRETARIES: PAST AND PRESENT.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

III.—HOW THE BRIGADIER SLEW THE BROTHERS OF AJACCIO.



WHEN I told you some little time ago how it was that I won the special medal for valour, I finished, as you will doubtless remember, by repeating the saying of the Emperor that I had the stoutest heart in all his armies. In making that remark, Napoleon was showing the insight for which he was so famous. He disfigured his sentence, however, by adding something about the thickness of my head. We will pass that over. It is ungenerous to dwell upon the weaker moments of a great man. I will only say this, that when the Emperor needed an agent he was always very ready to do me the honour of recalling the name of Etienne Gerard, though it occasionally escaped him when rewards were to be distributed. Still, I was a colonel at twenty-eight, and the chief of a brigade at thirty-one, so that I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my career. Had the wars lasted another two or three years I might have grasped my bâton, and the man who had his hand upon that was only one stride from a throne. Murat had changed his hussar's cap for a crown, and another light cavalry man might have done as much. However, all those dreams were driven away by Waterloo, and, although I was not able to write my name upon history, it is sufficiently well known by all who served with me in the great wars of the Empire.

What I want to tell you to-night is about the very singular affair which first started me upon my rapid upward course, and which had the effect of establishing a secret bond between the Emperor and myself. There is just one little word of warning which I must give you before I begin. When you hear me speak, you must always bear in mind that you are listening to one who has seen history from the inside. I am talking about what my ears have heard and my eyes have seen, so you must not try to confute me by quoting the opinions of some student or man of the pen, who has written a book of history or memoirs. There is much which is unknown by such people, and much which never will be known by the world. For my

own part, I could tell you some very surprising things were it discreet to do so. The facts which I am about to relate to you to-night were kept secret by me during the Emperor's lifetime, because I gave him my promise that it should be so, but I do not think that there can be any harm now in my telling the remarkable part which I played.

You must know, then, that at the time of the Treaty of Tilsit I was a simple lieutenant in the 10th Hussars, without money or interest. It is true that my appearance and my gallantry were in my favour, and that I had already won a reputation as being one of the best swordsmen in the army; but among the host of brave men who surrounded the Emperor it needed more than this to insure a rapid career. I was confident, however, that my chance would come, though I never dreamed that it would take so remarkable a form.

When the Emperor returned to Paris, after the declaration of peace in the year 1807, he spent much of his time with the Empress and the Court at Fontainebleau. It was the time when he was at the pinnacle of his career. He had in three successive campaigns humbled Austria, crushed Prussia, and made the Russians very glad to get upon the right side of the Niemen. The old Bulldog over the Channel was still growling, but he could not get very far from his kennel. If we could have made a perpetual peace at that moment, France would have taken a higher place than any nation since the days of the Romans. So I have heard the wise folk say, though for my part I had other things to think of. All the girls were glad to see the army back after its long absence, and you may be sure that I had my share of any favours that were going. You may judge how far I was a favourite in those days when I say that even now, in my sixtieth year—but why should I dwell upon that which is already sufficiently well known?

Our regiment of hussars was quartered with the horse chasseurs of the guard at Fontainebleau. It is, as you know, but a little place, buried in the heart of the forest, and it was wonderful at this time to see it crowded with Grand Dukes and Electors and Princes,

who thronged round Napoleon like puppies round their master, each hoping that some bone might be thrown to him. There was more German than French to be heard in the street, for those who had helped us in the late war had come to beg for a reward, and those who had opposed us had come to try and escape their punishment. And all the time our little man, with his pale face and his cold, grey eyes, was riding to the hunt every morning, silent and brooding, all of them following in his train, in the hope that some word would escape him. And then, when the humour seized him, he would throw a hundred square miles to that man, or tear as much off the other, round off one kingdom by a river, or cut off another by a chain of mountains. That was how he used to do business, this little artilleryman, whom we had raised so high with our sabres and our bayonets. He was very civil to us always, for he knew where his power came from. We knew also, and showed it by the way in which we carried ourselves. We were agreed, you understand, that he was the finest leader in the world, but we did not forget that he had the finest men to lead.

Well, one day I was seated in my quarters playing cards with young Morat, of the horse chasseurs, when



"I WAS SEATED PLAYING CARDS WITH YOUNG MORAT."

the door opened and in walked Lasalle, who was our Colonel. You know what a fine, swaggering fellow he was, and the sky-blue uniform of the Tenth suited him to a marvel. My faith, we youngsters were so taken by him that we all swore and dined and drank and played the deuce whether we liked it or no, just that we might resemble our Colonel! We forgot that it was not because he drank or gambled that the Emperor was going to make him the head of the light cavalry, but because he had the surest eye for the nature of a position or for the strength of a column, and the best judgment as to when infantry could be broken, or whether guns were exposed, of any man in the army. We were too young to understand all that, however, so we waxed our moustaches and clinked our spurs and let the ferrules of our scabbards wear out by trailing them along the pavement in the hope that we should all become Lasalles. When he came clanking into my quarters, both Morat and I sprang to our feet.

"My boy," said he, clapping me on the shoulder, "the Emperor wants to see you at four o'clock."

The room whirled round me at the words, and I had to lean my hands upon the edge of the card-table.

"What?" I cried. "The Emperor!"

"Precisely," said he, smiling at my astonishment.

"But the Emperor does not know of my existence, Colonel," I protested. "Why should he send for me?"

"Well, that's just what puzzles me," cried Lasalle, twirling his moustache. "If he wanted the help of a good sabre, why should he descend to one of my lieutenants when he might have found all that he needed at the head of the regiment? However," he added, clapping me upon the shoulder again in his hearty fashion, "every man has his chance. I have had mine, otherwise I should not be Colonel of the Tenth. I must not grudge you yours. Forwards, my boy, and may it be the first step towards changing your busby for a cocked hat."

It was but two o'clock, so he left me, promising to come back and to accompany me to the palace. My faith, what a time I passed, and how many conjectures did I make as to what it was that the Emperor

could want of me! I paced up and down my little room in a fever of anticipation. Sometimes I thought that perhaps he had heard of the guns which we had taken at Austerlitz; but then there were so many who had taken guns at Austerlitz, and two years had passed since the battle. Or it might be that he wished to reward me for my affair with the *aide-de-camp* of the Russian Emperor. But then again a cold fit would seize me, and I would fancy that he had sent for me to reprimand me. There were a few duels which he might have taken in ill part, and there were one or two little jokes in Paris since the peace.

But, no! I considered the words of Lasalle. "If he had need of a brave man," said Lasalle.

It was obvious that my Colonel had some idea of what was in the wind. If he had not known that it was to my advantage, he would not have been so cruel as to congratulate me. My heart glowed with joy as this conviction grew upon me, and I sat down to write to my mother and to tell her that the Emperor was waiting, at that very moment, to have my opinion upon a matter of importance. It made me smile as I wrote it to think that, wonderful as it appeared to me, it would probably only confirm my mother in her opinion of the Emperor's good sense.

At half-past three I heard a sabre come clanking against every step of my wooden stair. It was Lasalle, and with him was a little gentleman, very neatly dressed in black with dapper ruffles and cuffs. We did not know many civilians, we of the army, but, my word, this was one whom we could not afford to ignore! I had only to glance at those twinkling eyes, the comical, upturned nose, and the straight, precise mouth, to know that I was in the presence of the one man in France whom even the Emperor had to consider.

"This is Monsieur Etienne Gerard, Monsieur de Talleyrand," said Lasalle.

I saluted, and the statesman took me in from the top of my panache to the rowel of my spur, with a glance that played over me like a rapier point.

"Have you explained to the Lieutenant the circumstances under which he is summoned to the Emperor's presence?" he asked, in his dry, creaking voice.

They were such a contrast, these two men, that I could not help glancing from one to the other of them: the little, black, sly politician, and the big, sky-blue hussar, with one fist on his hip and the other on the hilt of his sabre. They both took their seats as I

looked, Talleyrand without a sound, and Lasalle with a clash and jingle like a prancing charger.

"It's this way, youngster," said he, in his brusque fashion; "I was with the Emperor in his private cabinet this morning when a note was brought in to him. He opened it, and as he did so he gave such a start that it fluttered down on to the floor. I handed it up to him again, but he was staring at the wall in front of him as if he had seen a ghost. 'Fratelli dell' Ajaccio,' he muttered; and then again, 'Fratelli dell' Ajaccio.' I don't pretend to know more Italian than a man can pick up in two campaigns, and I could make nothing of this. It seemed to me that he had gone out of his mind; and you would have said so also, Monsieur de Talleyrand, if you had seen the look in his eyes. He read the note, and then he sat for half an hour or more without moving."

"And you?" asked Talleyrand.

"Why, I stood there not knowing what I ought to do. Presently he seemed to come back to his senses.

"I suppose, Lasalle," said he, "that you have some gallant young officers in the Tenth?"

"They are all that, sire," I answered.

"If you had to pick one who was to be depended upon for action, but who would not think too much—you understand me, Lasalle—which would you select?" he asked.

"I saw that he needed an agent who would not penetrate too deeply into his plans.

"I have one," said I, "who is all spurs and moustaches, with never a thought beyond women and horses."

"That is the man I want," said Napoleon. "Bring him to my private cabinet at four o'clock."

"So, youngster, I came straight away to you at once, and mind that you do credit to the 10th Hussars."

I was by no means flattered by the reasons which had led to my Colonel's choice, and I must have shown as much in my face, for he roared with laughter and Talleyrand gave a dry chuckle also.

"Just one word of advice before you go, Monsieur Gerard," said he: "you are now coming into troubled waters, and you might find a worse pilot than myself. We have none of us any idea as to what this little affair means, and, between ourselves, it is very important for us, who have the destinies of France upon our shoulders, to keep our-



"HE ROARED WITH LAUGHTER."

selves in touch with all that goes on. You understand me, Monsieur Gerard?"

I had not the least idea what he was driving at, but I bowed and tried to look as if it was clear to me.

"Act very guardedly, then, and say nothing to anybody," said Talleyrand. "Colonel de Lasalle and I will not show ourselves in public with you, but we will await you here, and we will give you our advice when you have told us what has passed between the Emperor and yourself. It is time that you started now, for the Emperor never forgives unpunctuality."

Off I went on foot to the palace, which was only a hundred paces off. I made my way to the antechamber, where Duroc, with his grand new scarlet and gold coat, was fussing about among the crowd of people who were waiting. I heard him whisper to Monsieur de Caulaincourt that half of them were German Dukes who expected to be made Kings, and the other half German Dukes who expected to be made paupers. Duroc, when he heard my name, showed me straight in, and I found myself in the Emperor's presence.

I had, of course, seen him in camp a

hundred times, but I had never been face to face with him before. I have no doubt that if you had met him without knowing in the least who he was, you would simply have said that he was a sallow little fellow with a good forehead and fairly well-turned calves. His tight white cashmere breeches and white stockings showed off his legs to advantage. But even a stranger must have been struck by the singular look of his eyes, which could harden into an expression which would frighten a grenadier. It is said that even Augereau, who was a man who had never known what fear was, quailed before Napoleon's gaze, at a time, too, when the Emperor was but an unknown soldier. He looked mildly enough at me, however, and motioned me to remain by the door. De Meneval was writing to his dictation, looking up at him between each sentence with his spaniel eyes.

"That will do. You can go," said the Emperor, abruptly. Then, when the secretary had left the room, he strode across with his hands behind his back, and he looked me up and down without a word. Though he was a small man himself, he was very fond of having fine-looking fellows about him, and

so I think that my appearance gave him pleasure. For my own part, I raised one hand to the salute and held the other upon the hilt of my sabre, looking straight ahead of me, as a soldier should.

"Well, Monsieur Gerard," said he, at last, tapping his forefinger upon one of the brandebourgs of gold braid upon the front of my pelisse, "I am informed that you are a very deserving young officer. Your Colonel gives me an excellent account of you."

I wished to make a brilliant reply, but I could think of nothing save Lasalle's phrase that I was all spurs and moustaches, so it ended in my saying nothing at all. The

and for my own part I could not understand what he was driving at. I contented myself with assuring him that he could count upon me to the death.

"You are, as I understand, a good swordsman?" said he.

"Tolerable, sire," I answered.

"You were chosen by your regiment to fight the champion of the Hussars of Chambarant?" said he.

I was not sorry to find that he knew so much of my exploits.

"My comrades, sire, did me that honour," said I.

"And for the sake of practice you insulted six fencing masters in the week before your duel?"

"I had the privilege of being out seven times in as many days, sire," said I.

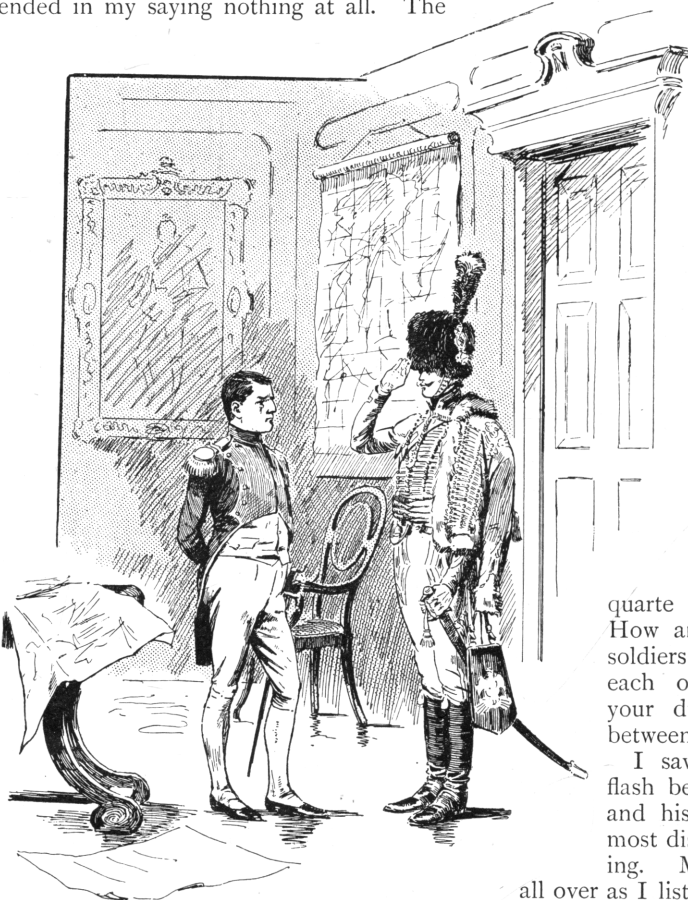
"And escaped without a scratch?"

"The fencing master of the 23rd Light Infantry touched me on the left elbow, sire."

"Let us have no more child's play of the sort, monsieur," he cried, turning suddenly to that cold rage of his which was so appalling. "Do you imagine that I place veteran soldiers in these positions that you may practise quarte and tierce upon them? How am I to face Europe if my soldiers turn their points upon each other? Another word of your duelling, and I break you between these fingers."

I saw his plump white hands flash before my eyes as he spoke, and his voice had turned to the most discordant hissing and growling. My word, my skin pringed all over as I listened to him, and I would gladly have changed my position for that of the first man in the steepest and narrowest breach that ever swallowed up a storming party. He turned to the table, drank off a cup of coffee, and then when he faced me again every trace of this storm had vanished, and he wore that singular smile which came from his lips but never from his eyes.

"I have need of your services, Monsieur



"I RAISED ONE HAND TO THE SALUTE."

Emperor watched the struggle which must have shown itself upon my features, and when, finally, no answer came he did not appear to be displeased.

"I believe that you are the very man that I want," said he. "Brave and clever men surround me upon every side. But a brave man who——" He did not finish his sentence,

Gerard," said he. "I may be safer with a good sword at my side, and there are reasons why yours should be the one which I select. But first of all I must bind you to secrecy. Whilst I live what passes between us to-day must be known to none but ourselves."

I thought of Talleyrand and of Lasalle, but I promised.

"In the next place, I do not want your opinions or conjectures, and I wish you to do exactly what you are told."

I bowed.

"It is your sword that I need, and not your brains. I will do the thinking. Is that clear to you?"

"Yes, sire."

"You know the Chancellor's Grove, in the forest?"

I bowed.

"You know also the large double fir-tree where the hounds assembled on Tuesday?"

Had he known that I met a girl under it three times a week, he would not have asked me. I bowed once more without remark.

"Very good. You will meet me there at ten o'clock to-night."

I had got past being surprised at anything which might happen. If he had asked me to take his place upon the Imperial throne I could only have nodded my busby.

"We shall then proceed into the wood together," said the Emperor. "You will be armed with a sword, but not with pistols. You must address no remark to me, and I shall say nothing to you. We will advance in silence. You understand?"

"I understand, sire."

"After a time we shall see a man, or more probably two men, under a certain tree. We shall approach them together. If I signal to you to defend me, you will have your sword ready. If, on the other hand, I speak to these men, you will wait and see what happens. If you are called upon to draw, you must see that neither of them, in the event of there being two, escapes from us. I shall myself assist you."

"But, sire," I cried, "I have no doubt that two would not be too many for my sword; but would it not be better that I should bring a comrade than that you should be forced to join in such a struggle?"

"Ta, ta, ta," said he. "I was a soldier before I was an Emperor. Do you think, then, that artillerymen have not swords as well as the hussars? But I ordered you not to argue with me. You will do exactly what I tell you. If swords are once out, neither of these men is to get away alive."

"They shall not, sire," said I.

"Very good. I have no more instructions for you. You can go."

I turned to the door, and then an idea occurring to me I turned.

"I have been thinking, sire——" said I.

He sprang at me with the ferocity of a wild beast. I really thought he would have struck me.

"Thinking!" he cried. "You, *you!* Do you imagine I chose you out because you could think? Let me hear of your doing such a thing again! You, the one man—but, there! You meet me at the fir-tree at ten o'clock."

My faith, I was right glad to get out of the room. If I have a good horse under me, and a sword clanking against my stirrup-iron, I know where I am. And in all that relates to green fodder or dry, barley and oats and rye, and the handling of squadrons upon the march, there is no one who can teach me very much. But when I meet a Chamberlain and a Marshal of the Palace, and have to pick my words with an Emperor, and find that everybody hints instead of talking straight out, I feel like a troop-horse who has been put in a lady's calèche. It is not my trade, all this mincing and pretending. I have learned the manners of a gentleman, but never those of a courtier. I was right glad then to get into the fresh air again, and I ran away up to my quarters like a schoolboy who has just escaped from the seminary master.

But as I opened the door, the very first thing that my eye rested upon was a long pair of sky-blue legs with hussar boots, and a short pair of black ones with knee-breeches and buckles. They both sprang up together to greet me.

"Well, what news?" they cried, the two of them.

"None," I answered.

"The Emperor refused to see you?"

"No, I have seen him."

"And what did he say?"

"Monsieur de Talleyrand," I answered, "I regret to say that it is quite impossible for me to tell you anything about it. I have promised the Emperor."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear young man," said he, sidling up to me, as a cat does when it is about to rub itself against you. "This is all among friends, you understand, and goes no farther than these four walls. Besides, the Emperor never meant to include me in this promise."

"It is but a minute's walk to the palace, Monsieur de Talleyrand," I answered; "if it

would not be troubling you too much to ask you to step up to it and bring back the Emperor's written statement that he did not mean to include you in this promise, I shall be happy to tell you every word that passed."

He showed his teeth at me then like the old fox that he was.

"Monsieur Gerard appears to be a little puffed up," said he. "He is too young to see things in their just proportion. As he grows older he may understand that it is not always very discreet for a subaltern of cavalry to give such very abrupt refusals."

I did not know what to say to this, but Lasalle came to my aid in his down-right fashion.

"The lad is quite right," said he. "If I had known that there was a promise I should not have questioned him. You know very well, Monsieur de Talleyrand, that if he had answered you, you would have laughed in your sleeve and thought as much about him as I think of the bottle when the burgundy is gone. As for me, I promise you that the Tenth would have had no room for him, and that we should have lost our best swordsman if I had heard him give up the Emperor's secret."

But the statesman became only the more bitter when he saw that I had the support of my Colonel.

"I have heard, Colonel de Lasalle," said he, with an icy dignity, "that your opinion is of great weight upon the subject of light cavalry. Should I have occasion to seek information about that branch of the army, I shall be very happy to apply to you. At present, however, the matter concerns diplomacy, and you will permit me to form my own views upon that question. As long as the welfare

of France and the safety of the Emperor's person are largely committed to my care, I will use every means in my power to secure them, even if it should be against the Emperor's own temporary wishes. I have the honour, Colonel de Lasalle, to wish you a very good-day!"

He shot a most unamiable glance in my direction, and, turning upon his heel, he walked with little, quick, noiseless steps out of the room.

I could see from Lasalle's face that he did not at all relish finding himself at enmity with the powerful Minister. He rapped out an oath or two, and then, catching up his sabre and his cap, he clattered away down the stairs. As I looked out of the window I saw the two of them, the big blue man and the little black one, going up the street together. Talleyrand was walking very rigidly, and Lasalle was waving his hands and talking, so I suppose that he was trying to make his peace.

The Emperor had told me not to think, and I endeavoured to obey him. I took up the cards from the table where Morat had left them,

and I tried to work out a few combinations at *écarté*. But I could not remember which were trumps, and I threw them under the table in despair. Then I drew my sabre and practised giving point until I was weary, but it was all of no use at all. My mind *would* work, in spite of myself. At ten o'clock I was to meet the Emperor in the forest. Of all extraordinary combinations of events in the whole world, surely this was the last which would have occurred to me when I rose from my couch that morning. But the responsibility—the dreadful responsibility! It was all upon my shoulders. There was no one to halve it with me. It made me cold all over.



"MONSIEUR GERARD APPEARS TO BE A LITTLE PUFFED UP."

Often as I have faced death upon the battlefield, I have never known what real fear was until that moment. But then I considered that after all I could but do my best like a brave and honourable gentleman, and above all obey the orders which I had received, to the very letter. And, if all went well, this would surely be the foundation of my fortunes. Thus, swaying between my fears and my hopes, I spent the long, long evening until it was time for me to keep my appointment.

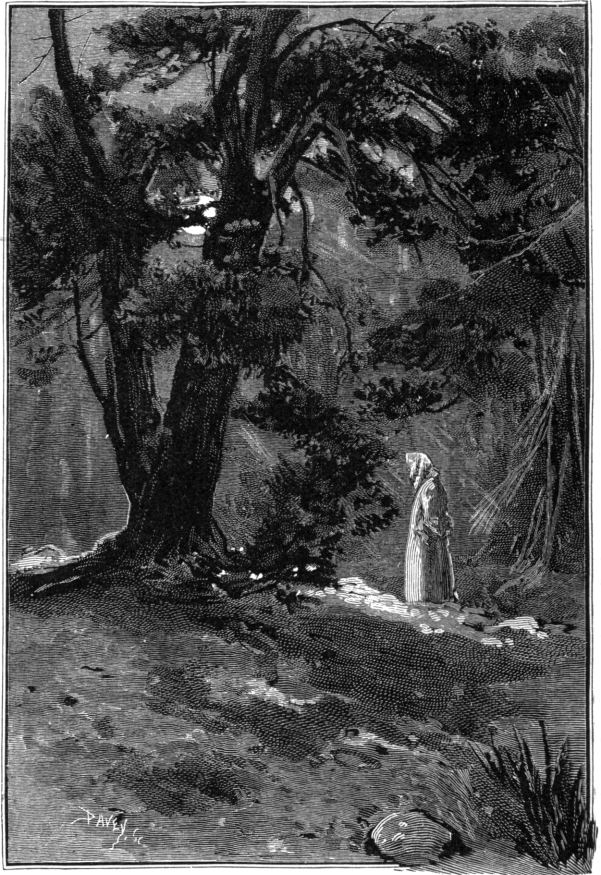
I put on my military overcoat, as I did not know how much of the night I might have to spend in the woods, and I fastened my sword outside it. I pulled off my hussar boots also, and wore a pair of shoes and gaiters, that I might be lighter upon my feet. Then I stole out of my quarters and made for the forest, feeling very much easier in my mind, for I am always at my best when the time of thought has passed and the moment for action arrived.

I passed the barracks of the Chasseurs of the Guards, and the line of cafés all filled with uniforms. I caught a glimpse as I went by of the blue and gold of some of my comrades, amid the swarm of dark infantry coats and the light green of the Guides. There they sat, sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, little dreaming what their comrade had on hand. One of them, the chief of my squadron, caught sight of me in the lamplight, and came shouting after me into the street. I hurried on, however, pretending not to hear him, so he, with a curse at my deafness, went back at last to his wine bottle.

It is not very hard to get into the forest at Fontainebleau. The scattered trees steal their way into the very streets, like the tirailleurs in front of a column. I turned into a path, which led to the edge of the woods, and then I pushed rapidly forward towards the old fir-tree. It was a place which, as I have hinted, I had my own reasons for knowing well, and I could only thank the Fates that it was not one of the nights upon which Léonie would be waiting for me. The poor child would have died of terror at sight of the Emperor. He might

have been too harsh with her—and worse still, he might have been too kind.

There was a half moon shining, and, as I came up to our trysting-place, I saw that I was not the first to arrive. The Emperor was pacing up and down, his hands behind him and his face sunk somewhat forward upon his breast. He wore a grey great-coat with a capote over his head. I had seen him in such a dress in our winter campaign in Poland, and it was said that he used it because the hood was such an excellent disguise. He was always fond, whether in



"THE EMPEROR WAS PACING UP AND DOWN."

the camp or in Paris, of walking round at night, and overhearing the talk in the cabarets or round the fires. His figure, however, and his way of carrying his head and his hands, were so well known that he was always recognised, and then the talkers would just say whatever they thought would please him best.

My first thought was that he would be angry

with me for having kept him waiting, but as I approached him, we heard the big church clock of Fontainebleau clang out the hour of ten. It was evident, therefore, that it was he who was too soon, and not I too late. I remembered his order that I should make no remark, so contented myself with halting within four paces of him, clicking my spurs together, grounding my sabre, and saluting. He glanced at me, and then without a word he turned and walked slowly through the forest, I keeping always about the same distance behind him. Once or twice he seemed to me to look apprehensively to right and to left, as if he feared that someone was observing us. I looked also, but although I have the keenest sight, it was quite impossible to see anything except the ragged patches of moonshine between the great black shadows of the trees. My ears are as quick as my eyes, and once or twice I thought that I heard a twig crack ; but you know how many sounds there are in a forest at night, and how difficult it is even to say what direction they come from.

We walked for rather more than a mile, and I knew exactly what our destination was, long before we got there. In the centre of one of the glades there is the shattered stump of what must at some time have been a most gigantic tree. It is called the Abbot's Beech, and there are so many ghostly stories about it, that I know many a brave soldier who would not care about mounting sentinel over it. However, I cared as little for such folly as the Emperor did, so we crossed the glade and made straight for the old broken trunk. As we approached, I saw that two men were waiting for us beneath it.

When I first caught sight of them they were standing rather behind it, as if they were not anxious to be seen, but as we came nearer they emerged from its shadow and walked forward to meet us. The Emperor glanced back at me, and slackened his pace a little, so that I came within arm's length of him. You may think that I had my hilt well to the front, and that I had a very good look at these two people who were approaching us. The one was tall, remarkably so, and of a very spare frame, while the other was rather below the usual height, and had a brisk, determined way of walking. They each wore black cloaks, which were slung right across their figures, and hung down upon one side, like the mantles of Murat's dragoons. They had flat black caps, like those which I have since seen in Spain, which threw their faces into darkness, though I could see the gleam

of their eyes from beneath them. With the moon behind them and their long black shadows walking in front, they were such figures as one might expect to meet at night near the Abbot's Beech. I can remember that they had a stealthy way of moving, and that as they approached, the moonshine formed two white diamonds between their legs and the legs of their shadows.

The Emperor had paused, and these two strangers came to a stand also within a few paces of us. I had drawn up close to my companion's elbow, so that the four of us were facing each other without a word spoken. My eyes were particularly fixed upon the taller one, because he was slightly the nearer to me, and I became certain as I watched him that he was in the last state of nervousness. His lean figure was quivering all over, and I heard a quick, thin panting like that of a tired dog. Suddenly one of them gave a short, hissing signal. The tall man bent his back and his knees like a diver about to spring, but before he could move, I had jumped with drawn sabre in front of him. At the same instant the smaller man bounded past me, and buried a long poniard in the Emperor's heart.

My God ! the horror of that moment ! It is a marvel that I did not drop dead myself. As in a dream, I saw the grey coat whirl convulsively round, and caught a glimpse in the moonlight of three inches of red point which jutted out from between the shoulders. Then down he fell with a dead man's gasp upon the grass, and the assassin, leaving his weapon buried in his victim, threw up both his hands and shrieked with joy. But I—I drove my sword through his midriff with such frantic force, that the mere blow of the hilt against the end of his breast-bone sent him six paces before he fell, and left my reeking blade ready for the other. I sprang round upon him with such a lust for blood upon me as I had never felt, and never have felt, in all my days. As I turned, a dagger flashed before my eyes, and I felt the cold wind of it pass my neck and the villain's wrist jar upon my shoulder. I shortened my sword, but he winced away from me, and an instant afterwards was in full flight, bounding like a deer across the glade in the moonlight.

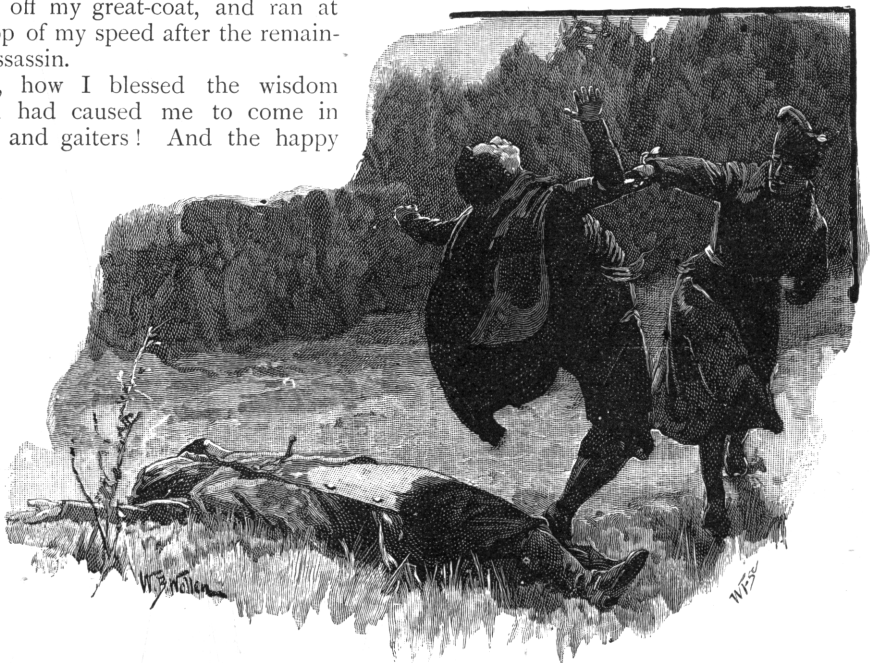
But he was not to escape me thus. I knew that the murderer's poniard had done its work. Young as I was, I had seen enough of war to know a mortal blow. I paused but for an instant to touch the cold hand.

"Sire ! Sire !" I cried, in an agony ; and

then as no sound came back and nothing moved, save an ever-widening dark circle in the moonlight, I knew that all was indeed over. I sprang madly to my feet, threw off my great-coat, and ran at the top of my speed after the remaining assassin.

Ah, how I blessed the wisdom which had caused me to come in shoes and gaiters! And the happy

me. It was his breathing once more, and it showed me where he must be. He was hiding in the tool-house.



"I DROVE MY SWORD WITH FRANTIC FORCE."

thought which had thrown off my coat. He could not get rid of his mantle, this wretch, or else he was too frightened to think of it. So it was that I gained upon him from the beginning. He must have been out of his wits, for he never tried to bury himself in the darker parts of the woods, but he flew on from glade to glade, until he came to the heath-land which leads up to the great Fontainebleau quarry. There I had him in full sight, and knew that he could not escape me. He ran well, it is true—ran as a coward runs when his life is the stake. But I ran as Destiny runs when it gets behind 'a man's heels. Yard by yard I drew in upon him. He was rolling and staggering. I could hear the rasping and crackling of his breath. The great gulf of the quarry suddenly yawned in front of his path, and glancing at me over his shoulder, he gave a shriek of despair. The next instant he had vanished from my sight.

Vanished utterly, you understand. I rushed to the spot, and gazed down into the black abyss. Had he hurled himself over? I had almost made up my mind that he had done so, when a gentle sound rising and falling came out of the darkness beneath

At the edge of the quarry and beneath the summit there is a small platform upon which stands a wooden hut for the use of the labourers. It was into this, then, that he had darted. Perhaps he had thought, the fool, that, in the darkness, I would not venture to follow him. He little knew Etienne Gerard. With a spring I was on the platform, with another I was through the doorway, and then, hearing him in the corner, I hurled myself down upon the top of him.

He fought like a wild cat, but he never had a chance with his shorter weapon. I think that I must have transfigured him with that first mad lunge, for, though he struck and struck, his blows had no power in them, and presently his dagger tinkled down upon the floor. When I was sure that he was dead, I rose up and passed out into the moonlight. I climbed up on to the heath again, and wandered across it as nearly out of my mind as a man could be. With the blood singing in my ears, and my naked sword still clutched in my hand, I walked aimlessly on until, looking round me, I found that I had come as far as the glade of the

Abbot's Beech, and saw in the distance that gnarled stump which must ever be associated with the most terrible moment of my life. I sat down upon a fallen trunk with my sword across my knees and my head between my hands, and I tried to think about what had happened and what would happen in the future.

The Emperor had committed himself to my care. The Emperor was dead. Those

since I could not avert, the Emperor's fate. I rose with my nerves strung to this last piteous deed, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon something which struck the breath from my lips. The Emperor was standing before me!

He was not more than ten yards off, with the moon shining straight upon his cold, pale face. He wore his grey overcoat, but the hood was turned back, and the front open, so that I could see the green coat of the Guides, and the white breeches. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his chin sunk forward upon his breast, in the way that was usual with him.

"Well," said he, in his hardest and most abrupt voice, "what account do you give of yourself?"

I believe that, if he had stood in silence for another minute, my brain would have given way. But those sharp military accents were exactly what I needed to bring

me to myself. Living or dead, here was the Emperor standing before me and asking me questions. I sprang to the salute.

"You have killed one, I see," said he, jerking his head towards the beech.

"Yes, sire."

"And the other escaped?"

"No, sire, I killed him also."

"What!" he cried. "Do I understand that you have killed them both?" He approached me as he spoke with a smile which set his teeth gleaming in the moonlight.

"One body lies there, sire," I answered. "The other is in the tool-house at the quarry."

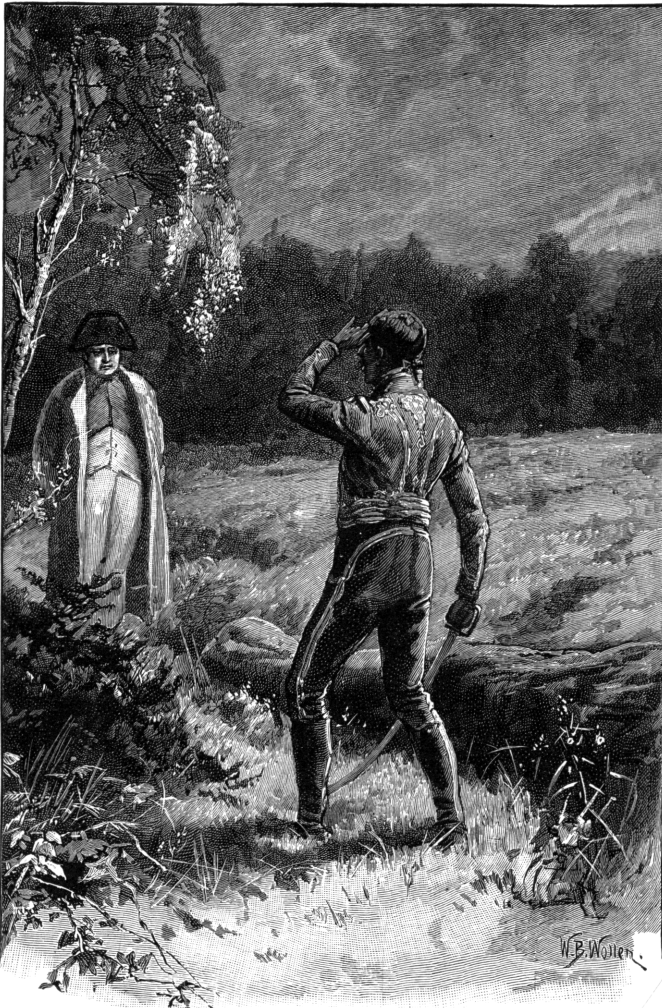
"Then the Brothers of Ajaccio are no more," he cried, and after a pause, as if speaking to himself: "The shadow has passed me for ever." Then he bent forward and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"You have done very well, my young friend," said he. "You have lived up to your reputation."



"I TRIED TO THINK WHAT HAD HAPPENED."

were the two thoughts which clanged in my head, until I had no room for any other ones. He had come with me and he was dead. I had done what he had ordered when living. I had revenged him when dead. But what of all that? The world would look upon me as responsible. They might even look upon me as the assassin. What could I prove? What witnesses had I? Might I not have been the accomplice of these wretches? Yes, yes, I was eternally dishonoured—the lowest, most despicable creature in all France. This then was the end of my fine military ambitions—of the hopes of my mother. I laughed bitterly at the thought. And what was I to do now? Was I to go into Fontainebleau, to wake up the palace, and to inform them that the great Emperor had been murdered within a pace of me? I could not do it—no, I could not do it! There was but one course for an honourable gentleman whom Fate had placed in so cruel a position. I would fall upon my dishonoured sword, and so share,



"THE EMPEROR WAS STANDING BEFORE ME!"

He was flesh and blood, then, this Emperor. I could feel the little, plump palm that rested upon me. And yet I could not get over what I had seen with my own eyes, and so I stared at him in such bewilderment that he broke once more into one of his smiles.

"No, no, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "I am not a ghost, and you have not seen me killed. You will come here, and all will be clear to you."

He turned as he spoke, and led the way towards the great beech stump.

The bodies were still lying upon the ground, and two men were standing beside them. As we approached I saw from the turbans that they were Roustem and Mustafa, the two Mameluke servants. The Emperor

paused when he came to the grey figure upon the ground, and turning back the hood which shrouded the features, he showed a face which was very different from his own.

"Here lies a faithful servant who has given up his life for his master," said he. "Monsieur de Goudin resembles me in figure and in manner, as you must admit."

What a delirium of joy came upon me when these few words made everything clear to me. He smiled again as he saw the delight which urged me to throw my arms round him and to embrace him, but he moved a step away, as if he had divined my impulse.

"You are unhurt?" he asked.

"I am unhurt, sire. But in another minute I should be in my despair——"

"Tut, tut!" he interrupted. "You did very well. He should himself have been more on his guard. I saw everything which passed."

"You saw it, sire!"

"You did not hear me follow you through the wood, then? I hardly lost sight of you from the mo-

ment that you left your quarters until poor De Goudin fell. The counterfeit Emperor was in front of you and the real one behind. You will now escort me back to the palace."

He whispered an order to his Mamelukes, who saluted in silence and remained where they were standing. For my part, I followed the Emperor with my pelisse bursting with pride. My word, I have always carried myself as a hussar should, but Lasalle himself never strutted and swung his dolman as I did that night! Who should clink his spurs and clatter his sabre if it were not I—I, Etienne Gerard—the confidant of the Emperor, the chosen swordsman of the light cavalry, the man who slew the would-be assassins of Napoleon? But he noticed my bearing and turned upon me like a blight.



"HERE LIES A FAITHFUL SERVANT," SAID HE."

"Is that the way to carry yourself on a secret mission?" he hissed, with that cold glare in his eyes. "Is it thus that you will make your comrades believe that nothing remarkable has occurred? Have done with this nonsense, monsieur, or you will find yourself transferred to the sappers, where you would have harder work and duller plumage."

That was the way with the Emperor. If ever he thought that anyone might have a claim upon him, he took the first opportunity to show him the gulf that lay between. I saluted and was silent, but I must confess to you that it hurt me after all that had passed between us. He led on to the palace, where we passed through the side door and up into his own cabinet. There were a couple of grenadiers at the staircase, and their eyes started out from under their fur caps, I promise you, when they saw a young lieutenant of hussars going up to the Emperor's room at midnight. I stood by the door, as I had done in the afternoon, while he flung himself down in an arm-chair, and remained silent so long that it seemed to me that he had forgotten all about me. I ventured at last upon a slight cough to remind him.

"Ah, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "you are very curious, no doubt, as to the meaning of all this?"

"I am quite content, sire, if it is your pleasure not to tell me," I answered.

"Ta, ta, ta," said he, impatiently. "These are only words. The moment that you were outside that door you would begin making inquiries about what it means. In two days your brother officers would know about it, in three days it would be all over Fontainebleau, and it would be in Paris on the fourth. Now, if I tell you enough to appease your curiosity, there is some reasonable hope that you may be able to keep the matter to yourself."

He did not understand me, this Emperor, and yet I could only bow and be silent.

"A few words will make it clear to you," said he, speaking very swiftly and pacing up and down the room. "They were Corsicans, these two men. I had known them in my youth. We had belonged to the same society—Brothers of Ajaccio, as we called ourselves. It was founded in the old Paoli days, you understand, and we had some strict rules of our own which were not infringed with impunity."

A very grim look came over his face as he spoke, and it seemed to me that all that was French had gone out of him, and that it was the pure Corsican, the man of strong passions and of strange revenges, who stood before me. His memory had gone back to

those early days of his, and for five minutes, wrapped in thought, he paced up and down the room with his quick little tiger steps. Then with an impatient wave of his hands he came back to his palace and to me.

"The rules of such a society," he continued, "are all very well for a private citizen. In the old days there was no more loyal brother than I. But circumstances change, and it would be neither for my welfare nor for that of France that I should now submit myself to them. They wanted to hold me to it, and so brought their fate upon their own heads. These were the two chiefs of the order, and they had come from Corsica to summon me to meet them at the spot which they named. I knew what such a summons meant. No man had ever returned from obeying one. On the other hand, if I did not go, I was sure that disaster would follow. I am a brother myself, you remember, and I know their ways."

Again there came that hardening of his mouth and cold glitter of his eyes.

"You perceive my dilemma, Monsieur Gerard," said he. "How would you have acted yourself, under such circumstances?"

"Given the word to the 10th Hussars, sire," I cried. "Patrols could have swept the woods from end to end, and brought these two rascals to your feet."

He smiled, but he shook his head.

"I had very excellent reasons why I did not wish them taken alive," said he. "You can understand that an assassin's tongue

might be as dangerous a weapon as an assassin's dagger. I will not disguise from you that I wished to avoid scandal at all cost. That was why I ordered you to take no pistols with you. That also is why my Mamelukes will remove all traces of the affair, and nothing more will be heard about it. I thought of all possible plans, and I am convinced that I selected the best one. Had I sent more than one guard with De Goudin into the woods, then the brothers would not have appeared. They would not change their plans or miss their chance for the sake of a single man. It was Colonel Lasalle's accidental presence at the moment when I received the summons which led to my choosing one of his hussars for the mission. I selected you, Monsieur Gerard, because I wanted a man who could handle a sword, and who would not pry more deeply into the affair than I desired. I trust that, in this respect, you will justify my choice as well as you have done in your bravery and skill."

"Sire," I answered, "you may rely upon it."

"As long as I live," said he, "you never open your lips upon this subject."

"I dismiss it entirely from my mind, sire. I will efface it from my recollection as if it had never been. I will promise you to go out of your cabinet at this moment exactly as I was when I entered it at four o'clock."

"You cannot do that," said the Emperor, smiling. "You were a lieutenant at that time. You will permit me, Captain, to wish you a very good-night."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM COURT GULLY, Q.C., M.P.

(THE SPEAKER.)

BORN 1836.

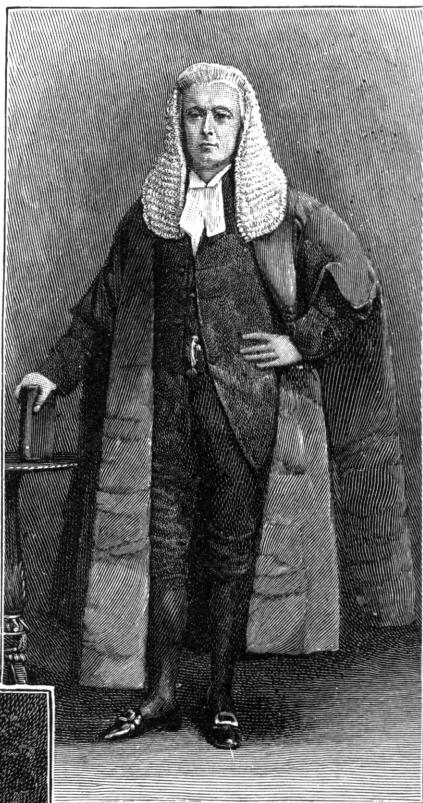


AGE 11.
From a Painting.

MR. WILLIAM COURT GULLY, the new Speaker of the House of Commons, who succeeded the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, now Viscount Peel, is nearly sixty years old, and a son of Dr. James Manby Gully, who was a physician of some renown. He has represented Whitehaven in the Liberal interest for nine years. His manner is delightfully suave and his voice is melodious. It is anticipated, not with-



AGE 19.
From a Photograph.



AGE 41.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

out justification, that Mr. Gully will worthily fill the high position to which the House of Commons has called him.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD.



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD was born at Churchville, near Rochester, New York. She is a graduate of the North-Western University, Chicago, and took a

degree of A.M. from Syracuse University. Miss

Willard is a great Temperance advocate, and is to Americans what Lady Henry Somerset is to us here in England. She is a splendid speaker, an accomplished writer, and has travelled a great deal. After holding several important posts in various States, she became, in 1878, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois and editor of the *Chicago Post*, and in 1879 was nominated President of the National Women's

Christian Temperance Union, the largest society ever organized, conducted, and controlled exclusively by women. In 1887 Miss



AGE 6.
From a Daguerreotype.



AGE 31.
From a Photo.
by
A. Duvernel,
Paris.



AGE 48.
From a Photo. by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

attaches to Miss Willard at the present moment in connection with the great demonstration to be held, about the middle of this month, by the W.C.T.U., at the Albert Hall.



From a) AGE 20. [Miniature.

Willard was elected President of the Women's Council of the United States. She has published many works on Temperance which have enjoyed extensive circulation. Special interest



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by A. N. Hardy, Boston.

was first performed in San Marco, Milan, in 1874. He completed in 1878 a new opera in



AGE 32.

From a Lithograph.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

BORN 1814.



ERDI, the popular composer, is the son of an innkeeper, and was born at Rancola, in the Duchy of Parma. He received his first lessons from an organist at Milan, where he resided from 1833 to 1836. He studied diligently under Lavinga, and in 1839 published his earliest work—a musical drama, entitled "Oberto di San Bonifacio." His principal compositions are serious operas, and the "Lombardi," one of his first productions, made a strong impression throughout Italy, and laid the foundation of his fame. His best-known operas are "Nabucodonosor," "Ernani," "Attila," "Macbeth," the "Masnadieri," "Louisa Miller," "Rigoletto," the "Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Don Carlos," performed at the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden in 1867. Signor Verdi's more recent works are "Giovanno d'Arco" in 1868; "La Forza del Destino" in 1869, and "Aida" in 1872. His celebrated "Requiem Mass," composed in honour of his great countryman Manzoni,



AGE 48.

From a Photograph.

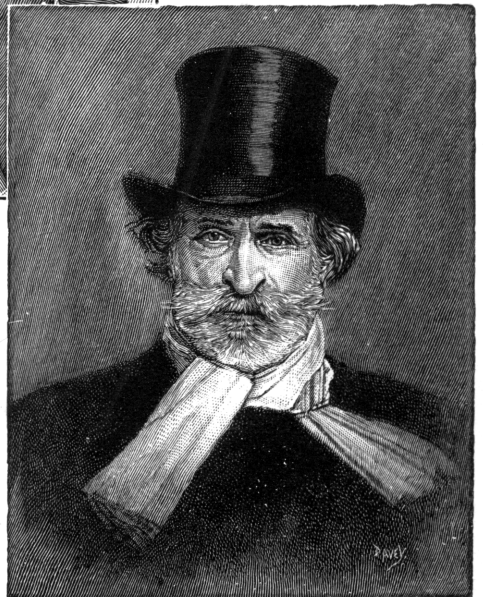


From a

AGE 67.

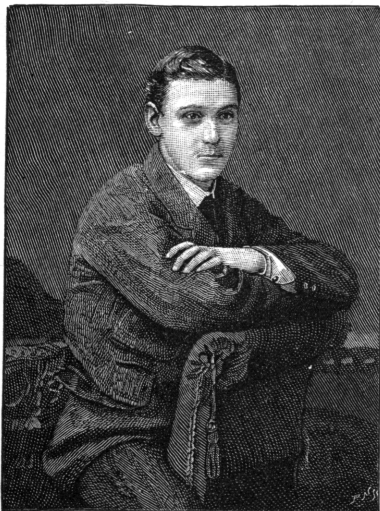
[Photograph.]

five acts, entitled "Montezuma," followed in 1886 by "Otello," which was produced at the Lyceum in London in 1889, and finally "Falstaff," which he finished in 1893, and which has proved a great success. Signor Verdi is the knight of many native and foreign orders, and holder of many honorary distinctions showered upon him by admiring monarchs and a grateful country.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Drawing.



AGE 17.

From a Photo. by A. Richardson, Reigate.

MR. W. W. READ.

BORN 1854.



SINCE 1873, the Surrey Eleven has seldom, if ever, been without the services of Mr. Walter Read, of whom it has been often said that he "made the Oval." Though

this is only a figure of speech, there can be no question that the wonderful innings on all kinds of wickets, and against all kinds of bowling, which he used to play, at the time when Surrey was at low ebb, did very much towards drawing the attention of spectators to the Oval. Mr. Read has been twice to Aus-

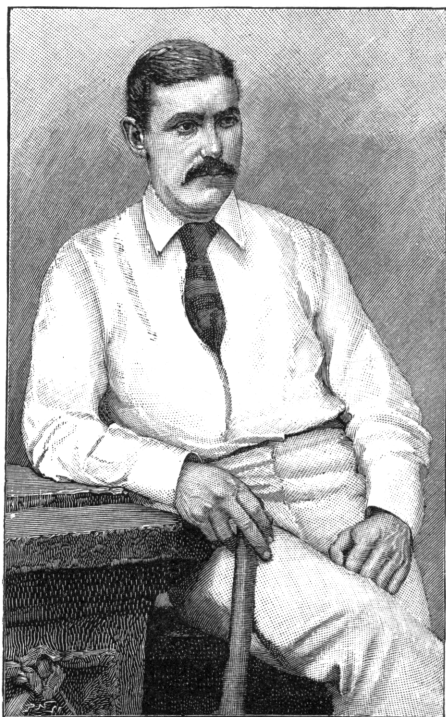


AGE 22.

From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

tralia: the first time was with Ivo Bligh's team, and the second with Vernon, in 1889. That same year is said by Mr. Read to have been about his best; he had an average of 65, and made 100 on each of the three chief grounds—Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide. He is the "inventor" of the "on-stroke," which has always been an extremely useful resource to him in his scores. Mr. Read also goes in for underhand bowling, and at Scarborough in 1891, when playing for the

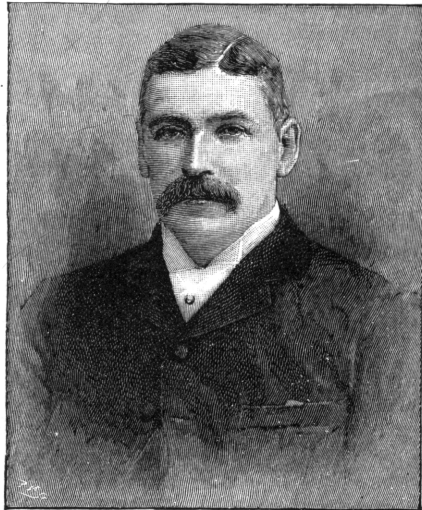
South against the North, he reached the pinnacle of fame in the underhand bowling line by doing the "hat-trick." "W. W.," as



AGE 32.

From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

he is familiarly called, is very popular with the cricket-loving public, and his performances will be watched this year with as much eagerness as ever.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by R. Thomas, Cheapside.


Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

BY L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

VI.—LITTLE SIR NOEL.

F you please, sir," said my servant, Harris, "there's a young gentleman waiting to see you in your consulting-room."

I paused—I was coming home in a hurry to lunch.

"But this is not my hour for seeing patients," I said.

"He is a very young gentleman, sir; he came with a lot of luggage—here it is, all piled up in the hall."

I looked around my neat, well-appointed hall in astonishment. In one corner of it were a couple of large trunks. A strap with rugs, a hat-box, and other belongings of the traveller accompanied the boxes.

"Who in the world can have arrived?" I thought to myself.

I hurried off to my consulting-room as I spoke. I was not feeling too well pleased. I was in a great hurry, and had a specially hard afternoon's work before me. When I opened the door, however, my momentary irritation vanished. It was impossible for it to survive the expression of the little face which started suddenly into view when I appeared. A boy of about eight years old, in a brown velveteen jockey suit, jumped up from his seat by one of the windows and came forward to meet me with one small hand outstretched.

"You are Dr. Halifax, are you not?" he asked.

"Right, my little fellow, and who are you?" I answered.

"I'm Noel Temple. Mother sent you this note: she said you'd look after me. I hope I sha'n't be very troublesome."

He sighed a little as he spoke, poised himself on one leg, and looked up into my face with the alert glance of an expectant robin.

"Noel Temple," I repeated—"Temple!—forgive me, I don't know the name."

"You used to know mother very well—she said so—she said you were playfellows long ago, and you used to quarrel—don't you remember?"

"What was your mother's name before she was married, Noel?" I inquired, suddenly.

"Forester—Emily Forester."

"Then, of course, I know all about her,

and you are most heartily welcome," I said, in a cordial tone. "Find yourself a seat while I read this letter."

I threw myself into a chair and opened my old playfellow's letter. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR DR. HALIFAX,—I hope you don't forget the Grange, where we once spent a long and happy summer when we were children? I am in a desperate difficulty, and have resolved to throw myself on your mercy. You can't have forgotten the name of your old playfellow, Emily Forester. I married when I was eighteen, and have been in India ever since. My husband, Sir Francis Temple, died six months ago. Noel is our only child. I have just seen a doctor about him—he says his heart is affected, and that there is irritability of the left lung. He has ordered him to leave India immediately; I have no time to explain why it is impossible for me to accompany him home. I am sending him, therefore, at the eleventh hour, in charge of the ship's captain, who, on landing, will put him into a cab and send him straight to you. For the sake of old times—be his guardian to a certain extent. Please take care of the child's health, and place him in a suitable family who will look after him and attend to his interests in every way. His solicitors are Messrs. Biggs and Flint, of Chancery Lane. They will supply you with all necessary funds. I am certain you will be good to the boy.

"Your sincere friend,

"EMILY TEMPLE."

When I raised my eyes after perusing this epistle, little Noel was standing in front of me; he was evidently making a minute study of my character. I looked up at him without speaking. He gave a sigh of relief.

"What's the matter?" I said then.

"You'll do," he replied. "I wasn't certain. I was dreadfully anxious, but I see it's all right." He held out his hand.

I clasped the little brown paw and, rising abruptly, said:—

"Come along, Noel. If you're as hungry as I am, you'll be glad of lunch."

"I should rather think I am hungry," said Noel. "I've had nothing to eat since eight o'clock this morning, when Captain

Reeves bought me two sponge cakes. Do you like sponge cakes, Dr. Halifax?"

"I can't say I do," I replied. "Now, here we are—place yourself opposite to me at that end of the table. Harris, lay a place immediately for Sir Noel Temple."

Harris left the room. Noel burst out laughing.

"It's so funny of you to call me Sir Noel," he said. "Don't you think it's rather stiff? Aren't you going to say Noel? We can't be really friends if you don't."

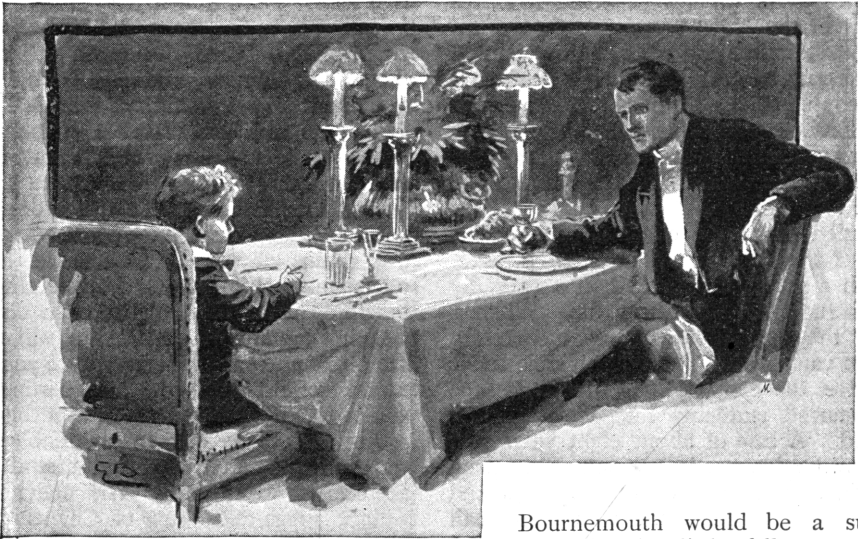
"All right," I replied, "you are Noel to me—but I must give you your title to the servants."

"I hate my title," said the child.

I saw that it would be impossible for me to keep him in my bachelor establishment; besides, London was no place for him.

The next two or three days passed without anything special occurring. I found it impossible to take Noel out with me, but I desired Harris to walk with him in the parks, and concluded that he was having a fairly good time. On the evening of the fourth day, however, I observed that the child's face was slightly paler than usual—that he ate little or nothing as he sat perched up opposite to me at late dinner, and that he sighed heavily once or twice.

The weather was autumnal, and the winter would soon be on us. I thought that



"I OBSERVED THAT THE CHILD'S FACE WAS PALER THAN USUAL."

"Why so? Some people think it very fortunate to have a handle to their names."

"You wouldn't think so if you had got it because you had lost your father," said Noel, fixing his big eyes steadily on my face.

His lips quivered—I saw that he could have cried if he hadn't been too brave to allow the tears to come.

"I quite understand what you mean, little man," I said. "Come, I can see we'll be capital friends. Now, here's a cutlet—fall to. If you're not in a hurry to eat, I am."

When lunch was over I took Noel back to my consulting-room, and made a careful examination of his lungs and heart. I saw that he was free from organic disease as yet, but was a fragile, delicate boy, and one who was likely to develop serious mischief at any moment.

Bournemouth would be a suitable place for the little fellow, and that evening before I went to bed I wrote a long letter to his mother telling her what I thought of the boy's health, and also saying that I was about to advertise for a suitable home for him.

My advertisement appeared in due course, and, as a necessary consequence, answers arrived in shoals. A friend of mine, a Mrs. Wilkinson, who only lived a few doors away, promised to attend to the matter for me. She would look over the answers, and reply to those she thought at all suitable. She did so, but nothing satisfactory seemed likely to be the result.

One evening, on returning home, Harris met me with the information that a lady had called, who wanted to see me on the subject of the advertisement.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In your study, sir."

I went there at once, and found myself face to face with a tall, sweet-looking woman of between forty and fifty years of age. She wore a neat-fitting bonnet, a jacket of old-fashioned cut, and a pair of shabby gloves. She looked like what she was—a lady in poor circumstances. Her face wore an anxious and troubled expression. The moment I appeared she started up to meet me.



"SHE STARTED UP TO MEET ME."

"You are Dr. Halifax, are you not?" she said.

"That is my name," I replied.

"I am Mrs. Marsden. I saw your advertisement by chance this morning. I hurried up to town at once. I went to see Mrs. Wilkinson—she asked me to lose no time in having an interview with you. While talking to her, I made a remarkable discovery. Under the circumstances, it is strange that such an advertisement should have been inserted. I am unwilling to take offence, however. Poor Emily has always been peculiar. I wish to say now that I am desirous to have the boy. I will promise to take every care of him."

"Do you know Lady Temple?" I asked, in astonishment.

Mrs. Marsden smiled faintly.

"Lady Temple is my sister," she replied. "She is my sister, and I am married to her late husband's cousin. My husband, Mr. Marsden, is first cousin to the late Sir Francis Temple. The dear little boy is, therefore, a near relation on both sides."

"How is it that Lady Temple never thought of sending the boy to you?" I inquired.

"It is impossible for me to tell you. I am naturally the person who ought to have received the child on his arrival in England. My husband and I are not well off. We have a house at Bournemouth, and have long wished to have the care of a child in order to add to our income. Your advertisement attracted us both. I came up to town to answer it. You may imagine my surprise when I learned who the child really was, from Mrs. Wilkinson."

"It is strange that Lady Temple never mentioned your name," I replied.

"She must have forgotten it—this seems an unaccountable reason, but I can give no other. She is erratic, however—she has been erratic all her life. I am much older than my sister. I was married when she was a child. Still, of course, I love her, and would do all a mother could for her boy."

I thought for a moment—then I said: "The child has been absolutely committed to my care by his mother. He is very delicate, and is the heir to a large fortune."

When I said these words Mrs. Marsden turned very pale, then a brilliant colour flooded her face.

"I wish to say something," she remarked, after a pause. "What I am going to say may prejudice you against me. I am desirous to have the child for every reason—I am his near relation, and can naturally do more for him than a mere stranger. I also sorely need the money which his advent into our family will bring; nevertheless, I won't take charge of the boy, in case you are good enough to intrust him to me, without your knowing the simple truth. It is this—in the event of little Noel dying, my husband inherits the Temple property. In short, that delicate child is the only person who stands between my husband and considerable fortune."

"Thank you for telling me the truth," I replied.

"I hope this will not prejudice you against me, Dr. Halifax. The fact of my telling you what I have done ought to assure you of the honesty of my purpose."

"It would be impossible for me to doubt you," I said, glancing at her face.

"I am glad you say that." She clasped her thin hands together. She had removed her gloves during our interview. "I have had much trouble, and I am not a happy woman. I have suffered the sorest straits of poverty; the money which we will receive with the child will be of great value to us. My husband will be astonished when I tell him what the result of my inquiries has been."

"Well," I replied, hastily, "I can do nothing without consulting the mother. I am anxious to have the boy comfortably settled, and to get him out of town. I will send a cablegram to Lady Temple to-morrow, asking her to reply at once and to tell me what she wishes."

"Thank you. Are you likely to get her answer to-morrow?"

"I may do so in the evening. Are you staying in town, Mrs. Marsden?"

"I shall remain until you hear from my sister."

"Kindly write your address on that slate. I will let you know as soon as ever I receive Lady Temple's reply."

At the first possible moment in the morning I sent a cablegram to Lady Temple. It was worded as follows:—

"Can't keep boy in London—his aunt, Mrs. Marsden, wishes to take charge of him. Shall he go to her? Wire reply."

I received the following answer at a late hour that night.

"Yes — arrange with Helen. — Emily Temple."

This reply ought to have filled me with satisfaction, but it did not. I could not doubt Mrs. Marsden, but what about her husband? The boy was delicate—the man would gain immensely by his death. I resolved, notwithstanding Lady Temple's cablegram, to do nothing definite until I had seen Marsden. I wrote to ask Mrs. Marsden to call early in the morning. She came. The sweet expression of her face, and a certain honesty of eye, made me ashamed of my suspicion.

"Here is Lady Temple's reply," I said, putting the cablegram into her hand when she entered the room.

She glanced at it.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "You scarcely know what a relief this will be to us."

I broke in abruptly.

"I have something to say," I continued. "Notwithstanding Lady Temple's permission, I don't intend to part with little Noel without stringent inquiries. The mother is in India—the boy has been committed by letter to my care. Please don't suppose that I mistrust you personally, but the case is peculiar. I must have an interview with your husband. I will come down to Bournemouth on Saturday and will bring Noel with me. I may or may not take him back with me to town again. When I see you on Saturday we can discuss the matter further."

"Thank you—thank you," she replied. "I respect you all the more for being particular. At what hour may I expect you on Saturday?"

I glanced over a time-table.

"Noel and I will run down in the afternoon," I said. "Expect us between four and five o'clock."

She rose instantly—I bade her good-bye, and she left me.

I said nothing to Noel about the proposed change until the Saturday morning. Then I asked him if he would like to accompany me to the seaside.

His eyes danced with pleasure.

"I love the sea," he replied. "I mean to be a sailor when I'm a man."

"Well," I said, "you will choose a very good life. I intend to take you with me to Bournemouth to-day. Ask Harris to pack some things for you and be ready when I come home to lunch."

The child nodded his head brightly. I left him and went out to see my patients.

When I returned to the house I was met by Harris, who wore a very anxious expression of face.

"I am so glad you've come back, sir," he said. "Little Sir Noel has been ill."

"Ill," I cried; "where is he?"

"He is lying on a sofa in your consulting-room, sir; he particularly wished me to take him there. He says he would rather be in the consulting-room than any other part of the house. He seemed so ill that I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Quite right—I will go and see him," I replied.

I entered my consulting-room quickly. Little Noel was lying on a sofa. I had left him in the morning in apparently fair health. I was startled now with the change in his appearance. He could scarcely speak—his breath came quickly—there was a suspicious blue tint round the lower part of his face.

I brought my stethoscope and applied it



"HE COULD SCARCELY SPEAK."

to the heart. There was considerable anæmia, but I could trace no sign of absolute heart disease. The child, however, was very weak. I saw that he must not travel that day.

I telegraphed to Mrs. Marsden to tell her that Noel was ill, and that she could not expect us that day.

The child remained feverish and poorly during the greater part of that Saturday, but on Sunday he was nearly himself again. I saw with a pang that he was extremely delicate. There was not only heart weakness to contend against, but considerable irritability of the left lung. I began to consider whether he ought not to winter abroad—it was certainly necessary to send him out of London as quickly as possible. Nevertheless, as the hours went on, all my prejudices against placing him with the Marsdens increased rather than diminished.

I was just preparing to leave the house on that Sunday morning, and was standing on my door steps preparatory to entering my carriage, when a hansom drew up and stopped abruptly. A tall, good-looking man stepped out of it. He favoured me with a somewhat insolent stare, then ran up the steps and spoke abruptly.

"Am I addressing Dr. Halifax?"

"That is my name," I replied.

"And this is mine," he said, pulling a card out of his pocket.

I glanced at the name—"Mr. Paul Marsden."

"Indeed," I said, with some annoyance. "You have come up to town doubtless on receipt of my telegram?"

"Precisely—my wife has a cold, or she would have accompanied me. We were sorry to hear of the boy's illness. I want to speak to you about him. Can you give me a few moments of your time?"

"Yes—come this way, please."

I ushered Mr. Marsden into my consulting-room. Little Noel hadn't yet come downstairs. Marsden had a bold manner and a certain swagger about him. His eyes were dark—he wore a sweeping moustache—his head was closely

cropped. There was the unmistakable air of the bully in his manner. I saw at a glance that he meant to carry things with a high hand. I disliked the man intensely from the first.

"Now, look here, Dr. Halifax," he said, "I know everything—my wife has told me exactly what transpired between you and her. By the merest accident, she and I are both acquainted with the fact that her nephew and my cousin has been sent to England. My wife is willing to take care of the boy if the terms are satisfactory. She will give him a mother's care, and will devote herself to his health and to his training generally. She does this because I wish it, and because, to be quite honest with you, we both need the money. We should expect the boy's guardians to pay us a sum which could be discussed later on."

I interrupted.

"Money is not the consideration," I said. "I want a thoroughly comfortable home for the child, where his interests are certain to be made the first consideration."

"I understand you—that's your point of view. If we are well paid, it will be to our interest to keep the boy in health. I have never seen the child, and have naturally not a spark of affection for him. The late Sir Francis was my first cousin. Failing this child, the estates and title come to me. The boy's death, should it occur, would therefore be to my benefit. I state this fact quite

frankly. The fact of my having done so ought to assure you of the integrity of my purpose. I feel it, under the circumstances, to be absolutely to my credit not to leave a stone unturned to keep the child's fragile life in existence. I understand, however, the sort of feeling which makes you hesitate to commit him to my care. Your telegram of yesterday I regarded as humbug—I felt sure that the reluctance which my wife perceived in your manner would be likely to increase, not diminish, as time went on. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending a cablegram myself to

and I must see that your house is in all respects the most suitable for him to live in."

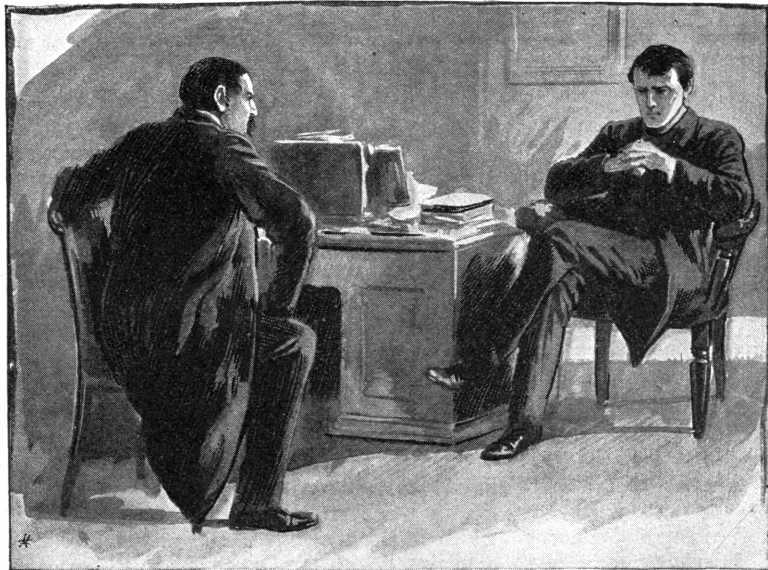
"You can do as you please with regard to that," said Marsden. "I have no doubt you will not like the house, but if money is no object we can soon move into one more suitable."

He rose as he spoke and walked towards the window, putting his hands into his trousers pockets as he did so. The more I looked at the man, the more cordially did I dislike him. Could I have invented the smallest excuse, I would have kept Noel

from his tender mercies at any risk. While I stood and thought, Marsden turned quickly and faced me. He pulled his watch out of his pocket.

"I am anxious to return to Bournemouth at once," he said. "If the child is well enough to travel, can you not bring him down to-day? I should like to have this matter settled as quickly as possible."

"I believe the child can travel to-day," I said. "Will you have the kindness to take a chair? I



"YOUR TELEGRAM I REGARDED AS HUBBUB."

Lady Temple. I have her reply in my pocket. Here it is."

As he spoke, Marsden unfolded a sheet of thin paper. He put it into my hands. I read the following words:—

"Ask Dr. Halifax to deliver Noel to your care and Helen's without delay.—Emily Temple."

"You see," continued Marsden, "that I have come with authority. I shall be glad to take my wife's nephew back to Bournemouth this afternoon, if he is fit to travel."

I didn't speak for a moment.

"In the face of that cablegram you can't detain the boy," continued Marsden.

"If his mother really wishes him to go to you, I have not another word to say," I replied, after a pause. "I regret, however, that she did not know her own mind when she first sent the child to England. It is still, however, my duty to care for his health,

will go and give directions about his clothes being packed."

Shortly afterwards we were on our way to Waterloo Station. We caught our train, and in due time found ourselves at Bournemouth. Noel was nearly quite silent all the way down. I observed him without appearing to do so. His sensitive eyes, with their distended pupils, a sure sign of delicacy, often travelled to the hard, flippant face of Marsden. Marsden whistled, joked, and was as vulgarly disagreeable as man could be.

We reached Bournemouth, a cab was secured, and we drove straight to the Marsdens' house. Mrs. Marsden came to the door to receive us. The moment I glanced at her, I was struck with the nervous expression of her face. She gave her husband a glance of almost terror, then with a forced smile turned to the boy, stretched out her arms, and

clasped him to her heart. Her manner to the child was full of tender affection.

"What fools women are," said Marsden, roughly. "To see my wife, anyone would suppose that she was the mother of that little brat. Come along in, Dr. Halifax. I hope Mrs. Marsden's manner satisfies you. You can see for yourself into what a snug corner your fledgling has dropped. Mrs. Marsden, when you've done hugging that boy, will you see about tea? Here, doctor, make yourself at home."

As he spoke he ushered me into a stuffy little parlour with a smell of stale tobacco about it. Mrs. Marsden followed us into the room—she held Noel's hand in hers.

"Can I see you alone for a few moments?" I said to her.

"Certainly," she answered.

She led me into a small drawing-room, shutting the door carefully behind her.

"I see," she said, the moment we were alone, "that my husband has had his way. He went up to town determined to have it."

"I will be frank with you, Mrs. Marsden," I replied. "Your husband would not have had his way but for Lady Temple's cablegram. In the face of that I could not detain the boy. Until I hear to the contrary, however, the care of his health is still in my hands, and while this is the case, it is my duty to arrange matters so that he may have a chance of recovery."

"Is his life in danger?" inquired Mrs. Marsden.

"It is in no danger at present."

"He looks sadly delicate."

"He is delicate. He suffers from weakness of the heart and a general delicacy, probably due to his early years being spent in a tropical climate. At the present moment, however, the boy has no actual disease. He simply requires the greatest care. Can you give it to him?"

"I think so."

"I believe you will do your best," I answered, gazing at her earnestly. "The child needs happiness—plenty of fresh air, and the most nourishing food. If his mind is satisfied and at rest, and if his body is kept from exposure, he will probably become quite strong in time. Are you prepared to undertake the care of the child, Mrs. Marsden? Remember that he will require the closest care and watching."

"He shall have the best that I can give him," she answered. "Before God, I promise to be true to the child—he shall want for nothing—I will be a mother to him."

"I believe you will be good to him," I said; "but please understand, I am not so certain about your husband. I don't suppose for a moment that he would do the boy a grave injury. If I seriously thought that, notwithstanding Lady Temple's cablegram, I would not leave him here; but without meaning to injure the child, he would probably be rough to him. In short, it is necessary that the little boy should be placed in your hands altogether."

"I will manage it, you needn't fear," she answered.

Pink spots burnt on each of her cheeks—her hands trembled.

"Very well," I said, "I am willing to trust you. I will see the child's solicitors to-morrow. Terms can be made which will abundantly satisfy your husband's expectations. I will leave Noel with you until I have had time to write to Lady Temple and to receive a reply from her. If the boy improves in health, the arrangement can be permanent. The first thing necessary to be done on your part, however, is to leave this house. Please see an agent to-morrow, and select a house in a dry and sunny part of the pine wood."

"I will do so," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and now I think tea is ready. Will you come into the dining-room with me?"

I accompanied Mrs. Marsden into the shabby room where Marsden had first led me—the close smell again affected me disagreeably.

"May I ask you to open that window at the top?" I said to Marsden; "my patient must not be exposed to draughts, but it is necessary that he should have a certain amount of fresh air."

"What do you mean?" said my host, with a scowl.

"What I say, sir," I replied. "The boy must not have his meals in such a close room as this."

Marsden went up to one of the windows, opened it about an inch, and then took his seat at the table. Mrs. Marsden sat opposite the tea equipage; she had helped Noel to a cup of tea, and was just handing one to me, when the room door was opened and a cadaverous-looking young man of about one or two and twenty entered.

"Oh, is that you, Sharp?" said Marsden. "Dr. Halifax, let me introduce my young friend, Joseph Sharp. Sharp, you have the privilege of making the acquaintance of a Harley Street doctor, of some reputation. Take a good look at him, my boy; if you are

prudent and clever, you may follow in his footsteps some day. Sharp is studying medicine," continued Marsden, by way of explanation to me—"he looks like one of the fraternity, doesn't he? Sharp has just the right hand for an operator—so I always say. He prefers medicine, but I tell him he's lost to surgery."

While Marsden was speaking, Sharp wiped the perspiration from his face—his appearance was by no means prepossessing. He sat down near me, and once or twice raised his eyes to glance inquisitively at Noel. Noel was studying him with the frank stare of a child.

"Are you preparing yourself for the medical profession here?" I asked, after a pause.

"Yes," he replied, "I am filling in my vacation by studying *materia medica* and dispensing at Dr. Biggs's—I work there all day."

"And sleep here," interrupted Marsden. "Sharp is a good fellow, Dr. Halifax. I often say he has the making of a fortune in him if he only knows how to apply himself. By the way, in case that boy is ill, I suppose you will like Biggs to see him?—we can't telegraph for you whenever he has a cold in his head or anything of that sort."

"I will arrange that," I answered. "My friend, Dr. Hart, will look after the child—I am going to see him before I return to town. I am afraid I must now say 'Good-bye.'"

I rose as I spoke; at the same moment little Noel sprang to his feet and ran to my side.

"I want to go back to town with you," he said; "I don't wish to stay here."

"Come, my little man, no folly of that sort," said Marsden, roughly. He stepped

forward and laid his hand on the child's shoulder.

"Leave him to me," I said. "Come, Noel, I will speak to you in the drawing-room."

I took the child's hand and led him out of the room.

"You must be a brave boy," I said, steeling my heart against his tearful face. "Your mother wishes you to stay here for a little, and your aunt has promised to be very kind to you. I'll come and see you this day fortnight. Now, you know, you are not going to cry—manly boys don't cry."

"No, I won't cry," said Noel. He made a valiant effort to swallow a lump in his throat. "I'll stay if you wish me to," he added, "but you'll promise faithfully to be back in a fortnight?"

"You have my promise," I replied.

"Thank you," said Noel; "I trust you—you are a perfect gentleman—gentlemen can always be trusted."

He put his hand into mine and we returned to the parlour. I was shaking hands with Mrs. Marsden, when I was attracted by an unusual sound. I looked around me, thinking that a bird had come into the room. To my

astonishment, I noticed that Sharp was imitating the dulcet strains of the nightingale with wonderful accuracy. After producing some exquisite notes, he stopped abruptly, and beckoned Noel to his side.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Noel.

"Would you like to whistle like that?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Let me look at your throat—if you have the right sort of throat, I can teach you to imitate any bird that ever sang."

The boy opened his mouth eagerly—his



"GENTLEMEN CAN ALWAYS BE TRUSTED."

sorrows were completely forgotten—he didn't even notice when I left the room.

At the end of ten days, I had a letter from Mrs. Marsden. She had not only found a house, but had moved into it—Noel was well and happy, and was looking forward with interest to my visit.

I kept my word, and the following Sunday arrived again at Bournemouth. Mrs. Marsden had given me the new address, and I soon found the house. She received me in the hall.

I scarcely knew her for the same woman who had interviewed me a fortnight ago. Her face was bright—the anxiety had left her manner. She was neatly and properly dressed, and looked like what she was, the mistress of a charming and well-appointed house.

"You will like to see Noel," she said; "he is in the garden with Joe, as we always call Mr. Sharp. He is devoted to Joe, and will never stay with anyone else when he is in the house. Oh, there they both are. How delighted Noel will be to see you again."

Mrs. Marsden opened the French windows of the pretty drawing-room as she spoke, and called the boy's name.

"Here is Dr. Halifax, Noel," she cried.

"Halloa! I'm coming," answered little Noel, in his clear tones; "you must come, too, Joe—yes, I insist." Then he called out again, "Tell Dr. Halifax that I'll be with him in a minute with Joe, Aunt Helen; now then Joe, come on."

The two approached the window together. They made a strong contrast. The boy looked lovely and blooming—there was colour in his cheeks, animation and hope in his eyes. Sharp's cadaverous face, his undersized, undeveloped person, his large mouth and small eyes with their red lids, gave him altogether a repulsive *tout ensemble*. Nevertheless, the child adored him. By what possible means had he won the boy's heart? Even when Noel sprang to my side, he glanced back at Sharp.

"I'm so glad to see you, Dr. Halifax," he

said. "Oh, I'm as well as I can possibly be—you ask Joe about me. Joe *is* clever; he's teaching me all sorts of things—I've got some carpenter's tools, and I'm making a ship. Joe knows the names of all the different sails. Then he's teaching me to imitate the birds—he says my throat is the right sort. I can do the robin and the thrush and the blackbird now, and next week I shall have a try for the lark's notes. You stay quiet, Dr. Halifax, and listen. Now, what bird am I imitating?"

He stepped back, screwed up his little mouth, and whistled some beautiful notes.

I made a correct guess.

"That's the sweetest thrush's song I've heard all the year," I said.

He clapped his hands with delight.

At dinner I observed that Marsden's place was empty. I inquired for him.

When I did so, Mrs. Marsden's cheeks became suffused with pink.

"I meant to tell you," she answered. "My husband has left us for a time."

"Left you?" I asked. "Where has he gone to?"

"To America—sudden business has called him to South America—he will in all probability be absent for the winter."

I guessed now why Mrs. Marsden's manner had so altered for the better. Marsden was away—she could do exactly as she pleased, therefore, about the boy. The boy was of course perfectly safe with her, and I might, therefore, cast all anxiety with regard to him from my mind.

Shortly afterwards I took my leave.

There was no necessity for me to see little Noel again for some time, and when I received a sudden

telegram about him, he had to a certain extent passed into the back part of my memory.

The telegram was from my friend, Dr. Hart, in whose medical care I had placed the boy. It contained the following words: "Sir Noel Temple ill—heart attack—wish to consult you."

I wired back to say that I would go to



"THEY MADE A STRONG CONTRAST."

Bournemouth by the evening train. I did so, and reached Dr. Hart's house about ten o'clock.

"I'm heartily glad that you are able to come, Halifax," he said, as he led me into his smoking-room. "I have just come from the child—I don't like his condition."

"When I heard about him last, he was in perfect health," I replied.

"That is the case—he remained well until last Monday—I was suddenly sent for then, and found him in a state almost approaching syncope. I gave him the usual medicines and he quickly revived. Since then, however, his condition has been the reverse of satisfactory, and he was so weak to-day, and the medicine had so completely failed to produce the expected results, that I thought it best for you to see him."

"I am glad you sent for me," I replied. "The child has from time to time suffered from functional derangement of the heart. He had a nasty attack just before he was taken to Bournemouth, but on examination I could not trace the slightest organic disease."

"I have also examined the heart carefully," replied Hart, "and cannot trace any cardiac disorder. The state of the little patient, however, puzzles me considerably—there is nothing to account for the complete depression of the whole system."

"Well," I replied, "I will go with you at once to see the child."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we arrived at the Marsdens' house. Mrs. Marsden was up; she was evidently expecting us. When we rang the hall-door bell, she opened the door herself.

"Come in," she said. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, I'm so glad you are here. I think Noel is a shade better. The boy has spoken about you several times to-day—he has repeatedly said that he wanted to see you. He suffers greatly from restlessness and low spirits—that is, when Joe is not in the room with him. He is more attached to Joe than ever, but of course he can't be with him during the day, as Dr. Biggs requires all his time. Joe is with the child now—he sleeps in his room—they are quite cheerful together—I even heard Noel laugh as I came downstairs."

Mrs. Marsden's face looked much worn, and her eyes were red as if she had been crying. No one could doubt the genuineness of her trouble about the child. She hurried us into one of the sitting-rooms, and said she would go upstairs to prepare little Noel for our visit.

A moment or two later, Hart and I went upstairs to visit the little patient. The room in which he was lying was large and lofty. He was half sitting up in bed supported by pillows—his breath was coming quickly—there was a bright spot on one cheek, but the rest of the face wore a suspiciously blue tint.

I spoke to him cheerfully; he gave me one of his usual bright, affectionate glances, and put his hand into mine.

"Stoop down," he said, in a whisper.

I bent over him immediately.

"It takes my breath away to talk, but I'm awfully glad you've come," he said, with emphasis.

"I'm delighted to see you again, dear boy," I replied. "Now the thing is to get you better as quickly as possible. I will just listen to that troublesome little heart of yours, and see if I can't do something to set it right again."

"It's like a watch gone wrong," said Noel. "I wish it would tick properly."

"So it shall, by-and-by," I answered.

I took out my stethoscope and made the usual examination. The action of the heart was feeble—the pulse intermittent; but I quickly came to the conclusion that the disorder was functional. There was no organic mischief to be detected in any of the sounds.

"What are you giving him?" I said to Dr. Hart.

Sharp, who had been standing by the head of the boy's bed, now came hastily forward.

"Perhaps you want to see the prescription?" he said, stammering as he spoke. "I am very sorry—I left it at the chemist's. I took it there in a great hurry this evening, and brought away the medicine without waiting for it. Shall I run and fetch it?"

"No," replied Hart, "that is not necessary—I can tell you exactly what I prescribed, Halifax—digitalis, bromide of potassium, and a little of the alcoholic extract of aconite."

"I will talk the matter over with you downstairs," I said.

We left the room together.

After some consultation, I suggested the addition of ether to the medicine. I then proceeded to say:—

"The condition of the heart is not alarming in itself—there is no murmur, but there seems to be a slight dilatation of the left ventricle. You did quite right to order the extract of aconite—there is, in my opinion, no more useful medicine for such a condition. The boy will require rest and great

care. The probabilities are that, with this, he will return to his normal condition within a few days. I should like, however, to have a trained nurse sent for immediately."

"I agree with you," said Hart. "I don't care for that fellow Sharp."

"The child seems attached to him," I replied; "but in any case he can't be with him all the time. The boy will do much better with a nurse. I happen to have a nurse belonging to my own staff who will be just the person to undertake the case. I will telegraph to her to come here the first thing in the morning."

I saw Mrs. Marsden, and spoke on the subject of the nurse.

"I shall be delighted to have a proper nurse," she replied. "I thought of engaging one before you came, but the child clings so to Joseph Sharp, that I didn't dare to propose that anyone else should take his place."

"He must have a nurse," I answered; "he can see Sharp now and then in her presence. The mere fact of his taking so much interest in the man's society is too much for him in his weak state."

I asked Mrs. Marsden if she could give me a bed, and spent the night in the house with my little patient. Towards morning I rose and went into his room. Sharp was lying on a stretcher bed in another part of the room. He didn't hear me when I came in. He was lying on his back with his mouth open. I thought his face repulsive, and wondered why the boy took to him as he did. I felt my little patient's pulse without awakening him. It was soft and regular; there was a faint moisture on the skin. He had already taken two doses of the altered medicine. I was satisfied with the result of the new ingredient which I had introduced. I was about to leave the room when Joe's voice, sharp and sudden, smote on my ears.

"You might make it five thousand pounds, Mr. Marsden," he said.

He turned over on his side as he uttered the words, and fell off into profound slumber. I was too busy and preoccupied to give the queer sentence a second thought, but I was destined to remember it later on. I went off now to telegraph for Nurse Jenkins, a nurse I knew and could depend on. She arrived in the course of the morning, and I established her by little Noel's bedside be-

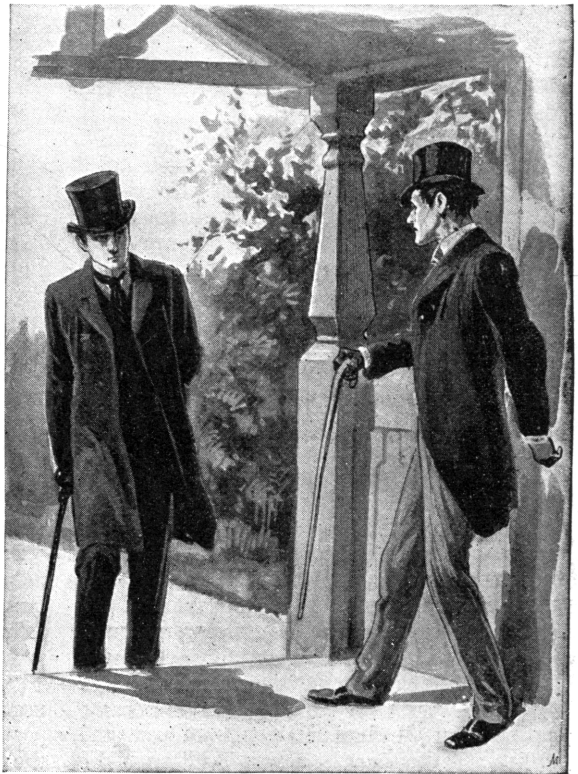
fore I returned to town. Hart and I had a further consultation about the boy. The nurse promised to write to me daily, and I went back to London under the conviction that the child would speedily recover from his present attack.

I received a bulletin every evening from the nurse. On the third day, her letter ran as follows:—

"I don't like my little patient's symptoms. I give him his medicine regularly, but I often feel inclined to leave it off altogether. Almost immediately after taking it, he complains of a feeling of sickness—he has even vomited once or twice. The vomiting is followed by a state of collapse more or less severe; the pulse is very intermittent. Dr. Hart is ill, and has not seen the child for a couple of days; his assistant promised to write to you about the medicine."

I expected a letter by the next post, but none came. I felt uneasy, and resolved to go to Bournemouth.

I arrived late in the afternoon and went straight to the Marsdens' house. Just as I reached the door, it was suddenly opened and Sharp came out. He evidently didn't expect me, for he started violently and his



"HE STARTED VIOLENTLY."

ugly white face assumed a green tint—his small eyes almost started from his head.

"Oh, the boy is just the same," he said. "He's weak—I don't believe he'll do—glad you've come—didn't know you were expected."

"I have come," I replied, briefly, "in consequence of a letter from Nurse Jenkins. I am sorry the boy is not so well."

"He doesn't gain strength," said Sharp. "Are you going up to see him now?"

"Yes," I replied—I passed him as I spoke.

I ran quickly upstairs. No one knew I was in the house. I opened the door of the sick room. Mrs. Marsden was sitting by the little fellow's bed. He was lying flat on his back, his head was raised, he was breathing faintly, his eyes were shut. The nurse was arranging some bottles and medicine glasses in a distant part of the room. She turned on hearing my footsteps, put one finger to her lips, then beckoned to me to follow her into the ante-room.

"Oh, Dr. Halifax," she said, "I'm so relieved you've come. The child is, I fear, sinking fast."

"I hope not," I answered.

"But he is—he grows worse each moment. I am dissatisfied about the medicine. Dr. Hart is very ill—his assistant knows nothing about the case. It is a great relief to see you here."

"You ought to have telegraphed for me," I said. "Now don't keep me—I will ascertain the child's condition myself."

I returned to the sick room and took the boy's little wrist between my finger and thumb. The pulse was scarcely perceptible.

"He has been very sick again," said Nurse Jenkins; "he is sick every time he takes the medicine. I had almost decided not to give him another dose when you arrived."

"Bring me some brandy at once," I said.

The nurse did so. Mrs. Marsden, who had started to her feet when I approached the bedside, gazed at me with eyes dilated with terror.

"Keep quiet," I said to her; "the boy is too weak to stand the slightest noise—he will be better when he takes this."

I mixed a strong dose, and put a little between the child's lips. After some difficulty he swallowed it—his beautiful eyes were glazed—he looked at me without recognition.

"That's right," I said, when I became certain that he had really swallowed the brandy; "the heart's action will soon be better."

As I spoke I took out my hypodermic syringe and injected a little ether under the skin. The effect was instantaneous—the child's breathing became easier, and a little colour came into his ears.

During the next half-hour I administered small doses of brandy at short intervals, and tried every means in my power to induce heat. After a time success attended my efforts—the boy sighed—moved a little, and opened his eyes wide—the state of collapse had passed. His cheeks now burned with fever, and the pulse galloped hard and fast in his little wrist.

I motioned to Mrs. Marsden to take my place by the bedside, and then asked Nurse Jenkins to accompany me into the next room.

"Show me the prescription," I said.

"I am very sorry," she replied; "I have just given it to Mr. Sharp."

It suddenly flashed through my memory that on the last occasion when I wanted to see Hart's prescription, I could not do so because Sharp had left it at the chemist's. The nurse went on apologizing.

"We were out of the medicine—I wanted to have some more made up. Mrs. Marsden's own chemist lives some way from here, and Mr. Sharp suggested that if I gave him the prescription he would get it made up by a chemist close by."

"How long is it since Sharp was here?" I asked.

"Just before you came—he rushed into the room making quite a noise. The child was very weak at the time. He came close up to the bed, and looked at the little fellow for two or three minutes. To tell the truth, Dr. Halifax, I never liked the man, but he must have been much attached to the boy. I seldom saw such a look of agony on any face. I can really describe his expression by no other word."

"Are you quite sure, nurse, that Sharp has not been alone with little Noel since you had the charge of him?"

"Quite; I have actually lived in the room. Mr. Sharp has been to see Noel once or twice every day. The little fellow delighted in his visits. Mr. Sharp used to imitate the birds—little Noel generally fell asleep while he was whistling."

I thought hard for a moment.

"What is the name of the chemist who usually makes up the medicine?" I asked.

"Howell and Jones—their shop is close to the sea at the bottom of the hill. Howell and Jones are the chemists Mrs. Marsden

used to employ when she lived in their old house. She thought that Noel's medicine might as well be made up at her own chemist's."

"Have you any of the medicine left?" I asked.

"No, the last dose is finished—the bottle was forgotten to be sent to the chemist's this morning—that is why Mr. Sharp rushed off with the prescription in a hurry. The hour is past now when the child ought to have his medicine."

"I should like to see the empty bottle."

Nurse Jenkins went to look for it. She came back in a few moments.

"I left it on the wash-hand stand in that room," she said. "It is not there—I wonder if Mr. Sharp put it in his pocket?"

"It doesn't matter whether he did or not," I replied.

My suspicions were fully aroused. There was more than anger in my heart at that moment.

"Do not say a word of what I suspect, nurse," I said, "but my impression is that there is foul play somewhere. The medicine which Dr. Hart and I prescribed could by no possibility have the effects which you describe. I am going immediately to see Howell and Jones. Give the boy a dose of brandy if there is the least return of faintness, and don't allow Sharp near the room on any terms."

I left the house, hailed the first cab I saw, and drove to the chemist's shop. I entered quickly; a tall, serious-looking man was standing behind the counter. I asked him if he was a member of the firm.

"I am Mr. Howell," he replied.

I took out my card and gave it to him.

"You have been making up medicines for a patient of mine," I said, "a little boy of the name of Sir Noel Temple. He is living with one of your customers, Mrs. Marsden. You have made up medicine for the child several times."

"I have, Dr. Halifax."

"I want to look at your copy of the last prescription."

The man turned to fetch his book.

"May I ask, doctor," he said, as he handed it to me, "if the child is better?"

"No; he is suffering from serious collapse and weakness."

"That seems scarcely to be wondered at," remarked the man. "There is a special in-

gredient in your prescription which surprised me—niconitin seems quite a new drug to order in cases of heart failure."

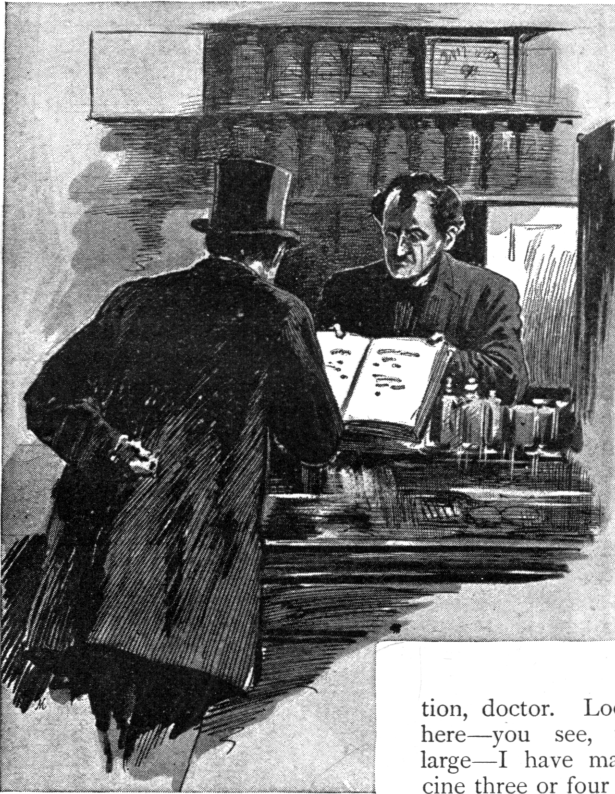
"Niconitin?"

I exclaimed, horror in my tones. "What can you possibly mean? There was no niconitin in the prescription. Such a drug would act as direct poison in a case like the child's."

"Nevertheless, it is one of the principal ingredients in the prescrip-

tion, doctor. Look at my copy—here—you see, the proportion is large—I have made up this medicine three or four times."

As the man spoke he turned his book towards me and laid his finger on the copy of Hart's prescription and mine. With a glance my eye took in the names of the different ingredients. The chemist was right—a large proportion of niconitin was one of them. This drug, as is well known, is the active property of tobacco. Its effect upon the heart would account for all the



"LOOK AT MY COPY."

symptoms from which the child was suffering. Taken in quantities here prescribed, it would cause vomiting, collapse, and feeble action of the pulse. In short, its effect on the irritable heart of my little patient would be that of direct poison.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, in anger, "that you, an experienced chemist, would dispense a prescription so manifestly contradictory without referring to the doctor who wrote it?"

"I spoke to Mr. Sharp about it," replied the man. "I even pointed out the inconsistency. He replied that the case was peculiar, and that niconitin was necessary as a sedative. Had it not been for Mr. Sharp, whom we know so well——"

"That will do," I interrupted, "I have no more time to waste over words. I shall probably want to see this book again. Meanwhile, give me a piece of paper, I must order another medicine."

I hastily wrote out a prescription for a strong restorative. The medicine was supplied to me, and I went back as fast as possible to the Marsdens' house.

Mrs. Marsden came downstairs to meet me.

"How is the child?" I said to her.

"Better; he is in a natural sleep."

I took the bottle of fresh medicine out of my pocket.

"Give this to nurse," I said. "The child is to have a teaspoonful every quarter of an hour. By the way, at what hour does your boarder, Mr. Sharp, come home?"

"Not until evening, as a rule, but it so happens that he is in the house at the present moment."

"Where?"

"In his bedroom—he ran upstairs ten minutes ago. He asked first if you were in. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, I do. Which is his room?"

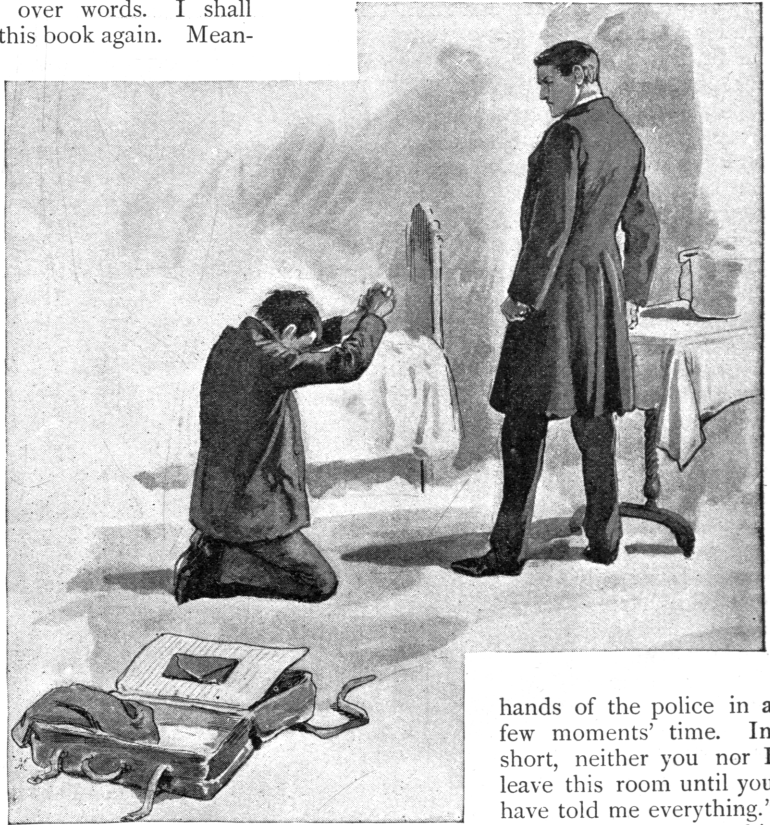
"I will send for him."

"No; tell me which is his room, and I will go to him."

My manner surprised her. She gave me a brief direction. I rushed upstairs and entered Sharp's room without knocking.

The fellow was standing by a small port-manteau which he was hastily packing. When he heard my step he turned—his face became ashy pale—he looked almost as if he would faint.

"Now, look here," I said, closing the door and walking straight up to the man, "I have discovered the whole of this villainous plot. If you don't confess everything immediately, you will find yourself in the



"THE FELLOW WENT ON HIS KNEES IN HIS TERROR."

hands of the police in a few moments' time. In short, neither you nor I leave this room until you have told me everything."

The fellow went on his knees in his terror—he covered his face with his shaking hands.

"Get up," I said, in disgust. "I can't speak to you nor listen to you in your present position."

He rose and tottered towards a chair—he was really too weak to stand.

"I'm glad you know," he said, with a sort

of gasp; "yes, I am—I'm glad it's all known. I couldn't have gone on with it—I'd rather be hanged than go on with it for another hour."

"Tell me your story quickly," I said; "I have not a moment to listen to your sentimentalities—the child's life hangs at this moment in the balance."

"Is there a chance for him, doctor?" said the man, looking full up at me.

"Yes, yes, if you'll only be quick and pull yourself together."

"Then I will—my God, I will—I don't care about anything now in the world except the little fellow's life. Half an hour ago I stood by his death-bed. My God, it was torture to stand there and look at my own work!"

"Speak," I said; "if you don't tell me what you know at once, I will send for the police."

Sharp gave me another terrified look. I saw by the expression in his eyes that, whatever his sins, he at least repented now.

"It was this way," he began: "I was Marsden's tool. I don't want to blame him over much, but I was his tool from the first. He wanted the boy to die, and he wanted to get off himself scot-free. As soon as ever he heard who the child was, he began to plot this fiendish thing. He dragged me into it—I struggled against him, but he was strong, and I had no power. He knew one or two things against me, and he held them over my head. I agreed to help him. I wasn't a week with the boy before I began to get fond of him."

"You can leave that part out," I interrupted, with heat.

Sharp paused as if someone had dealt him a blow.

"Marsden went to America," he continued. "He promised to give me £4,500 on the day he entered into possession of the child's estates. I was always studying drugs, and he suggested that I should give the boy something to bring on an attack of the heart, and then that I should tamper with the doctor's prescription. I had been studying the effects of tobacco taken in excess, and it occurred to me that niconitin would do the deadly work. That's all. The boy has been taking large doses of niconitin disguised in your medicine for the last fortnight."

"Where's Marsden now?" I said, when the fellow paused.

"I can't quite tell you—somewhere in America—for God's sake, don't give me up to him—he'd murder me."

"Your future is nothing to me," I said. "but I shall take the precaution to lock you

up in this room until I know if your little victim is to live or die. If he lives, you can go; if not——" I did not finish my sentence, but, turning the key in the door, ran quickly downstairs. Mrs. Marsden was waiting for me in one of the passages.

"What is the matter? Why were you so long with Mr. Sharp?" she said.

"Come in here—I have something to tell you," I answered.

I opened a door which stood near—we entered a sitting-room—I closed the door behind me.

"I can't conceal the truth from you, Mrs. Marsden," I said. "I have made an awful discovery—that poor little fellow has been the victim of a fiendish plot."

She interrupted me with a cry.

"No, no," she began, "no, don't say it—no, it's impossible—he's far away—he is bad, but not so bad as that."

"I pity you from my heart," I answered, "but your husband is bad enough for anything—he left his tool behind him—Sharp was his tool. I am only just in time to save the boy."

I then briefly told Mrs. Marsden of the discovery which I had made at the chemist's.

Her horror and agitation were excessive; she, at least, poor woman, was fully innocent.

"I must take the boy away from here," I said. "I am sorry—I know you have had nothing to do with it, but because you are that scoundrel's wife—I must take the child away from you as soon as ever he is fit to be moved."

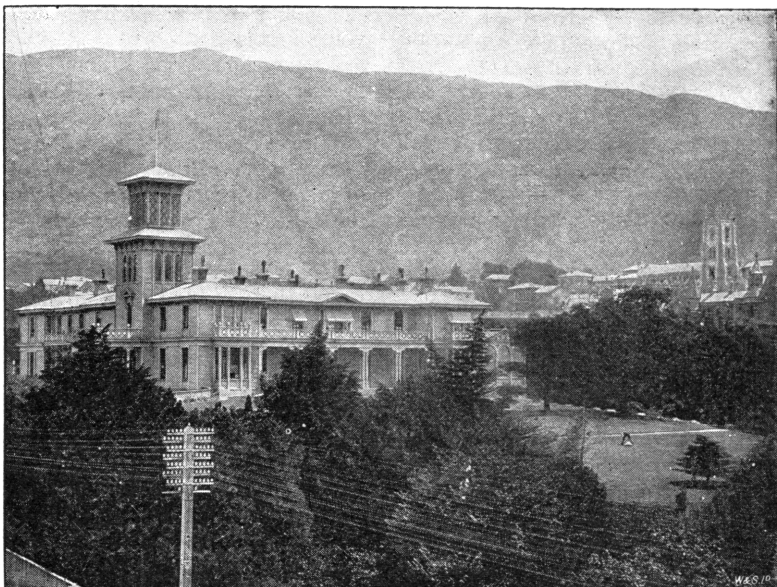
"I submit," she answered. "The fact is, I would not have him now on any terms. Oh, what a miserable woman I am—why did I ever listen to my husband? Why did I ever consent to receive the child? Oh, he is a fiend—he is a fiend—why have I the misfortune to be his wife?"

I had no reply to make to this—it was time for me to hurry back to my little patient's bedside. He was very ill. For the next few days his life really hung in the balance. The case was such a peculiar one that I resolved not to leave him. Nurse Jenkins and I watched by him day and night. After two days, the extreme weakness became less marked, and gradually and slowly the heart recovered tone and strength. After a very slow convalescence, little Sir Noel became much better. I brought him back to Harley Street—he is still with me. I mean to keep him until his mother returns to England. As to Sharp, I gave him his liberty when I saw that the boy was likely to live. I have not heard of him since.

Illustrated Interviews.

XLI.—LORD ONSLOW IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE.



From a Photo. by]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—WELLINGTON.

[Wright.

THE reason which the Earl of Onslow gave when he accepted the post of Governor of New Zealand was—speaking in general terms, which to a non-political writer is always permitted—that he wanted to find out where the place was and all about it. I will assume in the same manner that the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE wish to know who Lord Onslow is and all about him. And this I will proceed to explain without further apology to such as are as well up as they should be in the history of Men of the Time, and to whom I may be able to tell little that they do not know already.

Lord Onslow can claim three Speakers of the House of Commons among his ancestors, and in this respect I believe I am correct in stating that he is unique. These members of the Onslow family were not only able to appropriate the Chair, but to retain it in their own possession; one of them, Mr. Arthur Onslow, sitting in it for no less than three and thirty years in succession. Lord Onslow tells some amusing and original stories of the

said ancestors, but I have only space for one, that of the Mr. Speaker Onslow who kept the House in order by means of the fierceness of his look and the awe-inspiring tones of his voice.

"Sir!" he would exclaim, if one more daring than another continued to "obstruct" after a first hint as to silence had been given; "Sir, I must name you!" And before this threat the disturber of the peace would shrink away among the benches. One of the Speaker's friends, however, who knew the Onslow bark was worse than its bite, whispered one day:—

"Tell me, Sir—what would be the consequence if you *did* name him?"

"The Lord in Heaven knows, *I* don't," replied the Speaker, mildly, and then he glared round the House to see who else might stand in need of correction.

One of these Speakers lived in the reign of Queen Bess, another in that of Queen Anne, and the third under George II. A fine picture, by Sir James Thornhill and William Hogarth, represents the House of Commons in 1730, with Mr. Speaker Onslow conferring

with Sir Robert Walpole, and this has the place of honour over the chimney-piece in the library at Clandon, Lord Onslow's seat in Surrey.

With these examples before him, it is little wonder that the young peer took kindly to political life from the first, and that he should aim at distinctions yet higher than those which he has already made his own. Lord Onslow has plenty of time in which to realize his ambitions, for he began life very early, and is now only forty years of age.

He, in fact, did everything very young. He succeeded that eccentric old man, his great-uncle, when he was seventeen. He married when he was only twenty-two, had held two Under-Secretaryships and a Court appointment, and was appointed Governor of New Zealand before he was thirty-four.

Before this he had been to the Rockies in search of big game, and the buffalo rugs and bear-skins which lie about the floors at Clandon are full proof that he found it; while a photograph of himself, surrounded by a group of grisly bears, buffaloes, big-horned sheep, and deer with fine heads and antlers, all brought down by his bow and spear, make the uninitiated wonder what defence he offered on his return to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he is a distinguished member.

Lady Onslow consented to throw all the conveniences of civilized existence to the winds and to accompany her husband on this expedition; and though she only now remembers it for its interest and adventures, the hardships she must often have endured under her canvas roof amid the snows, with an ardent sportsman to pronounce the inexorable words, "Move on," every alternate morning, may have been many. Still her courage and fortitude were equal to the demands made upon them, and it is likely that there are few of the memories of past life which she would less willingly forego than those attached to the tour in the Rocky Mountains.

On Lord Onslow's return he wandered into print, and published "A Cowboy's Christmas" in the Yuletide number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. "Just the life you'd like," writes the Earl, with lively reminiscences of his own ranch. "Nobody ever walks a yard. Horses cheaper than saddles, and the most magnificent climate in the world. I'll give you cowboy's wages and your keep, and mount you. After your 'round-up' work is done you can shoot bear and elk in the mountains, and perhaps

we could give you a share in the business by-and-by."

The title of another of Lord Onslow's literary productions, "The Dog in Disgrace," shows us a second side of his life. It was published during one of those hydrophobia panics to which dread of this terrible scourge reduces us from time to time. As a Master of the Hounds, as President of the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, and a whilom member of the Committee of the Kennel Club, Lord Onslow's opinion on this subject carries exceptional weight. First of all he adjures people not to let themselves be driven mad by their own fears; and for their consolation he points out that during the year of which he wrote, the London police force had not lost a single member from hydrophobia, though they had conveyed over sixty thousand dogs to the Home, and had been frequently bitten, sometimes by dogs known to be mad; while the keeper of that asylum had been bitten more than once, yet never suffered other than temporary inconvenience.

The kindly President also strongly advocated the use of a lethal chamber, where dogs which must die could pass away easily in their sleep. The construction is simple and inexpensive, Lord Onslow says, and it might be readily adopted in any city, and thus the present barbarous practices often resorted to for destroying undesired and undesirable members of the canine world could be put an end to. Lord Onslow moreover recommended that the custom in certain cities abroad of hanging a locket in the form of a metal ticket, with name and address, round every dog's neck, should be insisted on. He humorously said, further, that he was sure that if an appeal could be made to the common-sense of the more intelligent of the animals on the subject of muzzling, and so on, they would cheerfully endure the inconvenience, even as the wise and thoughtful of the human race put up with the annoyances of vaccination to escape small-pox.

It is a great temptation to quote largely from Lord Onslow on the burning matter of the Cow with the historic three Acres, the supply of allotments being one of his subjects, but as New Zealand awaits His Excellency with impatience, she must be allowed to remain undisturbed in the foreground, which she continues to occupy with that patience on which naturalists and statesmen have alike cause to compliment her.

In the year succeeding the Jubilee, Lord Onslow set sail for the Antipodes,

accompanied by his son Lord Cranley, who is now a "man" at Eton, by two golden-haired little daughters, the Ladies Gwendolen and Dorothy Onslow, and by his beautiful young wife—a daughter of that mighty hunter, Alan, Lord Gardner—who, as the gold-diggers of the southern islands remarked later, "had luck in her face." That other stalwart young member of the Onslow household, the New Zealand Chief, Victor Huia, did not appear till later.

The ubiquitous Interviewer, rampant in the Colonies as elsewhere, could not wait till Lord Onslow arrived in New Zealand, but attacked him at Adelaide. He, however, had the consideration to hope he was not an infliction.

"An infliction! Oh, no," replied the accommodating Governor, "I'm used to interviewing. I've travelled a good deal, and America was one of the places I visited."

Thus encouraged, the inquirer asked him to give his impressions of that Australia which was as yet unseen by the passenger on board the ss. *Victoria*, and the answer to this was a reference to the Henry Irving story, who, when interrogated in like manner off Sandy Hook, New York, said:—

"My impressions of America? With the greatest pleasure, but won't you allow me to land and form them first?"

The man with the note-book then proceeded to extract from his victim that he was passionately fond of hunting, that in a less degree he was fond of photography, that he liked racing, driving, shooting, and a few other things, after the conclusion of which Lord Onslow remarked: "You already seem to know so much about me and my peculiar likes and dislikes that I wonder you have taken the trouble to interview me at all!"

To turn for one moment to a graver subject—which in deference to the known prejudices of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE shall very quickly be again forsaken—it may be interesting at the present moment, when the words Australia and Finance are so indissolubly combined, to quote Lord Onslow's exact words on the situation as it then was:—

"The burden of debt resting on the Colony does seem very heavy," he said, "but then all young countries must borrow, and as long as the money is invested in reproductive works which pay interest on the capital, the principle is a sound one."

The usual display of gunpowder and gold lace followed the landing, the eager curiosity

of the crowds collected at the different points was turned into satisfaction and approval, triumphal arches looked down upon the train of carriages filing slowly beneath them, the familiar lines of the Union Jack floated abroad, garlands of lilies and roses, and all the other signs of welcome were duly hung out, and among the more modest offerings at the feet of greatness we read that, after one of the open-air *en route* receptions, a party of ladies remained behind when His Excellency retired, and each one of these solemnly seated herself in the chair wherein his august form had reposed, and remained there for a few seconds in awed silence before she resigned her place to a sister who performed the rite in the same impressive manner.

Sir William Jervois, a Woolwich man, Lieutenant-General, director of fortifications, etc., etc., was the out-going Governor, and a caricature of the day represents him meeting with Lord Onslow, who was judged, though perhaps mistakenly, to take life less seriously.

"Any good shooting about Auckland?" inquires Lord Onslow.

"Oh, yes," replies Jervois. "Very good practice indeed at Fort Cantley. Here's a plan of the forti——"

"Forty humbugs!" is his successor's indignant reply. "Shooting game, I mean! Are you making game of me?"

The reception in the city over, the doors of Government House, Wellington, were flung open before the new-comers, and life began in earnest, while for days and weeks together Lady Onslow saw her husband as rarely as if she were the consort of the engine-driver on the Wild Irishman or the Flying Dutchman at home. Still, her own time was well occupied, as not only had she to see that her own small party was well and pleasantly housed, and to pull about the chairs and tables of her drawing-rooms—for that which has suited the ideas of one woman was never yet known to fulfil the ideal of another—but she had to devise new and pretty costumes for each time she appeared in public, as the reporters would have been grievously disappointed if they could not have described the Countess's dove-coloured *delaine* of Saturday as being far prettier than her *eau de nil* silk of Friday, while adding that it altogether left in the shade her peach-coloured bengaline of Thursday, or the myrtle *crêpe* of the day before.

However, nonsense apart, Lady Onslow's share in her husband's public life was by no means confined to looking pretty and smiling

sweetly upon the people among whom he had come as ruler, for she worked most energetically from the moment she landed to extend the sphere of usefulness and influence of Government House.

During Lord and Lady Onslow's visit to the Hot Lakes at Rotorua, they first came across the Maori in his native condition. The earlier part of the journey was performed by rail, then they took to the road and drove through the lovely forest land, where the beauty of the tree-ferns and the exquisite creepers of the country excited their admiration, while the pheasants which rose to right and left made the fingers of one at least in the train of carriages, itch for his gun.

As they approached Utuhina Bridge, the calm and serenity of the sylvan scene was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a young Maori, who darted forward, a scanty scarlet scarf about his waist as his robe of State, a garland of leaves round his head, a mere in his hands, and nothing else worth mentioning on any part of his person. With his weapon raised he imperiously commanded the driver to stop. His order was obeyed, and at the same moment the young warrior's suite, to the number of twenty, leaped from out of the bush, attired or non-attired, in faithful imitation of their leader, and performed a war-dance, their uncouth gestures, sharp, short cries, swaying limbs, and floating crimson scarves giving a weird grotesqueness to the scene.

The dance over, the chief leaped up behind the splash-board, and, with a silent gesture, ordered his followers to take out the horses and draw the carriage across the aukati line

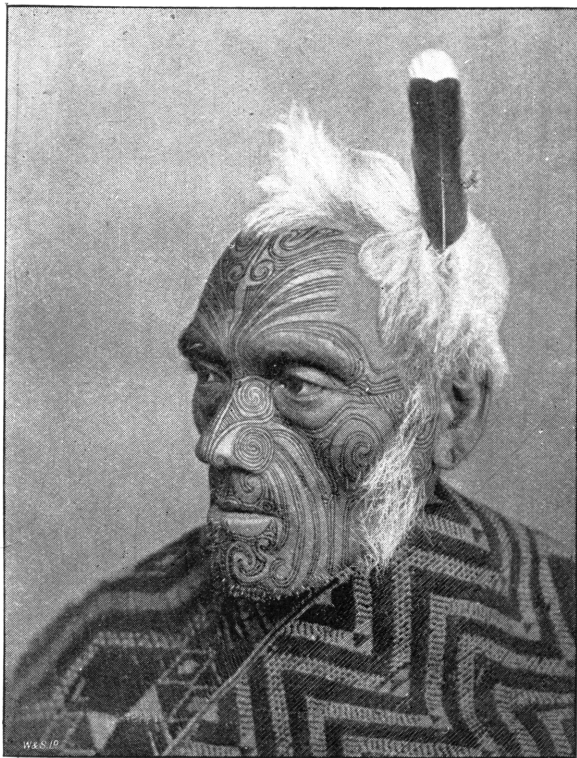
into Maori Land. This they did, but when the other side of the stream was reached, a new party of "braves" leapt forth armed with guns and prepared to dispute the further progress of the Governor and his party. Lord Onslow's own contingent of Maoris, however, explained that his ways were those of peace, and when they were assured of this the opposer's band fired their guns in the air and joined the escort in pulling the carriage forward, a pause being made that a repetition of the wild dance and its accompanying chant might take place.

A few score spaces further on, still another band of savages sprang, like Roderick Dhu's Highlanders, out of nothing, and the same pantomime was gone through, and this continued till the strangers were introduced into the very heart of the Land of the Aborigines.

No man knows what fear is, so it would be words thrown away to compliment His Excellency the Governor on his courage and composure under this ordeal; but if those who now hold this page in hand do not instantly set up the Countess of Onslow in one of those niches they reserve for the

heroines of all ages, it is because this account of the advance of the Maoris is altogether inadequate to describe the scene, or that the history of the Aborigines of the Colony during the last fifty years has remained unstudied by the readers of this Magazine.

There is one point in the years which Lord and Lady Onslow spent in New Zealand to which allusion must be made, as, without it, this little record would be incomplete; but the reference shall be brief, as it was almost the only blot on an exceptionally happy and



From a Photo. by]

A MAORI CHIEF.

[Pullman.

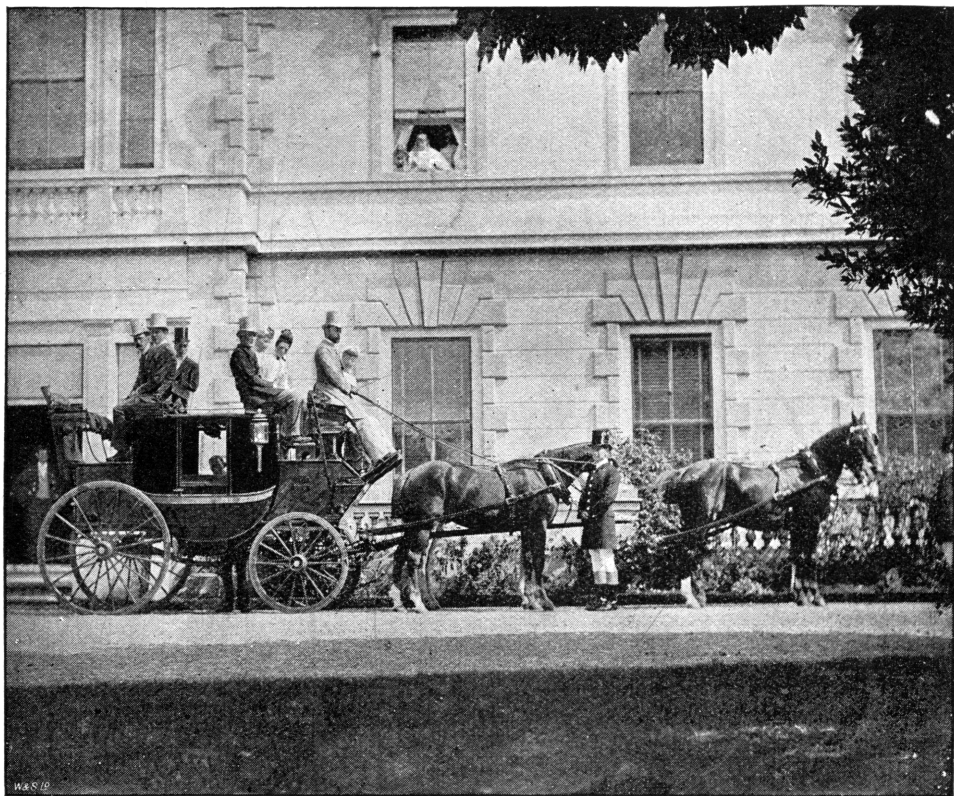
fortunate page in the lives of the Governor and his family.

The sanitary conditions of Government House, Wellington, were not what they should have been when the new ruler took up his residence in it, and a few weeks after their arrival the typhoid fever, which had already committed ravages in other parts of the town, broke out there.

Lord Onslow's eldest son, Viscount Cranley, Captain Savile, his *aide-de-camp* and private secretary, and other members of

which, in a happier moment, she has described as making the island "a perfect paradise for children."

Lord and Lady Onslow were to see much of the Maoris before they left the island over which these able and warlike savages once ruled. They were destined even to become the parents of a Maori chief, the Huia to whom reference has been made; and it is not every Earl and Countess of the United Kingdom to whom it is given to rank a Maori chief among their sons.



from a

LORD ONSLOW'S FOUR-IN-HAND LEAVING FOR AUCKLAND RACES.

(Photograph.)

the household were struck down by it. For long the heir of Clandon hung between life and death, while the whole island shared in the despair of the devoted young mother.

Happily, however, her fears were not to be realized; the crisis came, then the slow progress back to health, and eventually Captain Savile, who had made many friends in the island during his residence, was pronounced well enough to undertake a sea voyage for his complete re-establishment, while Lady Onslow received permission to let her boy begin that life on the sea-shore

When they had been in New Zealand about eighteen months a little boy was born, and immediately every woman in the island, and some even who were not women, set themselves to select a name for him, reference to the wishes of the mother being put aside as a matter for possible future consideration.

The Mayors of the four chief centres agreed that the Sovereign at home must be approached on the subject of standing sponsor to the boy, a wish which was at once gratified by Her Majesty in her most gracious manner. On this there were no two opinions;

that one of the names should be Victor was, then, a foregone conclusion. But the other, what should it be? Colonial honour was at stake, and there must be no thought of baptism till due time had been secured for the deep reflection demanded by so weighty a cause! It was a matter of international importance, too. Was there not a Government House over the water where a daughter, native born, had been called Myee? Never must New Zealand stand behind when New South Wales had taken the lead.

Victor Wellington might do, thought the inhabitants of the First City. It was imposing and euphonious. Still there was a kind of imported fragrance about it. As far as is generally known, the Hero of Waterloo never visited the Antipodes, either as Arthur Wellesley or under his later title; and it was, geographically speaking, improbable that he had ever come to the Double Island even under a *nom-de-guerre*.

Besides, the earth supports many places named Wellington, and there must be no doubt at all as to where Lord Onslow's son was born. Homer, Mr. Gladstone, and others had already proved the inconvenience as to uncertainty on that initial fact in their existence. Then what would Dunedin, what would Auckland and Christchurch say, if Wellington were marked out for this crowning distinction? The results of former conflicts between native tribes would pale before those that would be in question here. No, search must be made further afield.

It ought to be a name of the soil, it was averred. One that would instantly call up before the eyes of the untraveller north visions of hissing geysers, rose-hued terraces, waving tree-ferns, strange, uncouth birds, and the wild leap of the war-dance, with the tattooed countenances of the braves.

What was the appellation that would

describe all this, and more, at one stroke of the pen? There was Honi-Maake-Hape, and Taiwhanga-Kanhanganni; there was Hira-te-Tuke Pukehawa, Riki-Te Mairaka-Taiaoroa, and Tame-Rangiwahia-Erihana, with many names of credit and renown; but none seemed to be precisely applicable to the personality of the tiny Onslow who slept selfishly on within his blue and white bassinet, indifferent to the stupendous nature of the difficulty there was, as his father remarked, to give him a start in life.

With some the name Roi found favour. You can call a boy Roi even if he be

destined for an English public school, and the Maoris would be satisfied, as Roi is a great name in their mythology, he being one of the five gods who divided Heaven and earth. A baby might be trusted to set the Thames on fire if he were the namesake of one who had divided Heaven and earth. However, it was pointed out that in their unfathomable ignorance men might come to spell the word with a Y, and then all association would be lost. No, they must try again. The witty wanted him to be called Taihoa, because the name meant "Wait-a-bit"—
"Wait - a - bit - On -

Slow!" It was an inspiration worthy of an American humorist. However, those who had failed to think of it first did not approve. It was felt it would have been such an annoyance to be reminded through life that one had not been able to make such an easy joke as that before anyone else.

Ultimately it was proposed that the name should be *Huia*. And Huia it was settled to be, and even now that he has arrived at the mature age of five, the little Onslow answers to no other call. Huia means most things, so it satisfied everyone. In Maori verse it is a synonym of all that is beautiful



From a

HUIA, THE BABY CHIEF.

[Photograph.]

and divine. It is the name of the great sacred bird, now almost extinct, whose plumes were always to be seen in the head of the greater Maoris when they went out to war or assembled the tribes round them in the great ceremonies which inaugurated a period of peace. It is the name of a great Maori, of whom it is said, "Of the descendants of Huia, all the Elders are Chiefs and all the Sons are Warriors," and finally it is the name of the child of a noble English house who has returned to his home under the shadow of the oaks of Surrey, and who may be known by the single plume

tions given with this little sketch. There is the family group, taken at Auckland with the staff. There is the four-in-hand leaving for the Auckland races, the Governor, of course, with the ribbons in his hands here as when he brought his team to the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park on the other side of the world.

There is one of the ostrich-farms to which the household paid many visits, as the great, bald-necked creatures, with the big, black, soft ball of fluffy feathers which formed their body, were a source of unfailing interest to the young rulers of the home.

There is a flock of sheep, which make up



From a

LORD ONSLOW, WITH HIS FAMILY AND STAFF.

[Photograph.

he carries in his head-gear, "Ko ti tangata i te huia Kotalu."

The infant was carried to the font in a historic robe and veil, the latter being that worn by one of Lady Onslow's ancestors at her marriage during the last century, and the former that in which the baby's great-grandfather on the Onslow side was baptized. After the ceremony a single huia feather was fixed in the white cap, and the first chapter in the life of the little New Zealander was declared to be complete.

The pleasant home-life of Government House then went on as before, and indications of its lines may be seen in the illustra-

the trifling aggregate of five thousand, stealing through the mist, and for once safe from their insidious enemy, the kea, which settles on their backs, and plunges its cruel beak through the thick coat of wool that it may pierce through the skin and suck the blood from the living animal, till it faints and dies by the roadside.

That is a bad habit brought about by the action of the English, Lord Onslow says in describing this curious phase of animal life in New Zealand. The bird probably first saw the skins of the freshly killed sheep hung up to dry. It tasted and appreciated the fat upon it, and next day it saw the same skin

running about the fields, so thought: "Why not try if it is as good as yesterday?" The sheep might easily have protected itself by rolling over, as any rational beast would, but being a sheep that did not occur to its mind. Instead, it took refuge in flight, which suits its tormentor very well, as it is carried along with it till, worn out by fatigue, the heavy animal drops, when the bird is free to work its wicked will, and to tear out the kidneys with their covering of fat.

The sea-lions in Adam's Island must also be mentioned, and these, as well as the birds, that ardent naturalist, the Governor, has taken under his special protection. He has allotted to their use certain islands, on which no unauthorized human foot may tread; and this was fully necessary, for it was really distressing to mark the rapidity with which the rare and beautiful birds of the country threatened to become as extinct as the moa.

Through the sea-lions, which breed no one yet knows where, Lord Onslow predicts a future for the Antarctic regions that will do more to settle the vexed question of the Behring Sea Fisheries than all the talent of the Barons de Courcel or the Sir Charles Russells of the day combined, by drawing to the Antipodes the sealers who fly the Union Jack.

Finally, among the illustrations, I must mention the Bishop—*ne lui déplaît*—who is engaged in the unepiscopal occupation of climbing a steeple, though it must be mentioned that he did not swing himself up from point to point by means of the scaffolding

poles; but when he was requested to "well and truly lay" the last stone of the spire, he took his place in a basket-chair, in which he was safely raised to the required altitude, some irreverent snap-camera taking advantage of a momentary pause to take a pot-shot at him as he ascended.

"Shall we put that picture in?"

"Oh, yes! It's the best thing we've got!"

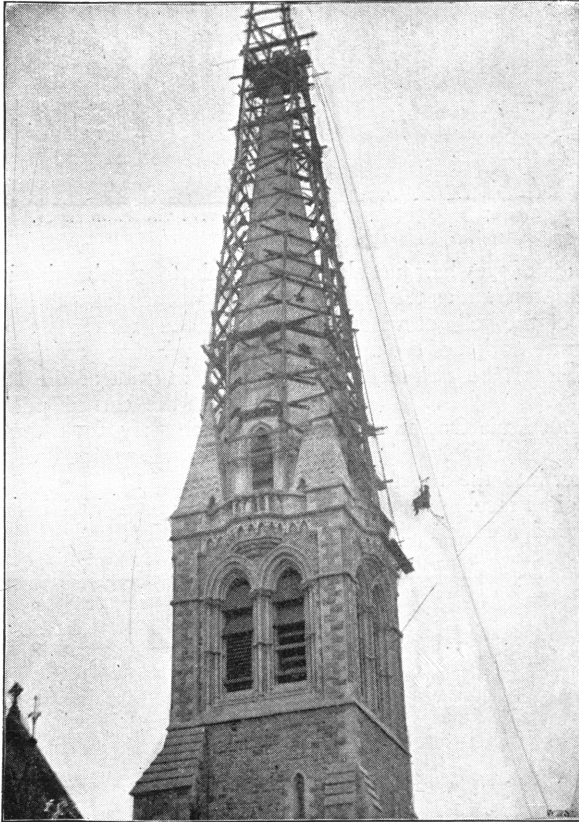
"Won't he mind?"

"Not a bit! Why should he?"

"Very well, we will share the responsibility in common."

As the chief, Victor Huia, came to months more mature, he gave expression to a wish, in the silent manner to which he was at that time of his life addicted, that he should be conducted for a space among his own people. Accordingly, a Royal progress was arranged, and taking the Governor and his staff, with the Countess of Onslow and the Ladies Gwendolen and Dorothy in his train, the young Maori proceeded to Otaki, having given due notice of his coming to the leading members of his tribe.

At Otaki he had opportunities of examining the curious carved houses of the natives, the quaint wooden pillars carved into the rude likeness of the island's divinities, with goggle eyes, grim mouths, teeth far apart, and feathers stuck upright in their skull. He saw the Maori mothers with their infants slung across their backs, the same long coarse cloak of reed or fibre enveloping them both. He saw the women of the tribe greeting each other by an inter-rubbing of noses, among them being Iatia Wirum and Te Wahanin,



From a

THE ASCENT OF THE BISHOP.

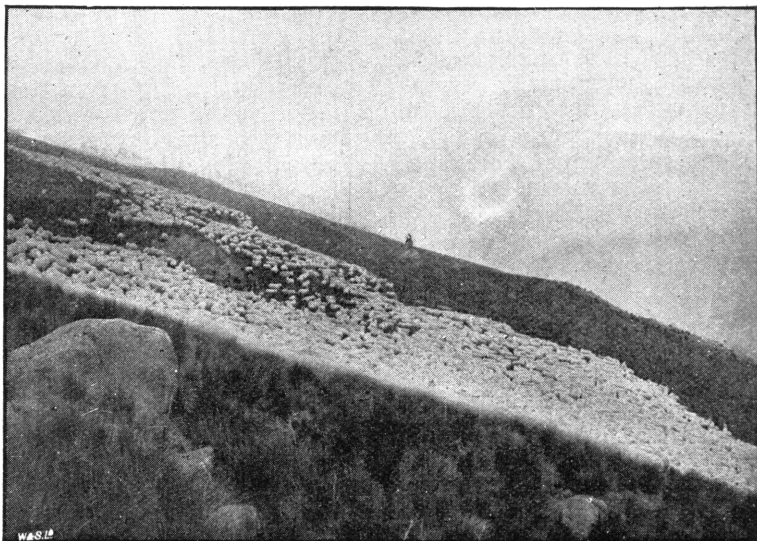
[Photograph.]

who are represented here in the act of embracing. He saw the great, grim chiefs, every inch and corner of their features being marked out with elaborate designs, while the long, shapeless, coarse mats are drawn around their forms; an uncouth weapon is grasped tight in the dark-skinned hand, which is prepared to do doughty deeds in the service of its god or its own honour, while the characteristic feather is stuck

up among their strands of grey hair just above the ear, with as much precision as the aigrette in the dainty tresses of the belle of a London ball-room. An accurate notion of the appearance of such a chief can be obtained from the picture on page 667.

But the Hon. Victor Huia Onslow was not to remain at Otaki in the capacity of a mere traveller and inquirer into the manners and customs of an aboriginal race.

He was to be created a Maori chief, and,



From a)

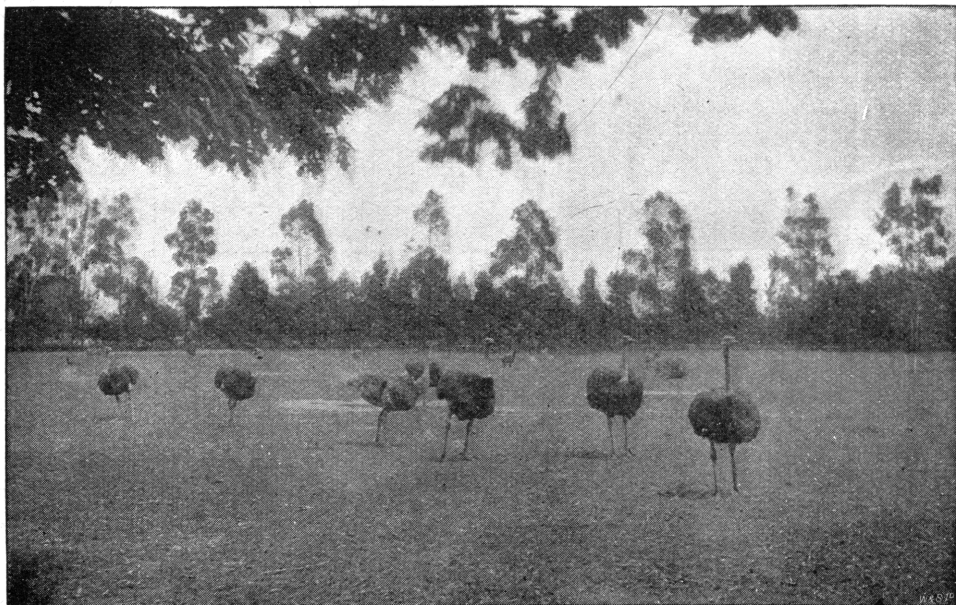
A FLOCK OF FIVE THOUSAND SHEEP.

[Photograph.

as such, to receive the homage of his tribe, the Ngatihua, and the allied Hapus.

On the 12th of September, 1891, the Governor's party crossed the Marae, or open square, in front of the Rankawa, and passed between the carved pillars of the vestibule, in which they took their places, the whole way to it being lined with Maoris, shouting: "Haeromai!"

The square had been converted into a grove of fairy-like appearance, a perfect forest



From a)

AN OSTRICH FARM NEAR CHRISTCHURCH.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by] RUBBING NOSES--A MAORI GREETING.

[Pullman.

of palms and tree-ferns having been brought into it and fixed as if growing in the soil, while garlands of the lovely native clematis wreathed the slender stems and hung in festoons from tree to tree. An open way up the centre was covered with matting, and coloured banners waved lightly from the arches overhead.

The Onslow party and their suite were escorted to their places by a procession of the Maoris, the women of the tribe marching first, all wearing holiday attire, the black huia feather with its tip of snow in their hair. They chanted Kaingas and songs of welcome as they went, and on arriving in the square seated themselves on the ground in picturesque attitudes beneath the palm trees, while their leaders stepped forward one by one to address the hero of the day.

First among them was the chief, Kereopa-Inkumaru; then followed Wi - Parata, Tamihaua - Te - Hoia, Hoani-Taipua, Ropata-Te-do, and Maraku. The speeches were trans-

lated to their Excellencies by Sir Walter Buller, to whom, it should be mentioned, was due the credit of suggesting the name of Huia for the little Onslow.

Thus spoke the Maoris :—

“Welcome, O, Governor!

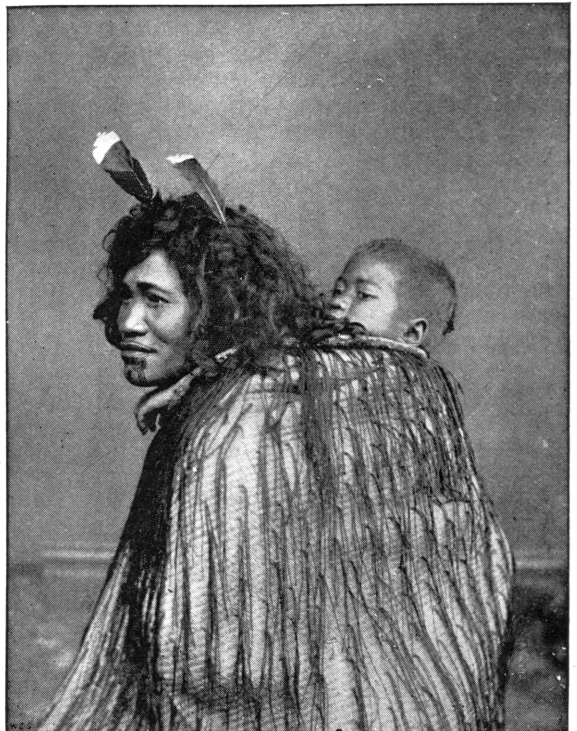
“Welcome, also, Lady Onslow!

“Welcome, O! thou young Huia, the representative of all the great chiefs who have departed.

“The old men of the tribe, where are they? Gone! All gone into the never-ending night. We thank you, O, Governor, for coming to Otaki to present your infant son to his people. But here you find us only a remnant of a great tribe.

“Our fathers are gone, but here are we assembled to welcome your noble son. You, our Governor, have proved yourself the most active of all our Governors. You have seen nearly every village in the land, and nothing seems to tire you.

“Now we are able to welcome you even here at Otaki, in the place where, fifty years ago, the Gospel of Christianity was accepted



From a Photo. by]

A MAORI MOTHER AND BABY.

[Pullman.



From a Photo. by]

A MAORI HOUSE.

[Burton Bros., Dunedin.

by the Maori people. We have been steadfast to the faith all through, following the precepts of our pastor, and never allowing the wars of the land to disturb us.

"All this time our tribe has been loyal to the Queen, and now we welcome you as the Queen's Representative.

"We salute you, according to Maori custom, as the White Crane, of rare appearance, the bird seen once in a lifetime. . . . Other Governors have said kind things and done kind things, but it has been re-

served for you, O, Governor, to pay this great compliment to the Maori people: that of giving to your son a Maori name.

"According to our ancient custom, no greater courtesy could be shown by one great tribe to another, and there was no surer way of cementing the bonds of friendship. It has long been said: 'Let the Pakeha (English) and the Maori be one people,' and you have given shape to this by accepting for your son the name of an ancient chief.

"We invoke the spirits of our ancestors to witness this day that in your son Huia the friendship of the two races becomes cemented.

"We thank you for this proof of your regard for the Maoris. You have heard the words of the tribe. There is nothing more to say!"

The Earl of Onslow then replied, after which Tamihaua-Te-Hoia, the young Hereditary Chief of the Ngatihua, advanced across the Marae and cried:—

"And now, O, Governor and Lady Onslow, bring forward the infant Huia, that the tribe may do him honour."

By the young warrior's side marched Heui Te Rei, a Maori princess, daughter of the late chief, Mateue Te Whiwhi, who, moving



From a]

INTERIOR OF MAORI HOUSE—WITH IDOL.

[Photograph.

lightly forward, took the beautiful little child in her arms, and then presented him to Tamihaua, who bestowed on him the tribal salute, while the women seated under the palm trees around rocked themselves slowly backwards and forwards, crooning out the low, soft lullaby, or whakaoriori, which had been composed expressly for the occasion.

The little fair son of the north was next restored to his place, while the Earl of Onslow made his reply; then the representatives of the Maoris approached and laid the offerings they had prepared at his feet.

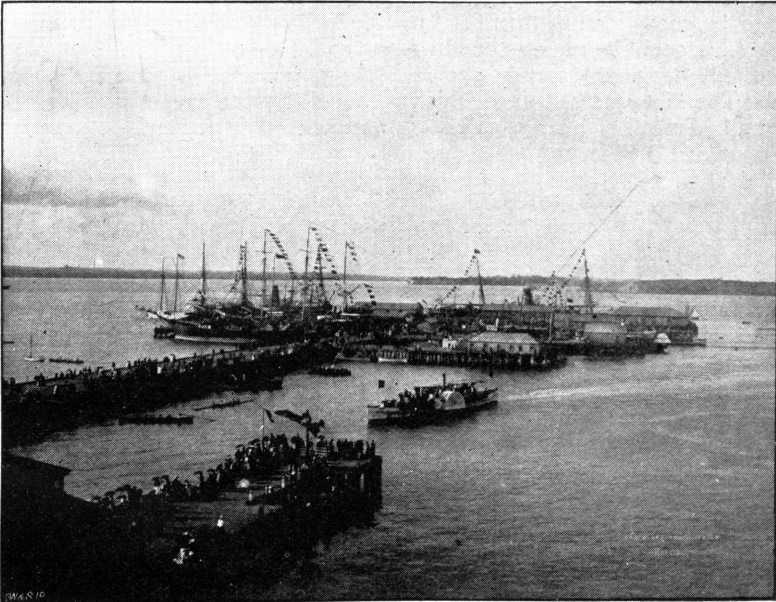
These included rugs and robes manufactured by his newly-made relatives; greenstone ornaments which had been handed down from father to son for untold generations; weapons which had been borne in battle by those chiefs who had "gone—gone into the never-ending night"; caskets of curious designs which had been carved by patient fingers, some even before the age of bronze among the Maoris had set in; and not least among the gifts were the dusky, snow-tipped feathers of the huia bird,

without which the little Onslow has rarely since been seen. To the intense delight of the Maoris, the young Countess of Onslow herself then advanced a few steps in the vestibule, holding her graceful little daughters by the hand, and in a few words, her voice being somewhat broken by emotion, she said that she thanked them from her very heart for the kindness they had shown to her boy, and then this function, unique in the annals of civilized history, came to an end.

In time the sojourn in the island of the Governor and Lady Onslow, too, came to an end, though not before they had done much more to deserve the golden opinions they had already won, and to hear the words of one of their friends echoed far and wide through the land in the distant south:—

"Go your ways, Earl Onslow! The best wishes of New Zealand are with you, and when we hear glad tidings of your successes at the other side of the world, we shall feel a thrill of gratified pride as we exclaim:—

"That man was *our* Governor once!"



"FAREWELL TO THE GOVERNOR." THE SHIP LEAVING PORT.
From a Photo. by J. Martin.

Remarkable Accidents.

BY JAMES SCOTT.



NOTWITHSTANDING the ever-present possibility of meeting with some severe accident, the probability is remote when considering the number of mishaps as compared to the number of persons exposed to them, yet it is hardly too much to say that we live amidst a perpetual plague of accidents, to which all individuals are equally exposed.

My purpose now is to deal with a few of the accidents which have been characterized by some peculiarity or coincidence. Such happenings are of very frequent occurrence, and have sometimes been so strange in their effect as to induce the belief that, were the fictionist to purloin the fact, and palm it off as the work of his imagination, the reading public would accept it in a spirit of disgust, and demand something more probable. Fact has ever been, and doubtless will continue to prove itself to be, more strange than fiction. What, for instance, could be more astounding than the accident depicted on page 350 in Vol. III. of "The Picture Magazine," which explains that a boiler full of hot water, being conveyed in a cart in France, exploded, and after flying completely over a block of houses, fell into a distant street? That publication also contains pictures of other strange accidents, and I here refer to them merely to emphasize the fact that remarkable accidents are by no means rare, comparatively speaking.

In Hoxton, recently, a boiler explosion occurred whilst the workmen were engaged at dinner, and an ill-fated man was blown some distance away from the spot where he had been quietly reading his daily paper, into an empty tank; wherein afterwards, to all appearance, he remained in the same posture, apparently reading his paper, but really, as the dreadful stare in his eyes revealed, dead!

Occasionally some peculiar form of accident has a less severe termination, as is evidenced by the case of a man, running over a level crossing on one of our railway lines, whose foot

was inadvertently imprisoned between one of the metals and the ground, just as an approaching train was upon him. With enviable presence of mind, upon becoming aware that it was impossible to withdraw his foot from its awful position, he ripped his boot open with a pocket-knife, and thus escaped a terrible death.

The illustrations which I have drawn here to assist my forthcoming remarks deal with a very few of the recorded curious mischances which have happened. In only few of the cases that I quote was the effect a fatal one.

In the north of London, a short time ago, the passengers of a tram-car received a shock when, with a terrific smashing of glass, the head of an unfortunate horse appeared within the vehicle. A careless carter, who was driving his van along one of the narrow by-streets of City Road, was forcing the horse onward so quickly that it was impossible for him to pull up in time to avoid a collision with a passing tram-car. The poor animal would have suffered acutely enough by the mere breaking of the glass, but when it is remembered that the car was



FIG. 1.—A HORSE IN THE WRONG PLACE,



FIG. 2.—THE CASE OF THE OLD STALL-KEEPER.

travelling, it will be understood that the gashing of the animal's neck was an additional severity. The fright caused to the passengers was an insignificant matter as compared to the injury undergone by the horse, which, I believe, it was deemed advisable to slaughter, on account of the impossibility of rendering surgical aid (Fig. 1).

My second illustration depicts the result of a curious accident which occurred in a suburb of London. An old female stall-keeper, who sat at the head of her barrow-load of wares, was ignorant of the conflagration roaring beneath her humble vehicle, until awakened in a fright by the commotion of some passers-by, but for whose timely assistance her loss might have been a serious one. In order to imitate as far as possible the comforts enjoyed by the more favoured people who were indoors, she had in front of her

a can containing a small fire. The night being windy, several pieces of paper were soaring promiscuously in all directions, and, suddenly, one piece passed through the flame of the fire and was blown beneath the barrow, where it quickly ignited a sack of coke, which the thoughtful yet drowsy dame had provided for herself. Little damage was done, however; but the accident proves that nowhere can we be free from the playful treachery of that useful element called fire (Fig. 2).

A case in which fire was greatly assisted by its natural enemy, water, is illustrated in Fig. 3. Garrets at no time constitute serviceable bedrooms, and are eminently unfitted for human occupancy when the roofs are in bad condition, and rain is admitted. The gentleman who preferred to suspend a basin near the ceiling of his room, in order to

catch the drops of water which penetrated his abode, no doubt considered that he was acting in a way whereby he would be relieved of the jarring effect produced by water dripping into a receptacle placed upon the floor; but he also, subsequently, repented of his



FIG. 3.—THE BASIN AND THE NIGHT-LIGHT.

ingenuity. Being careless, or not particularly industrious, he must have failed to empty the basin at a proper time, for as a result of its increasing weight, combined with the decaying of the supporting strings, caused by the dampness, one of those strings snapped, and the contents of the basin were precipitated into a plate standing upon an adjacent chest of drawers. Now, it curiously happened that the plate contained a night-light, which illuminant, as all readers must certainly know, is, as a rule, partly immersed in some water which has been poured into the plate or saucer. The consequence was, contrary to what one would have supposed, that the water which was discharged from the suspended basin caused that in the plate to overflow and carry on its surface the night-light, which rapidly overturned on to some inflammable material, igniting it as shown.

A disastrous termination was averted by the waking of the man, who had slept; the return to consciousness being occasioned, no doubt, by the noise and the excessive flare.

In a certain part of the outskirts of Birmingham is a long lane, flanked by a wall surrounding a churchyard, which is reported in the neighbourhood to be visited by the visible spirits of the departed. As may be expected, this thoroughfare is shunned as much as possible after nightfall by the ladies, both young and old, of the neighbourhood. Occasionally, however, necessity demanded the passage of some belated females who had been visiting the adjacent town; and on the particular night to which I am referring, two women, who were walking very quietly down the lane and conversing in very subdued tones, and, perhaps, also trembling in anticipation of meeting the chief ghost, who strolled abroad at that particular hour, received as sudden and effective a fright as the most bitterly-inclined person could desire to befall a dreaded enemy. With scarcely a sound, a huge leg and foot dumped on to the head of one of the pair of women, and trod firmly upon her, causing her and her companion to shriek and flee in terror. It is safe to say that the "ghost" experienced as great a surprise as did the victims of his unpremeditated alarm, for it was subsequently revealed

that the "ghost" was merely the grave-digger leaving a dismal job upon which circumstances had necessitated his presence at a late hour, and that, either because the gate was barred against him or he chose to leave by a near cut, he was climbing over the wall with the object of returning homewards. He is shown to the reader in Fig. 4, in much bolder form and more detail than he appeared to the frightened females.

Beyond some bruises, and a severe nervous shock, the chief victim of this peculiar accident sustained no injury.

The truly remarkable mishap which is the subject of my fifth illustration is one of which several versions are extant, and I cannot accept any responsibility as regards its exact



FIG. 4.—A SUBSTANTIAL GHOST.

truth in connection with narrating here the most popular form of the story. But the manner of the accident is in itself so interesting as to merit a permanent place here. The story runs that a man was found lying dead upon a couch, his life having been destroyed by a bullet discharged from a gun lying near. The circumstances of the matter positively proved that the case could not have been one of suicide, and, therefore, the only alternative which could be reasonably suggested was that he had been murdered. An acquaintance was charged with the crime, but absolute proof of guilt was not forthcoming. One of the parties engaged in the case was so far



FIG. 5.—THE SUN AND THE GUN.

interested in the peculiar facts of the death, as to seek a different solution to the affair to that accepted by popular belief. The result of his observation and deduction was very curious. The rays of the sun had streamed in at the window of the apartment in which the man had encountered his end; and had been concentrated direct upon the explosive chamber of the gun, by which means sufficient heat had been engendered to warm the cap and powder, and cause a discharge. The gun having been quite inadvertently placed in such a way as to point to the unfortunate man, he received the bullet while he lay placidly sleeping, no doubt meeting with instant death.

Schoolboys are fond of torturing themselves by concentrating the sun's rays on to the backs of their hands, through the medium of a small lens, which produces a small, brilliant spot of light, sufficiently strong to severely burn the skin after a few moments' duration. One can therefore believe that in such a case as that described, a lens of increased strength would cause so remarkable an accident. We have seen it stated in other versions of this story, which, however, is in its

main facts undoubtedly true, that the lens was formed either by a spherical water-bottle, or by a "bull's-eye" in the window, that being the name given to the large, dropsical swellings seen in some old windows of which the panes are made of bottle-glass.

Fig. 6 points forcibly to the necessity of paying proper consideration to the state of flooring in our workshops, where the same extent of attention that is usually allotted to the home by those who control it is discarded. Flooring becomes rotten far quicker in rooms devoted to labour, on account of the continued exposure of uncovered and ill-kept boards, and in many cases becomes absolutely dangerous to the limbs of those who tramp upon it. Witness the effect illustrated. An enterprising knife-grinder availed himself of the existence of machinery in a house

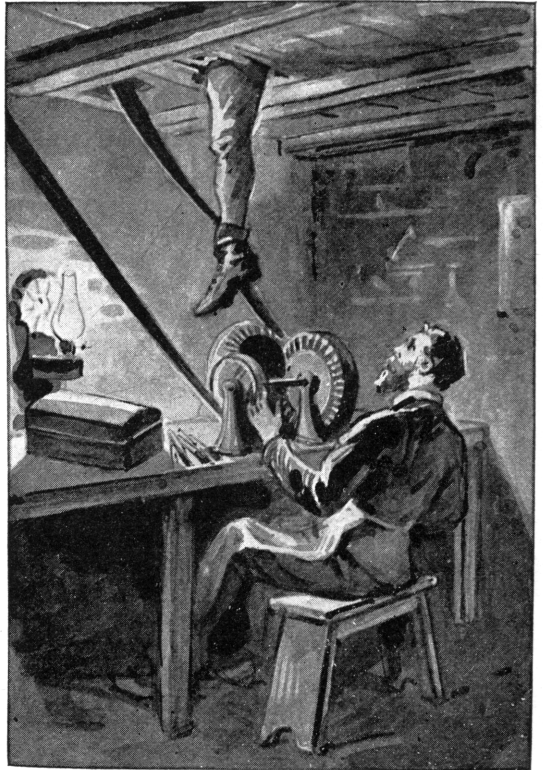


FIG. 6.—AN UNFORTUNATE LEG.

situated in his neighbourhood, and had a belt connected with the gearing in an upper room, wherewith to drive his limited set of wheels in the apartment below. There was no space (as is customary in dwelling-houses) between the ceiling of the room he occupied and the floor above: in fact, one set of boards actually served the purpose of both. The decayed condition of the flooring was responsible for the accident under reference, and one night the grinder was astonished to hear a crash above him, and immediately afterwards observe the leg of a workman protrude into his shop. In its descent the leg had been stripped of its trouser covering, which was retained at the edge of the hole made by the foot. Its owner, as soon as he felt the touch of the fast-travelling belt, naturally kicked the leg about in order to effect a withdrawal; but before that desirable end could be accomplished, he was mortified at feeling it seized by the belt, which, as a result of the excited movements of the foot, entwined the ankle, and was drawn so tightly as to threaten to pull the member from its socket. Happily, the knife-grinder retained sufficient presence of mind to quickly detach the belt from his wheels, and to release the foot before anything more serious than a rather severe sprain had ensued.

An accident which was more amusing than painful happened when a mischievous boy—a very common product—climbed over into one of the many “squares” dotted about London, and who, after having satisfied his curiosity, endeavoured to beat a retreat by squeezing through the iron railings. He managed to get his intelligent head through (Fig. 7), but was quite unable to create sufficient elasticity in the metal bars whereby to enable the remainder of his precious

person to effect a passage. Deeming, too late, that discretion was indeed the better part of valour, he sought to withdraw his upper anatomy, but in this he also failed. His ears had smoothly passed the bars in the first instance, but quite refused to repeat the performance, so the poor boy became alarmed, and struggled frantically, doubtless so irritating the ears and the adjacent flesh as to cause inflammation of the parts. Afanyrate, all his efforts bore futile results, and rescuers had to come to his aid. The railings must

have been very inflexible, for, notwithstanding the willing exertions of strong arms induced by sympathy, they failed to release their prisoner. In the end it was found absolutely necessary to dig one of the offending bars from its bed, and thus provide plenty of space for making the release.

Fig. 8 represents a mishap which was caused by a quantity of snow falling from a roof, and being chiefly deposited upon the tray of a muffin and crumpet seller, who chanced to be walking past the shop at the time. The sudden weight upon the tray caused it to upset, and, naturally, at that precise moment



FIG. 7.—THE PENALTY OF MISCHIEF.

the man paused momentarily; and, simultaneously, a collision occurred between him and a gentleman coming behind him, whose progress it was impossible to stop in time to prevent the curious accident. The rising end of the crumpet tray encountered the front portion of the gentleman's umbrella, which was immediately snapped from his hands; whereupon the force which had effected the severance was still sufficiently strong to thrust the umbrella handle into contact with the crumpet-seller's head, bruising it to a considerable extent. The gentleman's share of the matter consisted of a severe scratching about the head and neck,



FIG. 8.—WHAT A FALL OF SNOW DID.

provided by the ribs of his rebellious "gamp." During our late unusually severe winter a huge icicle fell from the roof of a house, and with amazing effect pierced the hat of a passer-by and penetrated the man's skull, causing death.

Of a similar character was the case of a woman who, whilst proceeding along a street carrying an open umbrella, was fatally injured by one of the ribs of her umbrella penetrating one of her eyes, after having been broken by the fall of a mass of snow from the roof of a house whereby she was passing.

Accident number nine was less serious than might have been expected under the circumstances. A slater was engaged upon the repairs necessary to the roof of a cottage, and had placed his small pail of material on the top of a chimney-pot, to which convenient position he had been tempted to allot it on account of the absence of any smoke proceeding therefrom, he naturally deducing that the absence of smoke revealed the fact that the fire-grate below was not in use, and that, therefore, he would not incommode anyone by

choking the chimney. But he acted really unwisely, for the ever-useful sweep was expected, and, of course, in view of his visit no fire had been lighted in that particular grate. Quite without warning, the black one's broom protruded from the dark cavity of the chimney and dislodged the blockading pail, which fell on to the man's arm, cutting it rather severely, and careered down the sloping roof, from which it eventually tumbled into the yard of the premises. The sweep, doubtless, wondered what on earth obstructed the proper passage of his familiar broom; but he was not long in being acquainted of the fact (Fig. 9).

Had the bucket fallen a few inches to one side the man would have been stunned, and thus being unable to control himself, would have lost his

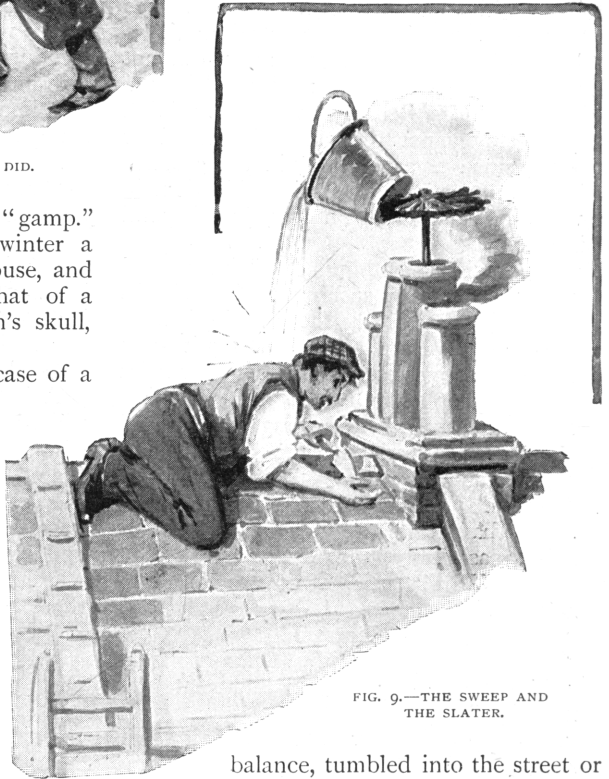



FIG. 9.—THE SWEEP AND THE SLATER.

balance, tumbled into the street or yard, and probably have been killed.

It is to be hoped that the narration of these few peculiar accidents has not created any feeling of timidity; for surely it would be far better to go through life not fearing chance occurrences, but with sufficient precaution to avoid them.

Lenster's - End.

BY MRS. E. NEWMAN.

O you mean that your love is given to another?"

"No!" simply and directly.

"You cannot return mine?"

"No, not that!" as simply and directly.

"Then let the rest be what it may," ejaculated Niel Dorrington, in a tone of glad relief, putting his arms about the young girl. "Ah, Daphne, mine! I was so terribly afraid."

With a movement of withdrawal, too decided to be set at naught by the man who loved her, she stood free again. Slight, tall, delicately beautiful, and something more—a woman with whom a man might trust his honour and his life; so thought Niel Dorrington and such others as could read Daphne Ward aright.

She owed little to the pretty bravery of the toilette, with which girls of her age—she was not nineteen—naturally like to adorn themselves. To those of the guests who did not know her position—that of reader and amanuensis to old Mrs. Bellamy—she appeared that day too simply, not to say severely, attired for the occasion: a garden party in the grounds of her employer's spacious river-side domain on the banks of the Thames, just beyond Hampton.

"There is something else," murmured Daphne, the colour rushing to her cheeks and as quickly deserting them again, leaving her paler than before. "I must say it—you are Mrs. Bellamy's nearest relative—her heir; and your people are proud. Ah, listen: I too have my pride, Mr. Dorrington; I would not enter a family where I was not welcome."

"You would be; you shall be, and——"

"You do not know," she hurriedly put in. "I have not told you all. There is another reason why it could not be."

"Miss Ward," said a man-servant, approaching.

"Yes, I am here, James."

"I was to say that Mrs. Bellamy wishes you to go to her on the lawn immediately, if you please."

"I will go with you, Daphne," said Niel, as she turned to follow the man, drawing her hand over his arm.

She understood what was in his mind: he was going to make his intention evident at once before the assembled guests. "I must go alone," she replied, with gentle persistence, but with a grateful upward look into his eyes. "I will write."

"When?"

"To-morrow we shall be preparing, and the next day we go down to the Hall. I cannot promise until Friday." Was she unconsciously to herself glad of the little respite?

"Three days!" he ejaculated. "But you must remember that whatever the mysterious reason may be, it will make no difference now. Having acknowledged the one thing of importance, you are mine—by right divine, mine!"

"I must go—good-bye," she whispered, with faltering lips, adding to herself, "Good-bye, my love, good-bye!"

"Daphne!" he exclaimed, noting the change in her face. "It is not that you have taken some foolish notion into your mind about money or position? You are not so unjust as that to me, I hope. A proper pride is all very well; I cannot blame you for meeting pride with pride; but I cannot allow it to interfere to prevent our future happiness. You know me, and you know what value I set upon the accidental advantages of life in comparison with——"

"Yes, I know you, and—and—you will understand when you receive my letter."

Once more withdrawing her hand, she turned into a trellised walk, and swiftly made her way to the lawn where sat Mrs. Bellamy in conversation with two or three of her guests, but not too absorbed to take keen note of the young girl as she advanced.

A lady of about sixty years of age, with white hair, still fine complexion, and the air of one who had always been accustomed to the position she was now in—Mrs. Bellamy was considered, and considered herself, to possess more than ordinary mental power, and was not a little proud of her knowledge of character and capability of managing those about her.

"James says you want me, Mrs. Bellamy."

"I hope I have not taken you from some young girl friend, Miss Ward," with the gentle suavity which Daphne understood was nevertheless meant to convey a reproof. Mrs. Bellamy was, in fact, quite aware with whom Daphne had been.

"I was talking to Mr. Dorrington," replied Daphne, a little brusquely; telling herself that the other could not suppose that any girl there could be a friend of hers.

"I might have known that she would blurt out the truth, as her way is," thought



"SHE TURNED INTO A TRELLISED WALK."

Mrs. Bellamy ; adding to Daphne, "Will you be good enough to help Mrs. Grant in dispensing the tea, Miss Ward? I think she will be glad of your assistance just now."

Not sorry to escape from the little lady's cold, keen scrutiny, Daphne went off to do her bidding.

Mrs. Bellamy looked after her as she went with more complacent eyes. "Nothing serious as yet," she was thinking. "No sign of the triumph any girl would feel at having won a lover such as Niel. All the same, it would have been wiser to keep her to the tea-room. There is not a girl here to compare with her; and Master Niel has the Dorrington good taste in such matters, besides being very human. Yes; I shall have to be very careful if I keep her; and I want to do that if I can; she is so intelligent, and none could suit me better. But at the first sign of real danger she must go."

"Where is Daphne, Aunt Jane?" asked Niel, coming up.

"Do you mean Miss Ward?" with an angry frown.

"Of course I do," endeavouring to speak lightly, but with the consciousness that the moment was not propitious for him. "There can be but one Daphne for me, Aunt Jane."

"Miss Ward is helping the housekeeper, as

she ought to have been doing before," coldly. After a glance round, and finding that no one was within earshot, she went on: "I do hope you are not putting any nonsensical ideas into her head, Niel; it would be very unfair to me, as well as inconsiderate for her, since nothing could possibly come of it"; slowly and meaningly repeating: "Nothing—could possibly—come of it."

"But I am hoping that something will come of it, Aunt Jane. It is my great desire to make Daphne my wife."

"Your wife! Miss Ward? Oh, too absurd."

He felt that he had indeed not chosen the best moment for making his intention known to his aunt. Both were silent a few moments; she in her disappointment at finding the danger was nearer at hand than she had imagined, and he casting about in his mind for what to say next, so that he might make her understand he was not to be

turned from his purpose.

"I am sorry it should seem that to you," he presently began, "for I am very much in earnest, and—you know me too well to suppose that, having once made up my mind, I am likely to change it."

"My approval is of no importance?"

"It is of the greatest importance, and I am hoping that when you realize how completely my future happiness depends upon my winning Daphne, you will not withhold your consent."

She closed her lips and looked at him—only looked.

"Come, Aunt Jane; you have shown your own appreciation of Daphne plainly enough. You know you said you never had so charming a companion." ("That was a great mistake," thought Mrs. Bellamy.) "Surely you are not going to be against me for loving her, and simply because she has no money?"

"No; not simply for that, Niel. Who and what are her people?"

"I don't know, and, to tell the truth"—meeting her eyes with what she had so often admired as the "true Dorrington look"—"I don't care."

"Have you well considered what you have to offer her? Even Miss Ward may not care to share your—expectations."

"I see what you wish me to understand, Aunt Jane. I shall have little enough to offer, but she may prefer even that to—expectations."

"You will both do as you please, of course." Then, with a sudden change of front, speaking in a more genial fashion in order to reassure him, although she had fully made up her mind that Miss Ward must go the very next morning, she went on: "You must run down to the Hall soon, Niel, and we can talk the matter over. Come on Saturday or Monday; we shall have settled down a little by then."

"Will you oblige me by saying nothing about the subject to Daphne in the meantime, Aunt Jane?" not so entirely thrown off his guard as she imagined.

"Oh, certainly, if you do not wish it," cheerfully. "I must find another way," thought the astute little lady; "make her quarrel with me about something. Go she must and shall!"

"I shall be down on Saturday," he said; telling himself that before then he would have got Daphne's letter, and could reply in person. There could be but one thing for him to say—smiling to himself at the thought of allowing anything to come between them now.

He took leave of his aunt, went up to town, and made his way to his chambers in anything but a depressed frame of mind. Every obstacle dwindled into nothingness before the one great fact that Daphne had admitted she cared for him. Not even the remembrance of the tone of that good-bye, and the sad look in her eyes, had the power to discourage him now. She would soon know, he told himself, as, arrived at his chambers, he sprang up the steps two at a time and let himself in.

His rooms had been luxuriously furnished by his aunt. He had tried to make her understand how little he cared for such surroundings; but she had insisted that it was only fitting and right that her nephew and heir should take his place with the best. She had married a millionaire, and had succeeded to his wealth—a childless widow with no other relative than Niel. For him her ambition was great; and before all things she had set her heart upon his marrying well, according to her own notions of what "well" meant. Money he would have in abundance—birth and position his wife must have.

He had been always taught to consider

himself her heir, and he was not ungrateful for all that she had done for him. But not for one moment would she be allowed to interfere to prevent his marrying the woman he loved. As to Daphne's scruples, they must, of course, be overcome. She was afraid of his injuring his prospects with his aunt, perhaps; or there might possibly be some ne'er-do-well of a brother or father. But whatever the difficulty, she would soon understand that it would make no difference to him.

Three days! How could he get through the time? "Ah, Daphne, mine! If you knew what three days apart from you means to me now!" he ejaculated, restlessly pacing the room.

The clock had struck three, and dawn was already breaking, when at length he threw himself on to the bed and fell asleep; his last thought of her accompanying him in his dreams. He was following her now through the winding paths of a deep wood; now they were emerging into the open spaces of what seemed a large park; now making their way through an avenue of old trees; he always following and she eluding him, until at length she was lost. He seemed to be striving to remember the name of a place as someone repeated it to him, and awoke with it on his lips.

"Lenster's-End!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I am half dreaming, I think, Manning. Lenster's-End?" musingly. "Never heard of such a place."

"I have, sir; a cousin of mine once lived in a family there; and a pretty little place it is—on a branch line of the South-Western."

Niel was a little absently getting through the process of dressing.

"Lenster's-End."

He turned sharply round. The man was not in the room; yet Dorrington could have sworn he heard the words spoken close to him. Imagination—of course it must be that. A word or sentence heard in a dream was apt to follow one in that persistent way, sometimes. To his knowledge, he had never heard of the place before, nor could he recollect anything associated with it. He went into the adjoining room for breakfast; and as he sat over his coffee, the words came floating to him, as though through the open window, across the sounds of the London street:—

"Lenster's-End."

This was becoming absurd. To change the current of his thoughts he opened the



"HE TURNED SHARPLY ROUND—THE MAN WAS NOT IN THE ROOM."

morning's letters, and finding nothing to specially interest him in them, threw them aside and took up the *Times*.

"Lenster's-End."

Dorrington looked not a little surprised. It was not like Manning to speak in this way, unless it was perhaps put as a question: "How far is it down the line, Manning?"

"Lenster's-End? Between forty and fifty miles, sir. It takes its name from Lenster Park, I suppose, because that ends there. A beautiful park it is, with its sweeps and hollows and fine old woods."

"Who is the owner?"

"It did belong to the Lensters for generations; but I don't know how it is now. I think my cousin said something about its being in Chancery."

"Lenster's-End."

No; it certainly was not the man this time. Manning, the sedate and methodical, was quietly about his work of putting out his master's clothes. Dorington once more took up the *Times*, and resolutely strove to fix his attention upon the morning's news.

"Lenster's-End."

This was too much. "Give me my coat, Manning; I shall lunch at the club."

He presently set forth and walked slowly down towards Pall Mall. Not much longer would he be a loungee at the clubs. His aunt's words had had their effect, although not in the way she had intended; and he knew her too well to think that she would change her mind any more readily than he would change his. He would very soon be hurrying off in the early morning Citywards, on business intent. There was a pleasant little stir in his mind at the thought of doing his share of life's work, and, above all, of doing it for Daphne.

He had arranged it all in his own mind. The principal of his little income of three hundred a year, which had come to him from his mother, must be realized and invested in a partnership in some firm of good standing, to which he could devote all his energies. His training ought to be of some use to him, and he must put his shoulder to the wheel. He would not be marrying a girl accustomed to luxury or with extravagant tastes; and, for himself, he knew how little he cared for such things. With Daphne, his simple, strong, beautiful love, life would be at its highest and best.

"Lenster's-End."

He half-turned his head.

"Oh, nonsense!" he ejaculated, seeing that no one was near him. His thoughts reverted to Daphne again. "I have only to make it quite clear to her that it will be no sacrifice on my part; and I think I shall be able to do that." Nodding across the road to a friend, he smiled to himself at the thought that he would not be much longer on more than bowing acquaintance with the upper ten.

As, on entering the club, he passed the hall porter, the man looked at him with an expression he could not quite understand. It was, in fact, unusual to see even a younger member bound up the steps with the energy of a man on a business errand. He turned into the reading-room, and took up one of the quarterlies.

Suddenly, and now he felt sure the words were spoken by the man sitting opposite to him, he heard again:—

"Lenster's-End."

"What about it?" he exclaimed, loudly and impatiently.

The young man looked up. "Dorrington! Earlier than usual, are you not?"

"What were you saying about Lenster's-End, Weston?"

"Nothing ; and for the best of reasons : I know nothing about Lenster or his end."

Dorrington ruffled up his hair, looking doubtfully at the other.

"Go !"

"Well, I've half a mind to," speaking in reply, and unconsciously, aloud.

"That's not like you, old man. You have at any rate managed to get the credit for having a whole one."

Dorrington said a word to the other ; then took up the thread of thoughts again. "It would be a way of getting through the time ; and there would be a spice of uncertainty—it might be adventure—about it. If there were only a chance of getting a glimpse of Daphne, now, or——"

"The 'Bradshaw' ? Yes, here it is, *Dorrington*."

Had he unconsciously asked for the "Bradshaw," then, or what was it ? Why was he being urged on in this way ? Murmuring a word of thanks to the other, he turned over the leaves, and ran his eye down the pages. "Lenster's-End." Yes, here it was, and the time would serve well enough. But why should he go without purpose on what would probably turn out to be only a fool's errand ?—putting down the book.

"Go !"

He was silent for a moment. Then suddenly and decidedly replied—again it seemed to him in reply—"I will." Rising to his feet, he nodded to the other and went out.

In ten minutes he was at home ; and, bidding the cabman wait, he went in.

"Put a few things into a bag for me, Manning. No, not evening clothes—just brushes, and a change of linen."

"Do you return to-morrow, sir ?"

"Probably—I don't know. Consider yourself free for a couple of days" ; telling himself that it would be of no consequence if he returned earlier. It would soon be necessary to dispense with a man altogether ; and it would do him good to be obliged to depend upon himself a little more.

"Where to, sir ?" asked the cabman, as *Dorrington* jumped in.

"Waterloo Station, as quick as you can drive."

Dorrington was in good time to catch the express due at the junction at half-past six. From there a train reached Lenster's-End a little before eight. He noticed that, from the moment he had made up his mind, he was no longer troubled with the mysterious impressions, suggestions, or whatever they were.

He lighted a cigar, sat back in the carriage,

and once more gave all his thoughts to Daphne. How soon would he be able to persuade her to be his wife ? He must first of all show her that he was thoroughly in earnest. He must arrange everything so as to be able to tell her exactly what his prospects were. It seemed to him, the best thing would be to obtain a junior partnership in some respectable firm ; yes, immediately on his return to town, he would go to the family lawyer and ask his advice upon the matter. "I can depend upon old Sherrard. He will endeavour to make me change my mind, of course ; too cute a lawyer to have much romance, but his advice will be valuable on the business side of the question."

By the time he reached the junction, *Dorrington* was on very good terms with himself and the world, not omitting a kindly thought for the aunt who had done so much for him, and meant so well, however mistaken she might be as to what constituted happiness for him. Absorbed in such reflections, he got through the somewhat dreary wait at the junction philosophically enough, and in due course arrived at the Lenster station, his curiosity not a little piqued at what was going to be the upshot of his flying visit there.

"Lenster's-End ? Not more than half a mile's walk, sir ; if you take the short cut—a footpath across the lower end of the park through the woods. That brings you right into Lenster's-End ; and you'll be able to do it before it gets dark if you step out. The first turning out of the lane there, and you'll see the swing gate."

"Will you send this bag to the inn for me ? There is one there, I suppose ?"

"Yes, a good one, sir. You can't do better than put up at the 'Ram's Head.' You'll be right comfortable there."

"Thank you," repeated *Dorrington*.

Turning from the road into a lane, he walked a few yards down it until he came to the swing gate. "Yes, this is better than the dusty road," he thought, as he passed through. After a moment's hesitation—two or three paths branched off from the gate—he took the one which seemed to run in the direction the man had indicated. "Not much traffic here ; people do not seem to avail themselves very frequently of the short cut," he was telling himself, as he noticed how rankly the grass overgrew the path. It was getting dusk, and the wide-spreading old trees shut out nearly all the remaining light there was.

As he walked on in the deepening darkness, the hush of everything around him—

even his own footsteps were soundless on the yielding turf—began to make itself felt. The deep silence was becoming almost oppressive. When, presently, there broke upon the stillness the sound of some creeping thing getting out of his way, and a squirrel scurried off amongst the leaves, he was, for the moment, as startled as though he had heard a pistol-shot. He realized as he had never done before “the trumpet-tongued solitude of the woods.”

But glades and open spaces were coming into view, and the moon, almost at its full, was beginning to flood them with its soft white radiance, at the same time rendering the shadow-land in which he walked dimmer and more mysterious.

What a scene ! Beyond, amidst the trees, stood out a stately old battlemented stone mansion, looking in this pale light like a monument of the dead past — no sign of life within.

“In Chancery, Manning said—some mystery about it. It looks mysterious enough” — he was thinking. “The whole place has a gloomy, uncanny look about it in this light. If one believed in— But I am approaching the house ; I must have taken the wrong turning, after all. Awkward to lose one’s way in a place like this.”

He stood still, looking about him in some perplexity for a few moments. Suddenly he became aware that someone was standing beneath a tree near where he was : a man tall, slight, and, so far as he could see in that dim light, elderly, and quaintly attired in the fashion of some forty or fifty years previously. “A gentleman,” thought Dorrington.

“Can you put me in the way for the village—Lenster’s-End?” he asked, raising his hat, as the other turned slightly towards him.

In a low voice—speaking, Dorrington fancied, like one to whom speech did not come readily—he replied : “Follow me,” moving quietly on as he spoke.

“Thank you. A beautiful place this,” went on Dorrington, as he turned to accompany the other, passing silently on.

They turned into a broad avenue, bordered by triple rows of elms, running at right angles with the path they had quitted.

“Odd,” thought Dorrington ; “all this looks quite familiar to me ; I seem to have been here before. This avenue, the house, and the lake down there glittering amongst the trees. Where— Ah, my dream ! How like the reality !”

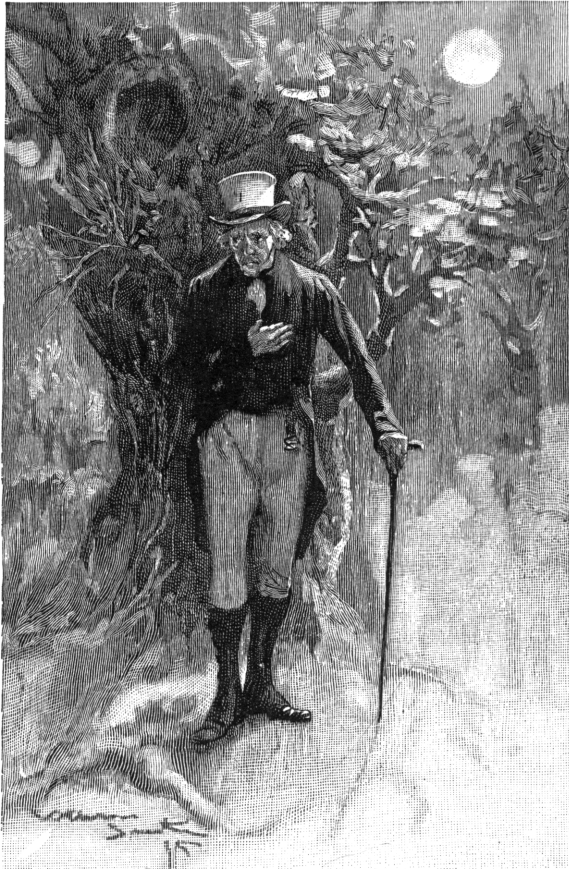
“The link between.”

A little startled, Dorrington looked hastily round. Had the words been spoken, or had he only fancied he heard them ? A strange, uncanny feeling was beginning to steal

over him. To hear the sound of his own voice, he presently said : “This place is in Chancery, I hear ; and the large funded property without an owner.”

“A wrong done.”

“Indeed !” ejaculated Dorrington, impressed without being able to understand precisely why ; wondering what kind of man this might be to talk in such mysterious fashion. They moved on in silence again, until it was broken by Dorrington, who suddenly exclaimed : “Why, we are close to the house. This cannot be the right way.



“STANDING BENEATH A TREE.”

Did you understand that I want to go to the village?"

"You are wanted here."

"I? For what?"

"Follow."

"I do not understand," replied the young man, telling himself that he must have got into the hands of a madman; but conscious the while of an undercurrent of feeling to which he shrank from giving a name. "I fancy that if I were to strike across the glade there, and down through the woods in that direction"—he thought, pausing and looking back—"Yes; surely those lights down there must be in the village."

"Follow me."

Again the words sounded as though they were breathed rather than spoken, although they were clear enough to his mental apprehension. Once more Niel looked round at the other, but somehow failed to obtain a more distinct impression than he had previously gained. "There can be nothing for me to do up there," he murmured, feeling at the same time that, for some unaccountable reason, go he must. Impelled, he knew not how or why, he walked on again, telling himself, with a grim little attempt at a jest, that it seemed he was not to be permitted to use his own will in the matter.

They were drawing very near to the house, and as they crossed what had been an Italian garden laid out in the old-fashioned way, with terraces, low balustrades, quaintly cut yew trees, which had almost lost their original shape, and stone statues and vases—some overturned and half-hidden in the long, rank grass—he noticed a great oriel window giving upon the terrace, the lower part of which was open.

His mysterious guide moved straight towards it, and with a gesture of his hand, seemed to invite the other to enter. Niel hesitated, looking doubtfully into the room; then, after a moment, obeyed the gently impelling pressure of a hand upon his arm and went in. A large library, lofty, finely proportioned, and its shelves apparently well filled, but with the indescribably forlorn appearance of having been long disused.

His senses were keenly on the alert, and his curiosity aroused by the other's air of mystery. "You say I am wanted here. In what way can I be of use?"

"A great wrong done."

"You said that before," thought Niel.

"It is for you to undo it."

"How?" striving once more to keep off the eerie feeling stealing upon him.

"Take it down," pointing to a large volume on one of the shelves.

To his own great surprise, Niel mechanically took down the volume, and placed it on the table.

"Page two hundred."

Niel looked round at him. "Does this place belong to you?"

"Once."

"Then why do you not look yourself?"

No reply.

"He is mad," thought Dorrington. "Yes, it must be that," still trying to keep off another and more gruesome suspicion which again suggested itself.

He felt his hand impelled towards the book.

"Page two hundred."

It opened at the page easily enough, and Niel saw a sealed packet.

"Take it."

His nerves at their utmost tension, Niel's fingers closed over the packet.

"What do you wish me to do with this?"

"Right—the—wrong," the words sounding more faintly now, but still clear enough to Niel's mental apprehension.

"You must tell me more than you have yet done first," turning to face the other.

No one!

The moonlight streaming in showed him that he stood alone. He strode the length of the room.

"Where are you?" he exclaimed. "What trick are you trying to play upon me? Do you think I will carry off this packet, to which I have no right, without knowing more?"

"Right the wrong."

For answer Niel threw the packet on to the table, went to the bell, and rang it vigorously for a few seconds. The sound, coming from some distance, faintly echoing along passages, reached his ears. He stood sternly waiting.

Dead silence! He rang again and again, with the same result. Then with a sudden access of what he was not afterwards ashamed to call panic he rushed out on to the terrace.

Was it the chill night air? As he emerged from the house a cold shiver passed over him; and then—the packet he had thrown on to the table, and certainly had not taken up again, was in his hand, and the word "Remember" came softly sighing to his ears.

Hardly knowing which way he took in his haste to get away, he sped down the avenue and through the woods. Was the figure he had seen that of one who belonged to another world? Dorrington had hitherto been as sceptical of the possibility of such communi-



"NIEL'S FINGERS CLOSED OVER THE PACKET."

cations as were the generality of the people of the world in which he lived. But now!

It was with a deep breath of relief that he found himself after a while—how long, he knew not, nor how he had contrived to get into the right way again—at the swing gate which gave upon the village.

On emerging into the road, he saw a few people about; and, on inquiring his way to the "Ram's Head," found that it was but a few steps across the green from where he stood.

How welcome were the everyday sights and sounds: gossiping women grouped in twos and threes at cottage doors in the twilight; laughing and squabbling children; cackling of geese; and the "hish, hish" of the hostler rubbing down a restless horse, clattering about on the stones of the inn yard.

Niel was shown into a cheerful, brightly-

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lighted travellers' room; and the inn-keeper presently came in to receive his orders in person.

"Whatever the house affords, landlord," he said, conscious of being himself human enough in the sudden need he felt for refreshment. "Just a cutlet and a potato, as soon as you can; and meanwhile bring in some of your best wine. Missed my way in the woods coming from the station, and feel a little run down. Have they sent my bag—Mr. Dorrington?"

"Yes, sir. They should not direct strangers to take the short cut through the woods. It is so easy to take the wrong turn and get lost there for hours. Got a fright in the woods, I fancy—looks as though he had seen the ghost," he thought, bustling out for the wine, and in again.

"Sit down and take some with me," said Dorrington.

The landlord sat down willingly enough. "Wants to hear what I know about it," he thought. "And he is welcome to that"; adding, aloud, "Rather a dreary walk through those woods at the best of times. After sunset, folks about here prefer taking the road way, though it's longer. They do say that the old squire as was walks there."

"He is dead?"

"Sixteen years, and more, sir."

"Why is he supposed to haunt the place?"

"Can't rest, it's thought. Something on his conscience when he died."

The words "Right the wrong!" repeated themselves in Dorrington's brain.

"The old squire—he was very nearly eighty when he died—had his ways. He was a good master to those who served him well, and without question; but hard, sir, hard.

Cared for little besides money, and what he called keeping up the old name. He was nearly fifty when he married; and people said he wouldn't then, but for the hope of having an heir to inherit his wealth, though his wife was a lady any man might have been proud of, for she was young and beautiful, and gently born. Well, the squire had his wish one way, for a son was born to them two years after the marriage. The boy proved to be of the right sort too, not likely to be spoilt by his father.

"Mrs. Lenster was a gentle, right-minded lady; and she made the most of the time while the boy was too young for companionship with his father, and was supposed to be running wild. The old squire didn't set much value upon learning, beyond what was sufficient to make his son sharp and fitted to take good care of the wealth that was to come to him.

"But the lad favoured his mother. When he was twelve years old, Mrs. Lenster died; and then his father took him in hand. But it was too late to undo the work she had done. The boy was clever, high-spirited, and generous; and could not be brought into his father's ways. In vain did the squire try to bend his son to his will. It only made the breach between them wider. He was jealous, too, of the boy's unswerving love for his mother; and, without knowing how to, set to work to win as much for himself. As time went on, all this became more and more evident. The young squire got on well at college, and was said to make plenty of friends there; but at home it was dull enough; no visitors were welcome at the Park, and the great house was nearly all shut up, for the squire grew more and more miserly, and kept but a very few servants.

"When the young man was five-and-twenty, there was a great quarrel between him and his father. The rights of it were never known, but it was supposed the son wanted to marry someone the father disapproved. The young man went away, and was dared to enter the doors again, the squire vowing he would leave all he possessed to strangers.

"This was all that was known; except that a year or two later came a letter to the squire, which seemed to put a seal to his anger. The servants were warned not to mention his son's name on penalty of instant dismissal; and he became more stern and unsociable than ever. Before another year had passed, came news of the young man's death. He was brought there to be buried, and the old man must

have felt more than he was supposed to feel, for he never spoke again, dying a few days afterwards from a stroke.

"It was thought that something had occurred when he went to bring home his dead son, and that his mind was burdened by the recollection of some wrong done, for at the last he was very anxious to speak to those about him. He strove hard to make himself understood; but in vain. He died with the secret, whatever it was, unrevealed. Moreover, no will was found; it was supposed he had destroyed it, for he was seen tearing up and burning papers on his return from the funeral. Do you happen to know any of the family, sir? A good old stock, the Lensters."

"No; I never to my knowledge heard the name until yesterday."

Finding that if the young man had anything to tell, he was not in the mood to tell it, the landlord presently left him to his reflections.

Dorrington took the packet that had so mysteriously come into his possession from his pocket. Yes, it was real enough, he thought, turning it over in his hands and examining it with curious eyes: a large envelope fastened with a black seal—the impression upon which he supposed to be the Lenster crest—and containing apparently more than one letter.

No address or superscription of any kind! Niel sat gazing down at it, wondering what mystery it contained; but, curious as he was, not choosing to break the seal.

What to do? What if he were to take the packet to Sherrard, and ask his advice? "That's what I will do," he presently decided, putting it into his pocket as dinner was announced.

After attempting a cigar, which did not quite come up to his expectations in comparison with the rest of the entertainment, he gave directions to be called in time to catch the morning express at the junction, went to his room, and this time slept through the night without any disturbing dream.

On arriving at the London terminus the next day, and driving to his chambers, he found the letter he had hardly hoped to see already awaiting him. He tore open the envelope, took out the letter, and hurriedly ran his eyes through the contents.

"Dear Mr. Dorrington,—I am able to write sooner than I expected, because I left Mrs. Bellamy to-day. We both agreed it was better I should go, and I hope you will not blame either of us. I will not say here



"A LARGE ENVELOPE FASTENED WITH A BLACK SEAL."

what I think of the honour you have done me. I cannot be your wife—as I told you, it cannot be. Nor must you think I am in any way influenced by your aunt. The obstacle not to be overcome is that my mother—my dear mother—was not married, and I take her name. I cannot be your wife. Dear Mr. Dorrington, I want you to quite understand that nothing can alter this decision. Therefore, I think it is best that you should hear no more about me, nor know where I am. You must not think that life will be hard for me. Remember always that I have chosen the way I am taking of my own free will. Take this as my final good-bye, and believe me ever your true friend, DAPHNE WARD."

"Accept her final good-bye!" he laughed out at the bare idea. "Does she think she will escape me so easily? I will find her, conceal herself where she may. Her mother not married—that an obstacle! Ah, Daphne, you ought to know me better. As though you could be any better to me if she had been married. I must not lose a moment, but—Ah, Sherrard, of course!" Dorrington remembered now having heard that

it was the family lawyer who had recommended Daphne to his aunt.

In ten minutes he was driving full speed in the direction of Lincoln's Inn.

When he was ushered into Mr. Sherrard's private room, that gentleman looked up with some surprise. "Already!" he thought; "I did not expect him so soon as this—I must be on my guard."

"Where is Miss Ward, Mr. Sherrard?" began Niel, plunging at once into the subject, and adding, as the other was about to protest: "Of course, you know where she is. It was you who recommended her to my aunt."

"I know she has left Mrs. Bellamy, and I am bound to tell you that I quite approve of her having done so, Mr. Dorrington."

"Why?" Not liking to repeat what she had told him, in case the other had not already heard it.

"Well, to be plain with you, her mother was not married, and she will not be the means of destroying your future prospects."

"Prospects! What would they be without her? How little you know me. Look here, Mr. Sherrard;

I mean to marry Daphne Ward. Nothing shall prevent it."

"If you have not considered consequences, she has."

"I have well considered them. It won't be much of a match for her, to be sure. I shall most probably have nothing more than the small property which came to me from my mother to depend upon in the outset. But I am hoping to make my way after awhile. I am thinking of realizing the ten thousand and investing in some safe firm, where I could act as working partner. Yes," noting the smile on the other's lips, "I mean work, and I think my University training ought to be of some use."

"I believe you are in earnest, Mr. Dorrington, and I honour you for it; but I know what you would be giving up in acting against Mrs. Bellamy's wishes, and—a moment, my dear sir—I also know Miss Ward; and I am very sure she will not consent."

"Leave that to me. Where is she?"

"That I must not reveal without her permission. But I may say that she has found a home with friends who, I can promise you, will take good care of her. But for the

pride—to her I call it that, to you I will say independence—she would not have gone out into the world as she has.”

“I must find her for myself—tell her that she ought to remember that my happiness is concerned as well as her pride.”

Mr. Sherrard looked approvingly at the young man. Keen lawyer as he was, he was something besides, as an invalid wife could have told. He fidgeted in his chair, turned over the papers before him, and looked at his watch.

Dorrington noticed the movement, and thinking that he had some appointment perhaps, and was desirous of putting an end to the interview, rose to his feet. “So that you understand what my determination is, it is sufficient for the present, Mr. Sherrard.”

“I never had to do with two young people so determined, if that will satisfy you, my dear sir. Is there nothing else you wish to consult me about?”

“Yes; why, yes, of course there is; I had nearly forgotten that!” ejaculated Niel. “If you can give me a few minutes longer, I should like to ask your advice about a packet which mysteriously came into my possession.” As shortly as might be, he told the story of the previous night’s experience, noticing that the other listened intently, and without the smile he had expected to see when he touched upon the mysterious appearance. As he finished the narration he took the packet from his pocket and placed in on the table before the lawyer.

“What do you make of it? What do you think I ought to do?”

Mr. Sherrard appeared not to hear him. “Lenster’s-End!” he murmured. “Odd—very odd,” passing his hand over his chin, his eyes fixed meditatively upon the young man.

“Do you know the place?”

“Well, Mr. Lenster was a client of ours.” Taking up the packet and looking at the seal, he added: “The family crest. Yes, I think you would be justified in breaking the seal. Should the contents prove to be of any importance, it will be only to pass them on to the trustees—as they have told you, the property is in Chancery.”

“Yes, the landlord of the inn told me that.”

“Open it; I take the responsibility of advising you to do so.”

Niel broke the seal, and took from the envelope a letter and two folded papers.

“Read the letter, Dorrington; read it.”

“I will read it aloud.”

“Yes, yes; go on.”

Wondering not a little at the other’s sudden excitement and apparent impatience to hear the contents—different feelings seemed to be jostling each other in his mind—Niel began.

“My dear father, I am making a last appeal to you; and this time not on my own behalf. I found employment, and have contrived to keep my dear wife so far. But the work has been, they say, too hard for me. The doctor tells me that it is owing to over-exertion that hemorrhage of the lungs, from which I am suffering, has set in. It has entirely incapacitated me for the time, and put an end to all hope of earning a living. My only chance is, he says, entire rest for a year. At best, it is but a bare chance for me; and, in case of a relapse, I am sending the certificates of our marriage and the birth of our child—you will see that we have given her my mother’s name—in the hope that you will provide for them. My poor wife is not strong, and the shock of my illness has told upon her greatly. She bids me tell you that, if I am taken from her, there is little chance that she will trouble anyone long. Dear father, try to forgive me for having married against your consent. But for its being against your wish, I have never had the slightest reason to regret my marriage. As you know, my wife is of gentle birth, and lacked nothing but money. I ask you, perhaps from the grave, to remember that Mary has been a loving, faithful wife to me in the struggle I have gone through. Remember, too, that our child is the last of our line, and—”

Mr. Sherrard did not wait to hear more. Catching up the papers, he glanced through them and broke into a glad laugh.

“My dear sir, my dear sir, do you know what you have brought me?” he ejaculated, looking as much unlike the methodical business lawyer his clients knew as it was possible to look.

“What?” asked Dorrington, in some astonishment, as the other seized both his hands and shook them warmly. “Do you mean the young man’s letter to his father?”

“The young man, indeed—do you know of whom you are speaking?”

“The old man’s son, I suppose; and these are the proofs of his marriage which were missing. Well, I am glad, of course, to be instrumental in their recovery; but I do not see what difference it can make to me personally.”

“It makes the difference that he was Daphne’s father.”

"Her father? Daphne's! Is it possible?"
even more excited than the other.

"Read for yourself."

Dorrington took the papers from the other's hand. "Yes; Edward Lenster and Mary Ward—Daphne Lenster, born—why, this means——"

"It means that what we have searched for all these long years is found. It means not only that Miss Daphne is legitimate, but that she is heiress to all her grandfather's wealth. Young Mr Lenster died at the hospital to which he was taken; and his father told me that the wife, as we must now call her, died within a few hours of his son. But he would not tell me where. He placed Daphne, who was then two years old, in my care, stating that she was his son's child, and that she bore only her mother's name—God forgive him. He paid me a sum sufficient to provide for her board and education until she was eighteen—old enough to get her own living. He died just afterwards, almost suddenly, I believe. My wife and I—no matter about that—when Daphne was eighteen, we thought it right she should know what there was to know: and then she insisted upon going out into the world and earning her own bread."

"But where is she?"

"Come down to Harrow with me and you shall hear the rest. My dear Dorrington, there is no time to spare. Never been late for dinner in my life."

"Only tell me——"

"If you wish to find Daphne——"

This was enough. Mr. Sherrard locked up the important documents and they set forth. He occupied himself with his note-book as they drove to the station and on the way down by train—Niel fancied to avoid further

questioning, and strove to wait patiently as might be. The short distance to the lawyer's house was very quickly walked.

"Come in here, Dorrington," said Mr. Sherrard, ushering the young man into a study and leaving him to himself.

In two minutes the door opened again.

"Mrs. Sherrard says you want me," began Daphne, as she took a step into the room. "Oh!" she ejaculated, shrinking back at sight of him.

He was at her side in a moment. "So I do, as I never could want anyone or anything else on earth."

"But—but—Ah! no!" striving to withdraw herself. "How could Mr. Sherrard break faith with me?"

"There has been no breaking faith, my darling—a wonderful discovery has been made. Think of what you would most care to hear."

"My mother?"—in a low voice, a hot flush covering her face.

"She was the beloved wife of Edward Lenster."

"Is it true? Are you sure?" almost afraid to believe, her eyes eagerly searching his.

"His wife?"

"Absolutely. We hold the proofs. Only"—seeing that the happiness the revelation brought was almost more than she could bear, and trying the effect of a little jest—"you called yourself proud, you know, and you are now heiress to great wealth. What am I to do if you reject me again?"

"Proud! Ah, Niel, I shall never be proud but of one thing now—I know the true value of your love."



"A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE."

Some Curious Fancy Dresses.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.

THE way in which this article came to be written was, like its subject, rather peculiar. I was speaking one night, on the spacious floor of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to an individual whose appearance was, to put it very mildly indeed, a little out of the common. He called himself "Capital and Labour," and certainly was a perambulating allegory. Exactly half his person was clad in faultless evening dress, while the other half represented a typical labouring man, wearing a grimy cap, a rough guernsey, cord trousers hitched up with a strap, a red handkerchief, short clay pipe, and a navvy's boot of ponderous dimensions. This half also carried a tin tea bottle and a shovel that had seen much service. I should mention that the old cap and the section of a glossy silk hat were spliced together for the one head in a very masterly manner.

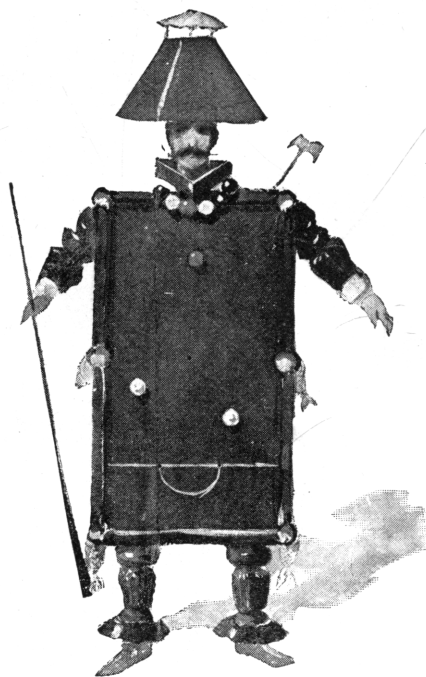
"Capital" smoked a Turkish cigarette, while "Labour" contented himself with an indescribable clay, touching his cap occasionally and borrowing a light from his friend and master close by. At intervals these two persons in one shook hands with each other amid the applause of a non-democratic but strangely-assorted multitude. The wearer of this costume, however, clearly had cause for these periodical demonstrations, for he ultimately secured a very valuable prize.

Somewhat similarly, "Convict and Judge" were typified on the person of a single individual, the printed legend running, "'Tis years since last we met"; and a gentleman dressed

as half postman and half housemaid was labelled "United Service." I saw all these, and hosts of other living jokes, from a walking "Wedding Cake" to a "Pirate 'Bus"; and then, assisted by Sir Augustus Harris, I set to work to procure photographs and sketches of some of the most unique costumes ever designed.

My first example needs some little description and explanation. This is the "Billiard Table," designed and made by Harrisons, of Bow Street, with the avowed intention of securing the combination dining and billiard table which figured among the valuable prizes to be awarded at a particular ball; I may say here that the dress was successful in this respect. The arms, legs, and boots were made, appropriately enough, of mahogany satin; and the frame of the table was of wood and wire, covered with real billiard cloth. A first-rate set of match-balls, specially made by Burroughes and Watts, were suspended here and there on the green surface; a string of coloured pyramid balls was worn round the neck. The wearer carried a cue in his hand.

The head-dress was partly a green shaded billiard lamp, and partly an ordinary table lamp. Electric light wires were concealed in the body of the costume; and on the wearer's hips were two specially made Verity storage batteries, which would enable the electric lights to burn for eight hours. The back of this costume represented a dining-table laid for several persons—table-cloth, serviettes, knives and forks, glasses and flowers, all complete. These articles were kept in position by fine wires.



A BILLIARD-TABLE.
From the Original Sketch.



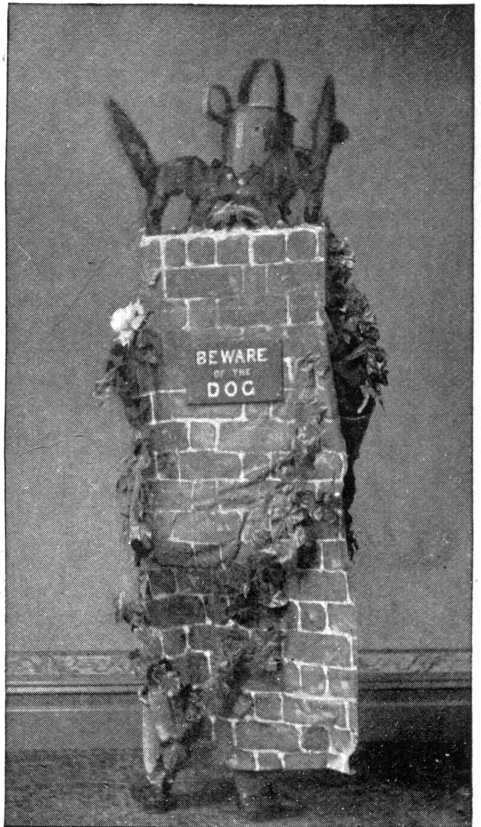
OUR BACK GARDEN—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by C. E. Beach, Fulham.

The next illustration given here is the front view of the extraordinary costume entered on Sir Augustus Harris's list as "Our Back Garden." It was worn by its designer, Mr. Bruce Smith, the well-known scenic artist, who evidently has a perfect genius for devising quaint and symbolical dresses.

It will be seen that the lower part of the wearer's legs are incased in flower-pots, which are of *papier-mâché*, and from which spring creeping plants and flowers; the same idea is ingeniously carried out at the arms, flower-pots being made to serve as gauntlets, and trailing plants being conducted up on to the shoulders. The middle of the body represents a grotto half covered with various flowers and the drooping grass often seen on rockwork; this extends to the green wooden trellis-work that covers the breast. Around the neck is coiled a length of garden hose, the nozzle of which hangs gracefully down. The headpiece is particularly ingenious: a green watering-can, the spout of which does duty—perhaps more than duty—for the wearer's nose.

Now look at the back view. Here we see a great sheet of dun-coloured canvas painted to represent bricks, and bearing a familiar admonition. Finally, the top of the garden wall bristles with murderous-looking fragments of bottles and broken glass; and two weird, unearthly-looking cats hold communion on the top thereof. But let no reader imagine that these felines remained quiescent during the festive evening. On the contrary, they played an important part in the conspicuous success of the costume, for, by means of strings worked from the wearer's pockets, they went through spasmodic gyrations at unexpected times, after the manner of their world-renowned Kilkenny prototypes.

It would seem that the designing of successful fancy dresses is a lucrative business. I question whether the "properties" that figured in "Our Back Garden" cost a five-pound note; yet the night Mr. Bruce Smith wore this dress he was awarded first prize—a solid silver coffee service, worth nearly £60. Moreover, the very next night Mr. Smith donned his unique costume at the skating



OUR BACK GARDEN—BACK VIEW.
From a Photo. by C. E. Beach, Fulham.



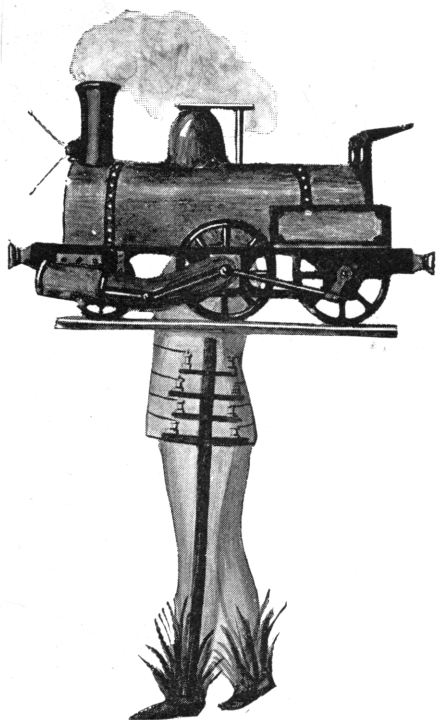
From the]

A NIGHTMARE.

[Original Sketch.

carnival at Olympia, and won a carriage and pair, valued at a hundred guineas.

The "Nightmare" explains itself; so does that curious combination dress which was registered as "An Injin." It is amusing to



From the]

AN INJIN.

[Original Sketch.

note, however, that on the original sketches I have before me as I write, the artist has drawn numerous "aside" designs for the guidance of the practical costumier. For instance, in a corner of the "Nightmare" sketch there is a "plan of hoof," showing how the wearer's foot is to be inserted. Then, again, there are front and back views of the "Injin," a "plan of rails," and certain pictorial hints about a "grassy bank" that might take the place of the telegraph pole shown on the wearer's body.

The "Irish Harp" is a beautiful design by M. Commelli, formerly designer to the Comédie Française. I met this artist in



From the]

AN IRISH HARP.

[Original Sketch.

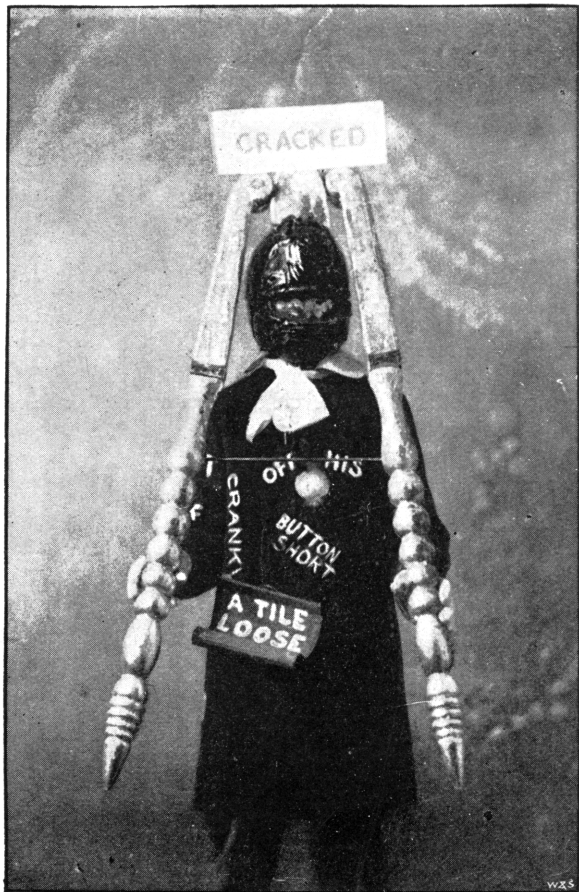
Harrisons' one day, and it then occurred to me to ask him how he got the idea for this graceful costume. I thought that in this particular instance I should light upon some interesting incident showing how fortuitous trifles assist the costume designer. Nor was I mistaken.

It seems that on one occasion Mr. J. A. Harrison and M. Commelli were discussing a forthcoming fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden, and the former wanted a pretty and original dress which his wife might wear thereat. The artist stood for a moment in thought, and then idly drew from his pocket a handful of money, the uppermost coin being a new half-sovereign, on which was shown the Arms of the United Kingdom. Seeing this, M. Commelli cried:

"I have it! She shall go as an Irish Harp." And the rough sketch was prepared then and there.

The material of the skirt consisted of sixteen yards of woven golden wire, made in Paris at a cost of two guineas per yard. It was cut in gores, and these were lined out in fine gold and spangled. The bodice was of figured brocade, made in England. It was ornamented on the front with large golden leaves; and on the breast, shoulders, and hips were large green shamrock leaves, also lined in gold. The head-dress consisted of three shamrock leaves.

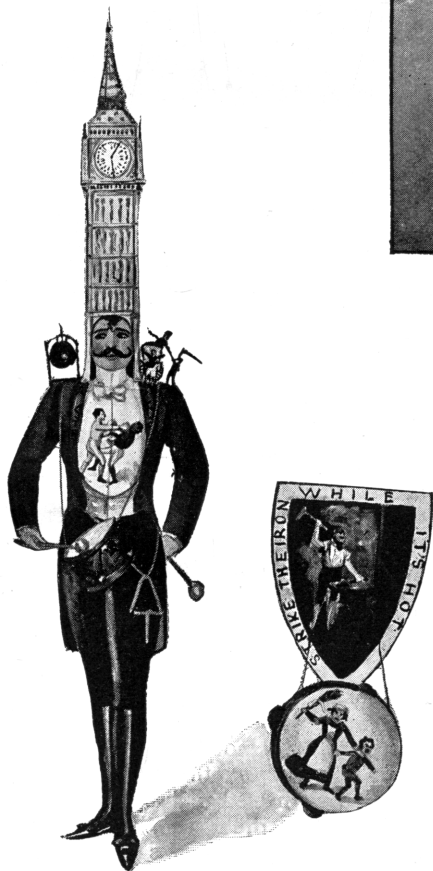
Altogether, there were fifteen leaves, which were of tinted silk, and each was 9in. high and 6in. broad. Attached to the back of the bodice was a reproduction of an Irish harp, in brass, also a pair of golden feather wings. The harp



From a Photo. by]

"CRACKED."

[Hills & Saunders.



From the] Vol. ix.—89.

A STRIKING COSTUME. [Original Sketch.

took four days to make, and its strings were of fine gold cord; it stood out from the back about 4ft. at the widest part. The hose was of golden wire, spangled, and the shoes were cut from golden satin. A long golden wig was worn, which reached past the waist, and, of course, divided on each side of the harp, concealing the place where it was joined to the bodice.

I pass over "A Striking Costume," which scarcely needs explanation.

The chief machinist at the Covent Garden Opera House, Mr. H. Stanford, wore the quaint costume called "Cracked," though it was originally designed by Mr. Bruce Smith. It will be seen that the head represents a huge walnut, which has yielded (at the wearer's mouth) to the persuasion of the big nut-cracker. The last-mentioned article was something of an incubus to Mr. Stanford, for it was 4ft. long and weighed nearly 20lb., being all of wood, turned by a

carpenter; it was subsequently silvered all over by the property-master. Sundry expressive colloquialisms were typified on this dress, such as "Off His Onion," "A Tile Loose" (the tile dangled from the wearer's watch-chain), "A Bit Off," and "Touched." The two latter appeared on the back, the "bit off" being a piece of cloth torn from the old frock-coat; whilst a dab of white paint showing finger-marks conveyed the idea that the garment had been "touched."

Here we have the back and front views of a costume entitled "English Sports." A Rugby football is placed upon the head, which is inclosed in a fencing-mask, and the two wheels of a safety bicycle are seen on the

theatrical and fancy dresses the best paid in the world. Asked what sources he drew upon for ideas, this artist replied that he had the almost inexhaustible treasures of the British and South Kensington Museums to help him—not to mention ancient manuscripts, miniatures, and tapestries. The name of Bernhardt, it appears, is anathema to the designer. Although the great *tragedienne* will pay eighty guineas for a design that pleases her, it is usually the case that the artist has to prepare eight or even ten finished sketches before his inexorable patron is satisfied.

I have before me as I write the photograph of a costume entitled "Somebody's Luggage."



From the



ENGLISH SPORTS.

[Original Sketch.

shoulders. Distributed about the front of the body we see a tennis racket, a set of stumps, a bat, a pair of golf-irons, and a pair of dumb-bells. Around the waist is a belt of grass, fringed with tennis balls; and one hand is incased in a boxing-glove, while the other holds a fencing-foil. It will also be seen that the right leg is, so to speak, in shooting costume, while the left is fully equipped for cricket. On the back is depicted a grass-fringed lake, rather more than the whole of which is taken up by an out-rigged racing skiff, propelled by an earnest athlete in an aggressive red-striped blazer.

In passing, I may mention that M. Commelli considers English designers of

I refrain from publishing it, however, because it is supremely ugly, though the idea is ingenious. In this costume the wearer, when standing still, looks exactly like a railway porter who is trundling a lot of luggage up the platform. All one can see of the man is his face; the rest is mainly luggage, above which project the two handles of the trolley. The body is composed of especially-made portmanteaus and small boxes—all labelled—besides wraps, umbrellas, sticks, and a folded copy of *Tit-Bits*. Underneath is seen the semi-circular iron support that characterizes the ordinary two-wheeled railway trolley. The wearer of this "dress" made his way with infinite labour to various parts of the crowded ball-room; and to lend additional



YOUR OIL HIGHNESS—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

colour to the rôle he was playing, he roared "Mind yer backs!" from time to time in a manner that suggested Liverpool Street in the height of the holiday season.

"Your Oil Highness" is surely an original and peculiar costume; it won an Indian canoe worth fifteen guineas. The head-dress consists of several salad oil bottles, grouped round a big funnel; a red and bushy wig and moustache were worn to impart a fierce look to the prince—who, by the way, wore beneath his singular trappings a rich tunic of green plush. Round the neck was a white ruffle, and on the shoulders, two railway oil cans. On the breast was a big *papier-maché* oil jar, bearing the title of the dress; and the trimming consisted of "property" bottles of oil, funnels, and real bicycle oilers. From the back

depended a regal ermine robe, covered with paper, whereon was depicted a tank of the "best colza," with tap, funnel and receiver, all complete.

I now show another of Mr. Bruce Smith's symbolical costumes—"London"—which won a fifty-guinea Ralli-car the first night it was worn. On the head is seen the dome of St. Paul's—a *papier-maché* model from eighteen to twenty-four inches high. The dome itself was of a greyish hue, suggesting the action of time, and it was supported on white pillars. Two Beefeaters, 12in. high, stood on ledges on the shoulders; and Mr. Smith's own countenance was adorned with laurel leaves and other adventitious details in order that it might convey the orthodox idea of the immortal Gog; Magog is seen in the back view.

On the front of the tunic is



From a Photo. by] YOUR OIL HIGHNESS—BACK VIEW. [Hills & Saunders.



LONDON—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

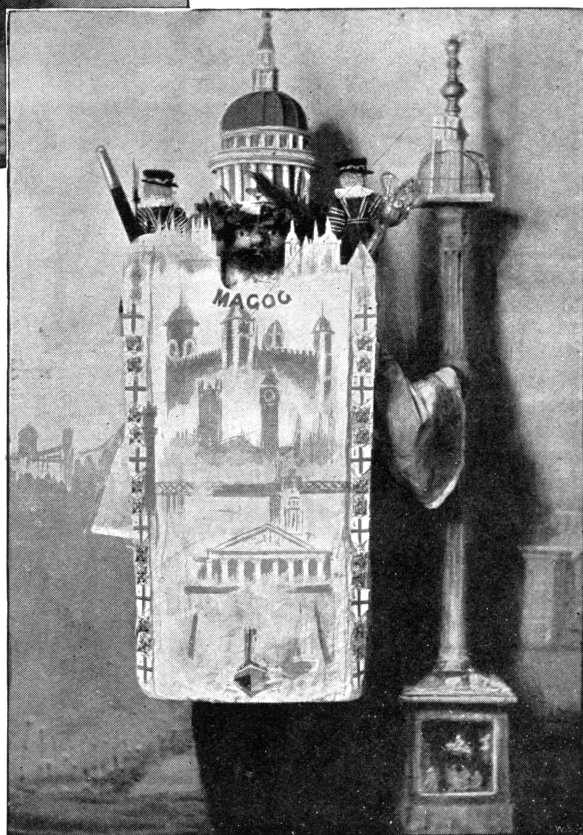
depicted the Arms of the City of London on a plaque of white satin; also a section of the Thames Embankment — lamps, trees, and all. Round the wearer's waist is a string of "property" turtles—evidently an unkind cut at sybaritic aldermen. It will readily be seen that in this photograph Mr. Smith holds the Monument in his right hand—an exact facsimile, and a very massive and weighty affair, 7ft. high, made entirely of wood, and with a gilded top.

In the back view are seen the City sword and mace and the Lord Mayor's chain of office. There are also depicted the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the Royal Exchange, and the new Tower Bridge,

beneath which a steamer is passing.

Mr. Harrison was one day glancing through a book of French designs when he came upon a plate depicting a knight in full armour. Suddenly he conceived the whimsical notion of manufacturing a suit of armour entirely of *ladies' bustles*, and using it as a fancy dress with which to compete for prizes.

So far so good. The next step was to procure a sufficient number of bustles. Mr. Harrison applied to every likely wholesale and retail firm in London, but his quest was in vain. Not only were bustles a wholly obsolete item of women's dress, but the very machinery that had made them was broken up. At last, after twelve months' search, the well-known costumier managed to find a few dozen bustles in the shop of a West-



From a Photo. by]

LONDON—BACK VIEW.

[Hills & Saunders.



A KNIGHT OF THE BUSTLE.
From the Original Sketch.

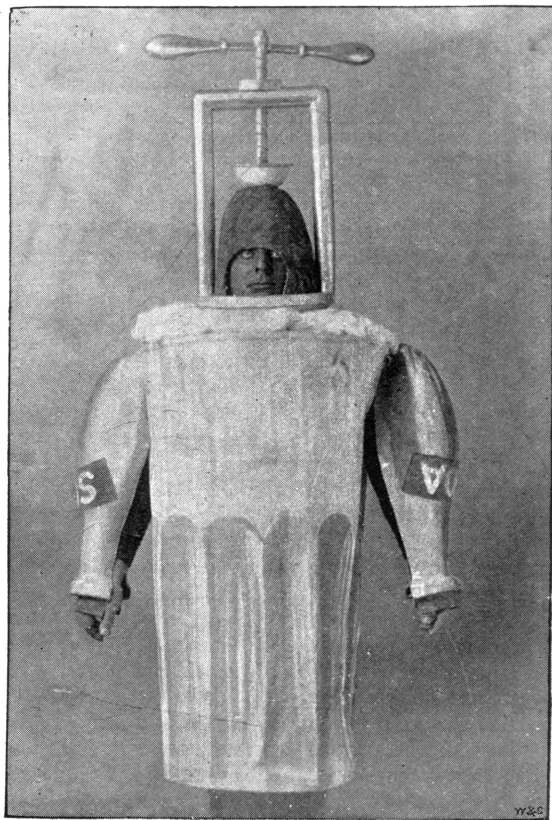
end milliner who was selling off an old stock.

Armed with these, he set his staff to work to make the ingenious costume known as the "Knight of the Bustle." It was found, however, that the bustles purchased could not be used, except as patterns, and the workpeople were about two weeks in making-up imitations of them, which could be adapted to the requirements of the costume. The under dress was composed of steel-coloured tights; and bustles were used as coverings for the legs, arms, hips, body, and helmet—all over, in fact; so that when the wearer was fully dressed he really had the appearance of a mail-clad warrior. Indeed, the resemblance was a little too close, rendering it necessary that the wearer should carry on his lance a banner, on which the title of the costume was inscribed in letters of white tape. The

plume of the helmet, too, was of frayed whalebone.

A very different, and far less elaborate, costume is the "Lemon Squash," also reproduced here. The whole of the squeezing apparatus, including the big lemon into which the wearer's head fitted, was made in one piece by the property-master at the Adelphi Theatre; of course, it was silvered over, and, had it been a little smaller, it would have been an ornament to any fashionable bar. The body was entirely of *papier-maché*, representing a monstrous tumbler of greenish glass; and the froth at the top was made from ordinary cotton wool. The sleeves, fashioned to resemble bottles of soda water, were of the same hue and material as the body.

As one may judge from the attitude of the wearer, "Lemon Squash" was anything but a comfortable dress in which to move about. As a fact, the wearer had first of all to be lifted into the body; then the squeezing apparatus was fixed on and the froth arranged in a thirst-provoking manner.



From a Photo. by]

LEMON SQUASH.

[Hills & Saunders.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

In the last costume reproduced in this article, the designer was at great pains to render the wearer a walking nursery rhyme. Taking the ever-familiar "Sing a Song of Sixpence" for his theme, he commenced by placing as a centre-piece a sixpence as big as any ordinary dinner-plate. Then, lest perhaps misapprehensions should arise, the property coin was set, as it were, in a circular frame, whereon was inscribed the title of the immortal story.

The "pocket full of rye" duly appears; so do the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." The dish is seen poised on the orb of the crown. Obviously the pie is open, and the traditional song of the birds was contrived by means of a pneumatic whistle, the tube of which is plainly shown in the reproduction. The king—that is to say, the left-hand half of the wearer of the costume—has two bags of gold which he can

take to his counting-house and count out at his leisure; though, judging from their size, this should not be a lengthy task.

For the queen (the right-hand half of the costume) a small pot of honey has been provided. Now look at the back view. Here a property maid, nearly 3ft. high, is clearly seen hanging out some linen, though we may be permitted to doubt whether they used wooden clothes-pegs at this period.

The maid's nose is missing. This is as it should be, for the organ has been "pecked off" by the blackbird hovering above. It is necessary to mention that this bird went through certain strange evolutions when the wearer of the costume pulled a hidden wire. Thus the nursery rhyme was carried out to the letter in such an ingenious and painstaking manner, that the judges awarded to the wearer of "Sing a Song of Sixpence" a splendid billiard-table worth fifty guineas.



From a Photo. by]

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

[Hills & Saunders.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN. FROM THE GERMAN.



A KING once lived in Holland who had heard a great deal about a wonderful ship that could sail over sea and land, and he wished very much to possess it, but no one could procure it for him. At last he caused it to be proclaimed in all lands that whoever would bring him such a ship should have his only daughter for a wife. A rich peasant heard this proclamation, and said to his three sons : "We have here a whole forest of trees, with the finest firs and pines in the world, and many a trunk has already been sent by us to Holland; I think one of you might make such a ship, and marry the Princess and then become King of Holland, which is much better than being a peasant in the Black Forest."

The young men agreed with him, but they quarrelled about it among themselves, until their father decided that the eldest should try first.

So the next morning he went with his servants into the forest and chopped away at

the trees until the fine old trunks cracked as if they had been bean-sticks. As chopping wood and building ships make one very hungry and thirsty, the old peasant sent bread and cheese and a large cask of wine into the forest, so that his son and the workmen might keep up their strength, and be able to build the ship that was to travel over land and sea. As they sat on a tree-trunk talking of the Princess of Holland, an old man with a large hat came along and asked for food and drink, as he had travelled a very long way. But the young man would not give him anything; he had to build a large ship for Holland, he said, and had nothing to spare for vagabonds. "You might as well leave it alone," murmured the old man, and disappeared into the thicket. And this was true, for they cut down nearly half the forest and accomplished nothing.

When the eldest son declared he was unable to build the ship to sail over land and sea, the father sent his second son into the forest, and gave him skilful workmen and a large waggon with wine, cheese, and bread, so that he might succeed in his work.

The old man with the large hat came to him also and begged for food. But the young peasant replied in like manner that he had nothing for strangers: he had to build a ship to sail over land and sea.

"The beautiful wood is much to be regretted," murmured the old man, and disappeared into the thicket.

And he was right; the peasant and his workmen cut down nearly the whole forest, but built no ship.

At last it was the youngest son's turn. His name was Hans; he was a good-natured, quiet fellow, who did not think much of himself, but he always applied himself earnestly to his work. He had been several days with his men in the forest, and had cut down a great many trees, when the same old man came to him and asked for food and drink. The young man immediately stepped to the cask, handed him bread and wine, and bade him sit down and rest. The old man thanked him, sat down, and enjoyed his refreshments. "What are you doing with all that wood?" he asked, after a time.

Then the young peasant told him of the ship for Holland and the hitherto fruitless work. The old man laughed and, rising from his seat, said, "No one can make such

a ship, not even you and your workmen, though you were to cut down the whole forest. But I have such a ship, and because you were kind and good I will give it to you, but in the meantime you must make that trunk into a mast; now you will hear from me no more." With these words he disappeared. The next morning, in the opening of the forest stood a noble ship, with sails and pennons, only the mast was wanting. Hans and his men soon set up the mast, then he stepped into the ship, but as soon as he was seated the ship began to move slowly through the forest as if it were on the sea. Then Hans placed himself at the rudder and made the vessel move to right and left, and backwards and forwards. It obeyed every movement, and when Hans cried, "Hio! hi!" off it ran in haste as if fifty horses were harnessed to it.

"Now Holland is won," he cried, joyfully, and presented himself proudly before his father's door. The old peasant could hardly believe his eyes: he was amazed that the ship should have fallen to the lot of his youngest son, in whom he had the least confidence. But he had a large cask of wine, a pair of scales, and a great many loaves of bread and cheese placed in the vessel, so that his son might not want anything on his journey, and then with a "Hio! hi!" away went Hans to Holland.

When Hans and his ship had left the Black Forest he saw a man standing by the way who had a crossbow and was aiming up at the heavens. Hans, astonished, stopped his ship, and asked him what he was doing. "I wish," said the man, "to shoot a young eagle who will fly up to the sun, for that is not allowed. I am aiming at his left eye, so that he may be killed at once."

Hans looked up at the heavens, and looked and looked, but could see nothing, the bird had soared so high. The archer took aim, and whirr, whirr, a beautiful golden brown eagle fell at his feet with an arrow in its left eye.

Hans was much pleased with the man, and asked him if he would go with him to Holland; perhaps he might make his fortune. The archer did not take long to decide, he stepped



"NOW YOU WILL HEAR FROM ME NO MORE."

into the ship, and they continued their journey. Soon they saw a man holding to his ear a tube as long as the longest cane that ever grew. Hans stopped in amazement, and asked what he was doing with the long tube in his ear.

"With it," replied the man, "I can hear anything I wish within a circle of a thousand miles."

"Just listen, then," said Hans, "to what they are saying in the King's palace at Holland."

The man obligingly put the tube to his ear and listened. "They are speaking of a ship that can sail over land and sea, and the Princess, who is laughing, says that no one can make such a thing."

"Come in and travel with me," said Hans, "perhaps you may make your fortune." The man did not require to be asked twice; he climbed into the vessel, and they journeyed on towards Holland.

Suddenly they beheld a great cloud of dust rising out of a forest, and when they reached it, there sat a man beating the dust out of an enormous pair of boots. In answer to their inquiries, he said that he was a celebrated swift runner, and had started early that day from a Bavarian forest. On the way he got so dusty passing through a large town in Swabia, that he had been already two hours beating the dust out of his boots, and was now exceedingly tired. Hans asked if he would not travel with them.

"Why not?" said the man. "Give me something to drink to wash the dust out of my lungs, and I will travel with you to the end of the world." Hans naturally could find

no fault with this speech; he gave the runner meat and drink in plenty, and so they arrived in Holland cheerful and content. Hans went at once to the King's palace, obtained an audience, and said, "I bring you, oh King, the ship that travels over land and sea, and wish to marry the most gracious Princess."

The King looked at the ship, but would not believe in it until Hans invited him and his Ministers to take a trial journey. They stepped in and, lo, the vessel moved just as they wished, fast or slow, backwards or forwards, and it had this great advantage, that it did not stop at every hostelry as the King's post-horses did.

And when they had taken a journey on the great Zuyder Zee there could be no doubt that Hans had accomplished the appointed task, and the King went to announce to his daughter that her bridegroom Hans had come, and desired to pay his addresses to her.

But when the Princess saw him, she said she would never marry a peasant who wore leather breeches, had nails in his boots, and could not understand one word of Dutch; even if he brought with him ten ships that could sail over land and sea. Then was good advice precious—the King consulted his Chancellor, who suggested that they should weigh the Princess with gold, so that Hans, as the Princess was a stately lady, would receive two

hundred ducats. But Hans would not agree to this; he said the King must keep his word, or fill his ship with gold as compensation for his disappointed hopes.

Now Holland was in great distress, for the ship was so very large that it would take all



"THE MAN PUT THE TUBE TO HIS EAR
AND LISTENED."

the treasures in the kingdom to fill it. The Ministers held council after council, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion, until at last an old councillor, who had been set aside, suggested they should tell Hans they would agree with his demand if he within six hours brought a flask of water from the stream of life, so that the Princess might be cured of the convulsions into which she had fallen every hour since the offer of marriage.

The stream of the water of life lay far away, more than sixty hours' distant, in a large forest, and the crafty Hollanders thought they could lay a snare for Hans, who was ignorant of the country, and deprive him of his reward. But they reckoned without the swift runner, who, with the others, was very fond of Hans, and had liked to drink the wine in his ship. When Hans heard the King's conditions, he said "Yes" at once, and promised to procure the water, not in six, but in three hours, on hearing which the old King became quite cold with fright.

The swift runner put on his large boots and ran so fast that within an hour he had reached the stream and filled the flask with the water of life; then, as he was very warm, he sat down under a tree to rest awhile. Now, Hans had set the man with the ear-tube to listen if the runner went the right way, and carried out the instructions he had received. He listened for an hour, and from time to time nodded, well satisfied with what he heard. Suddenly he cried:—

"Oh, misery! the swift runner has fallen asleep: I hear him snoring in the forest."

Then Hans was very troubled and shivered with anxiety; but the archer told him not to fear, he would soon wake him. Then he took a pebble, put it in his bow, and shot at the sleeper.

"Halloa, he is awake again now," he cried, joyfully, and within half an hour the swift runner returned with the water of life and

murmured something about the length of the journey, for he would not acknowledge he had fallen asleep.

Now it was impossible for the Hollanders to escape, they had to empty their treasure-chambers and fill Hans' ship. At this time the King had an ingenious tax-gatherer, who suggested to him three new taxes by which he could refill his treasury: one on Dutch tobacco, one on gloves, and one on the musicians' instruments (at that time they had no pianos to lay a tax on). But the old councillor thought of another way to save the

Royal treasures. He said Hans had entered the country without a pass, and, therefore, could be seized for examination, and the ship and treasure taken from him by force; in Holland they called it to confiscate. With this suggestion everyone was well pleased. They therefore resolved to let Hans set out on his homeward journey, and take the ship from him by the way. But the clever Hollanders reckoned without the man with the ear-tube and the sharpshooter.

When Hans had set forth with the ship filled with gold, the King called his chief tax-gatherer and ordered him to take one of his regiments and start in pursuit, confiscate the ship and treasure, and banish Hans and his companions from the country. Now the man with the ear-tube did good service. Hans knew the whole affair about as soon as

the tax-gatherer, and consulted with his companions how they might frustrate the King's evil design. Then the swift runner stepped forward and said the archer was the man, for to shoot the riders or the legs of the horses with pebbles would soon put a stop to the pursuit. So saying he ran to the beach and soon returned with a heavy sack filled with beautiful round pebbles.

The story goes on to say the tax-gatherers had hardly started when klapp! klapp! the horses of the foremost riders fell lame and could go no farther. Their chief cursed and



"AWAKE AGAIN NOW."

swore, and ordered the second party to ride forward and the charge to be sounded, but it was in vain : in a moment the horses all hobbled like lame ducks, and the trumpeters' faces turned blue and green, as, in spite of all their efforts, no sounds came from their instruments. Now, the archer was the cause of all this, for he shot the horses on the legs, and shot pebbles into the trumpets, so they could give forth no sounds—in Holland they call them blasts. At last, as the chief tax-gatherer with the third party sprang over a hedge in which grew many hedge-roses with long thorns, the archer shot the chief's horse on the legs, and the animal sprang up and threw his rider on to the sharp thorns, which held him so fast that he could not get free.

For the tax-gatherers to cut away the hedge with their sabres and free their chief took a considerable time, for the chief was a heavy man ; besides, they did not know how they should set to work, as "the setting free from hedges" did not appear in their rules. Thus Hans had sufficient time to reach the borders undisturbed, and the Hollanders had to pocket another disappointment. With a "Hio! hi!" he journeyed to his home, where he and his companions were well received, as they brought the ship full of gold with them.

They at once unloaded their treasure, and the sacks containing the crown-pieces and ducats were carried like sacks of corn to the barns, for there was no room in the house for so much gold. But this is noteworthy : as they emptied the ship it grew smaller and smaller, until at last it disappeared. Hans thought the old man had taken it back, that he might reward some well-disposed young man with it at a future time.

Hans gave half the gold to his father and

brothers, and with the other half he bought a splendid house with large grounds, where he dwells in a lordly manner with his three travelling companions. The people call him "The Hollander," and he is still very hurt at the refusal he met with in Holland, and very angry and annoyed with all women. He



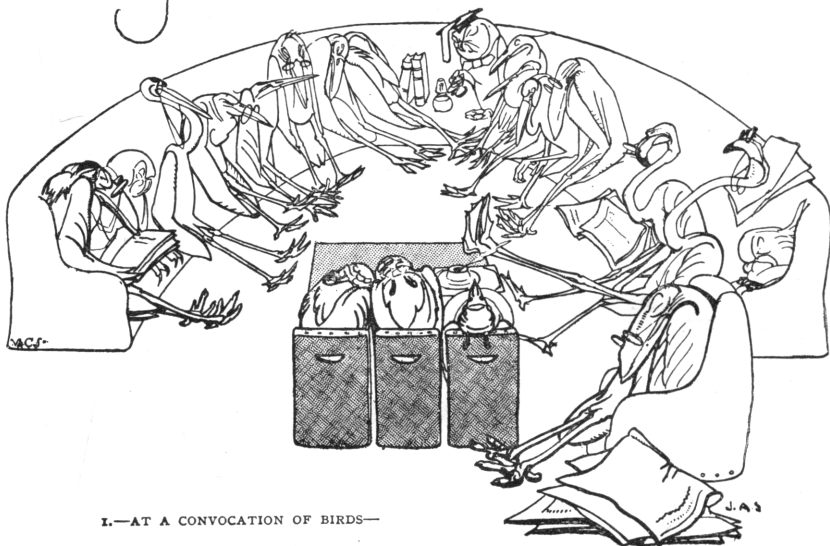
"THE SHIP GREW SMALLER AND SMALLER."

has, however, declared that if he finds a maiden who is beautiful, clever, and industrious, a good houskeeper and experienced in cooking, he will not be averse to marry ; he does not look for fortune, only she must not be a Princess.

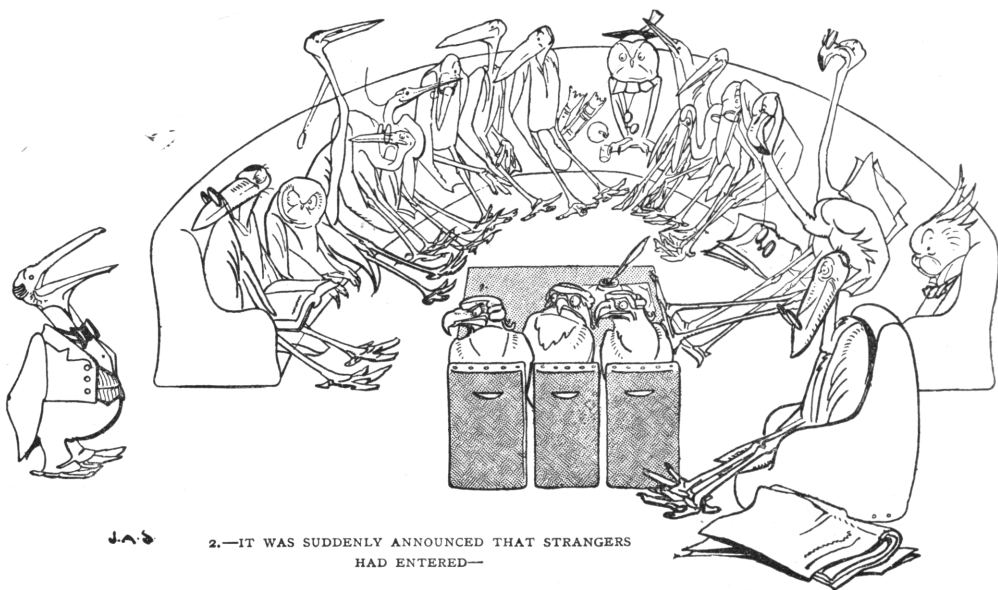
Illustrated
by
J.A. Shepherd

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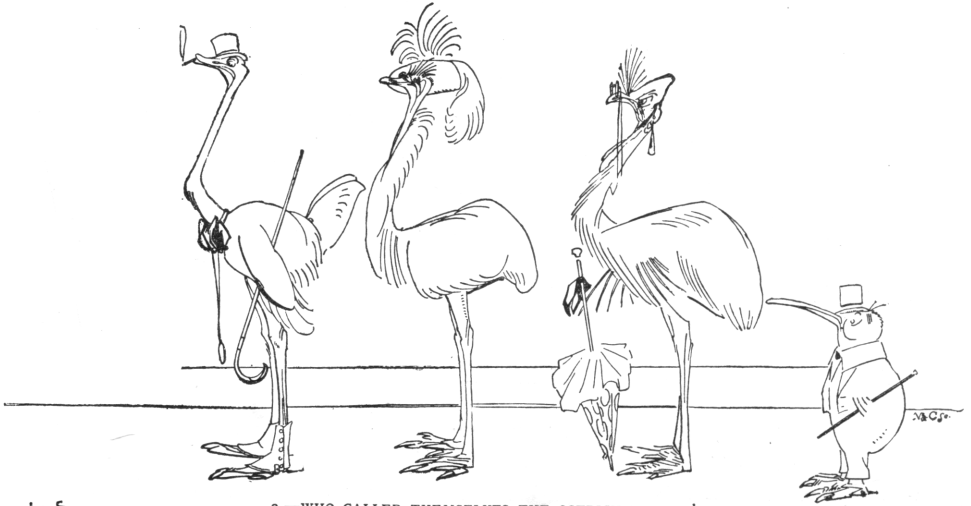
THE OSTRICH AND THE BIRDS.



1.—AT A CONVOCAATION OF BIRDS—

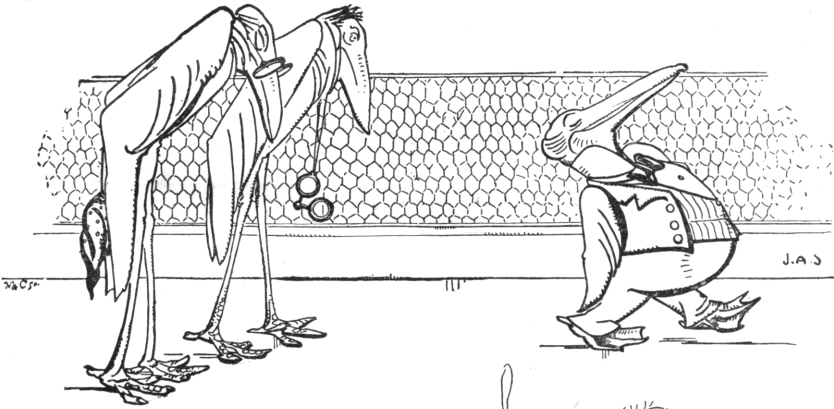


2.—IT WAS SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED THAT STRANGERS
HAD ENTERED—



J.A.S

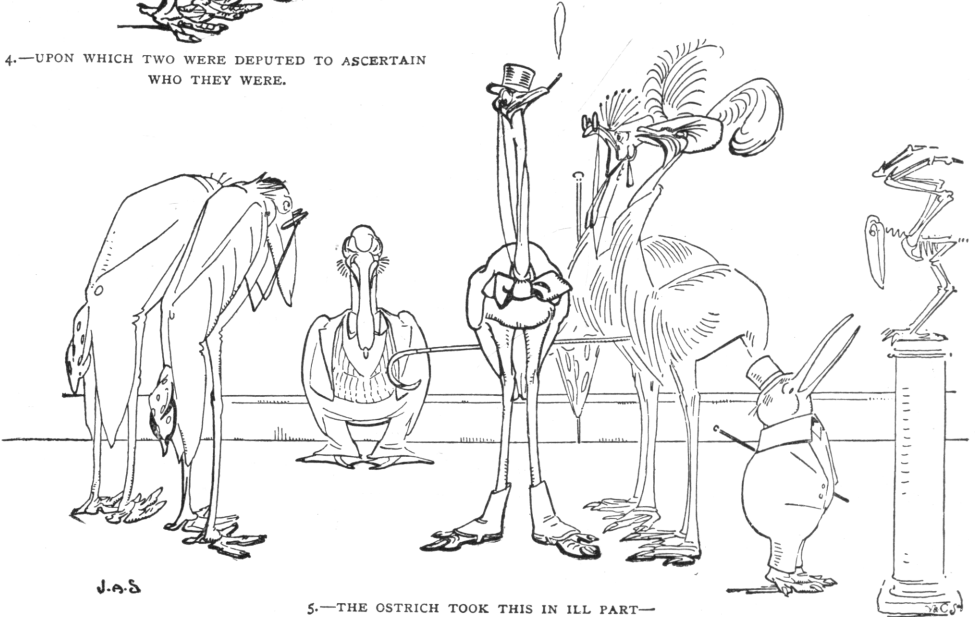
3.—WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE OSTRICH FAMILY!—



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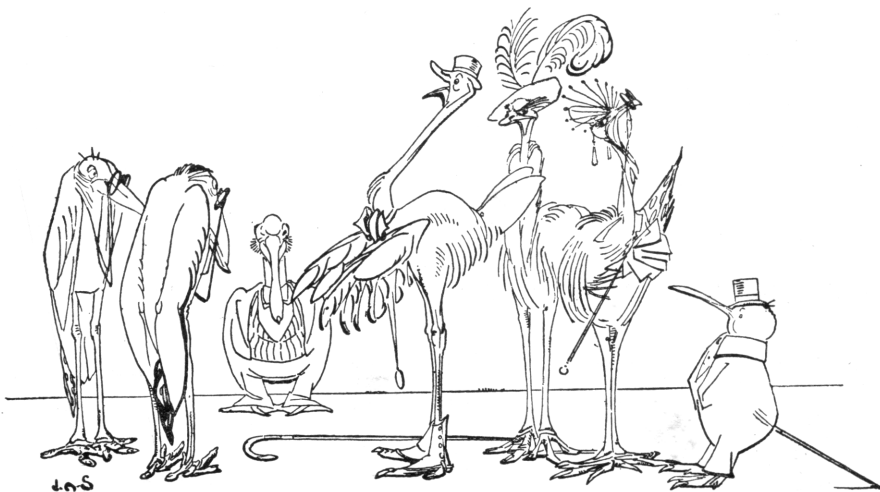
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4.—UPON WHICH TWO WERE DEPUTED TO ASCERTAIN WHO THEY WERE.

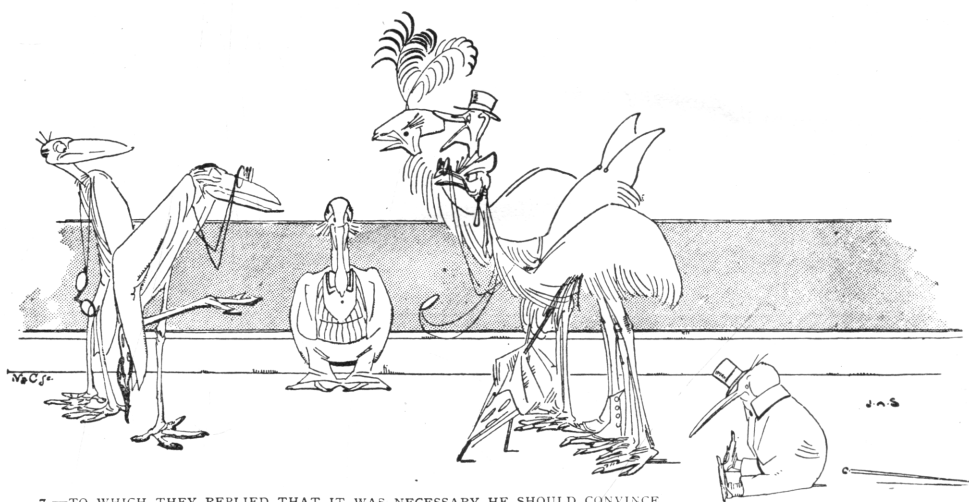


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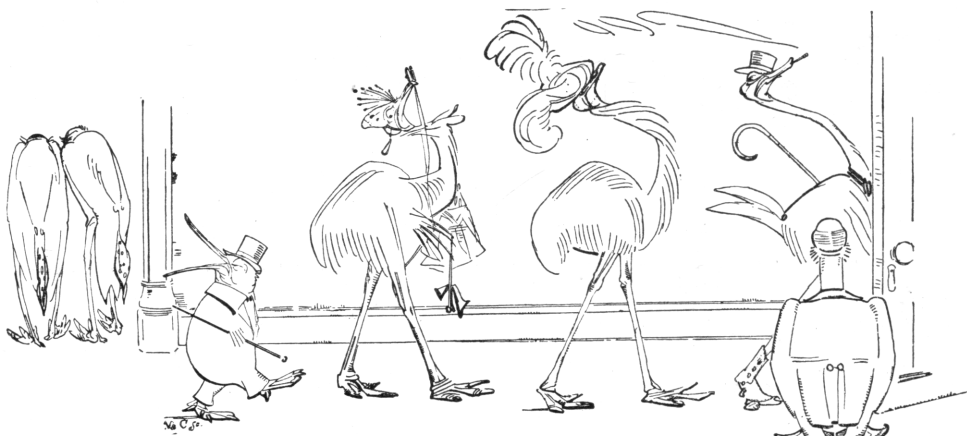
5.—THE OSTRICH TOOK THIS IN ILL PART—



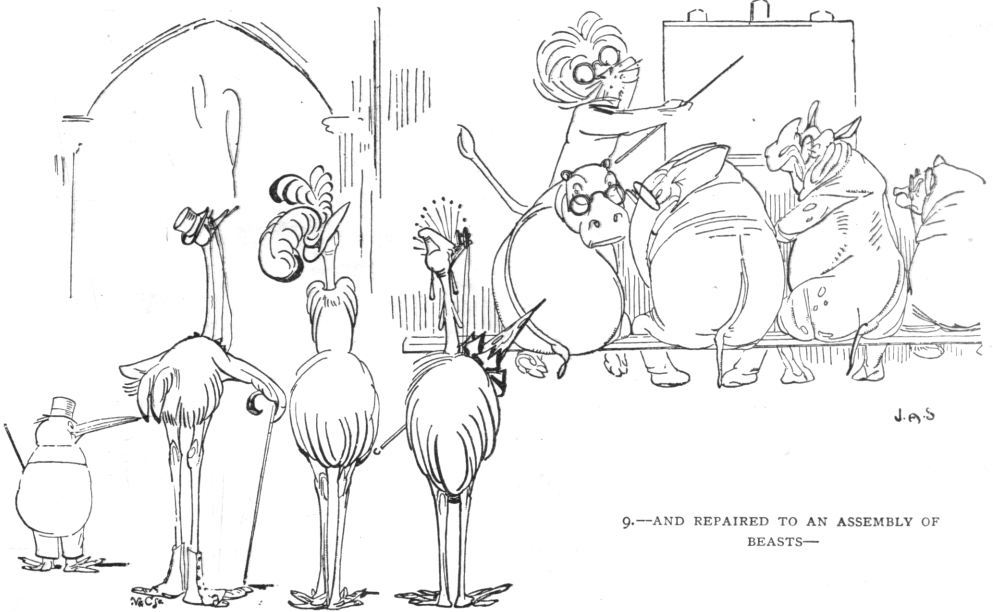
6.—AND ASKED THEM ANGRILY IF THEY COULD HAVE ANY DOUBT THAT THEY BELONGED TO THEIR SPECIES, SINCE HE BORE WINGS—



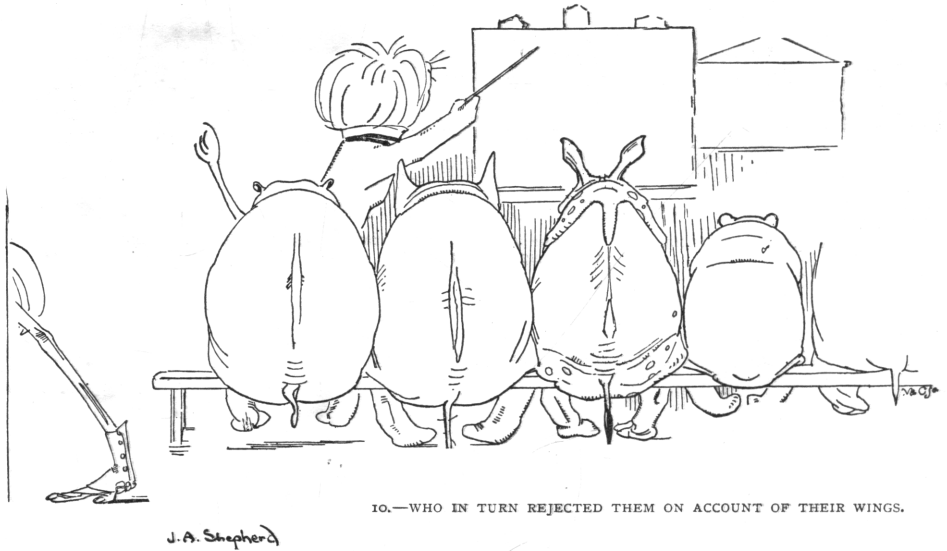
7.—TO WHICH THEY REPLIED THAT IT WAS NECESSARY HE SHOULD CONVINCE THEM HE COULD FLY BEFORE HE TOOK RANK AMONG THEM.



8.—DISPLEASED, THEY TOOK THEIR LEAVE—



9.—AND REPAIRED TO AN ASSEMBLY OF
BEASTS—



10.—WHO IN TURN REJECTED THEM ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR WINGS.

MORAL.—THE LIVERIES AND ESCUTCHEONS OF THE GREAT ADD NOTHING TO THEIR FAME IF THEIR ACTIONS CLASS THEM WITH THE VULGAR.



1. THEY WERE SO HAPPY UNTIL—

2. SHE CAUGHT HIM AT IT ONE DAY, ATTITUDINIZING WITH BABY'S BALL AND THE NURSERY FIRE-SHOVEL.

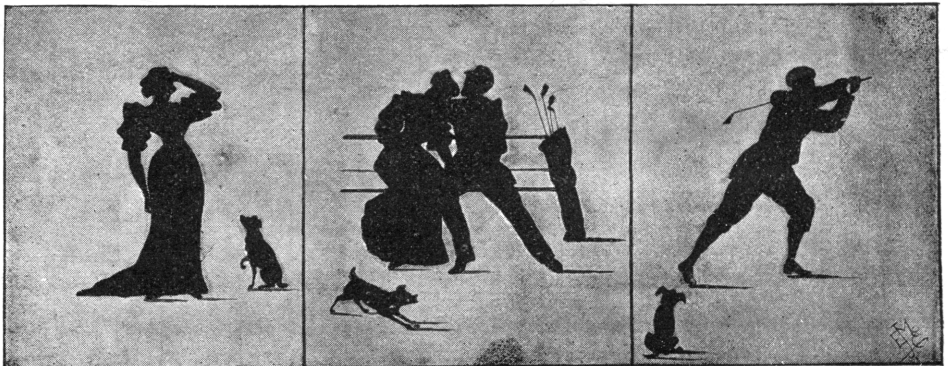
3. REMONSTRANCES AND THREATS WERE ALIKE UNHEEDED.



4. SHE IS LEFT A GOLF WIDOW.

5. WOMAN-LIKE, SHE VOWS VENGEANCE, AND HAS IT.

6. HE STAYS AT HOME NOW, BUT—



7. SUBSEQUENT REMORSE ON HER SIDE—

8. SHE SEEKS AND FINDS CONSOLATION—

9. SO DOES HE.

A GOLF EPISODE.

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